Feb. 6, 1984

THE NEW YORKER

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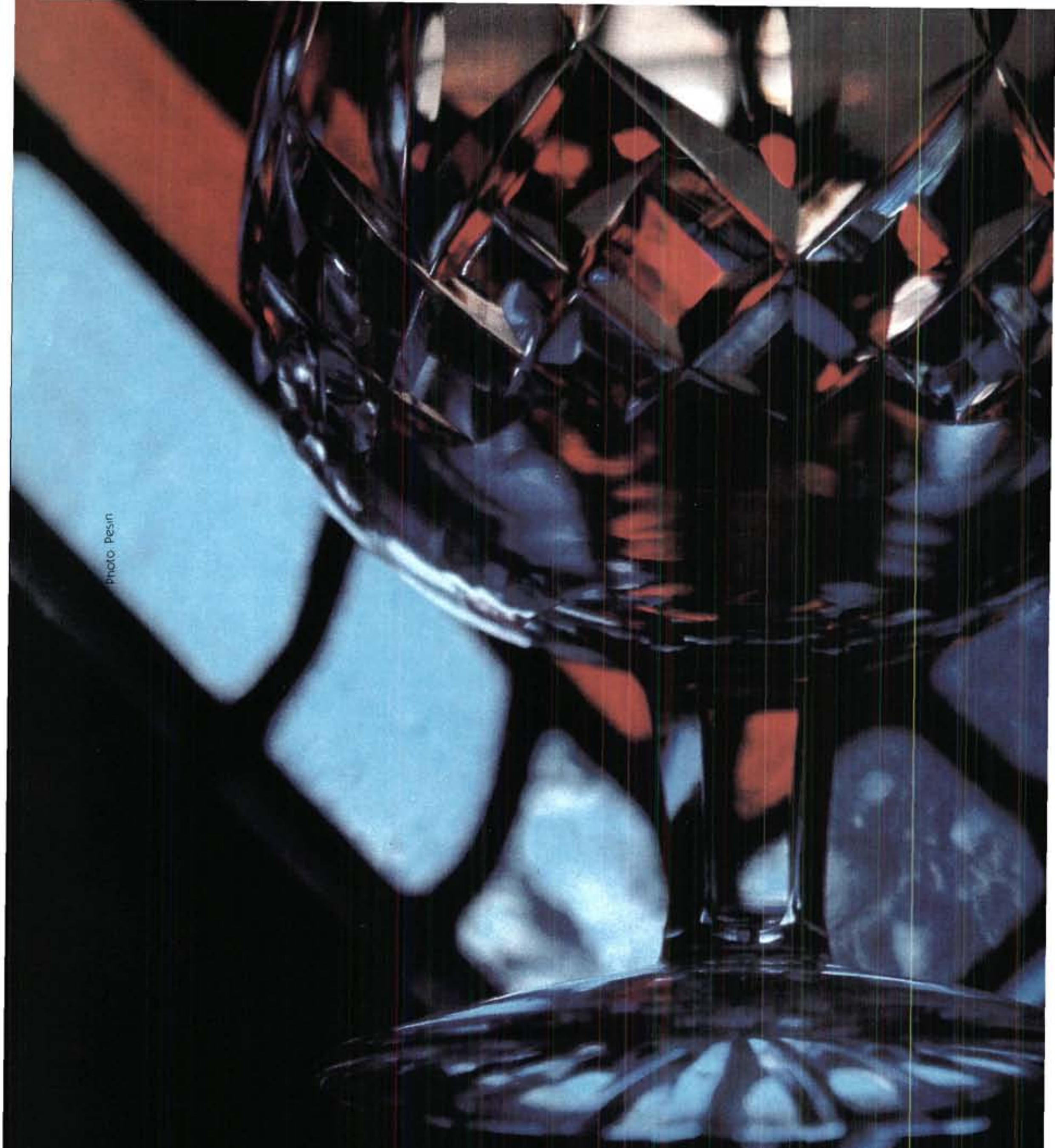

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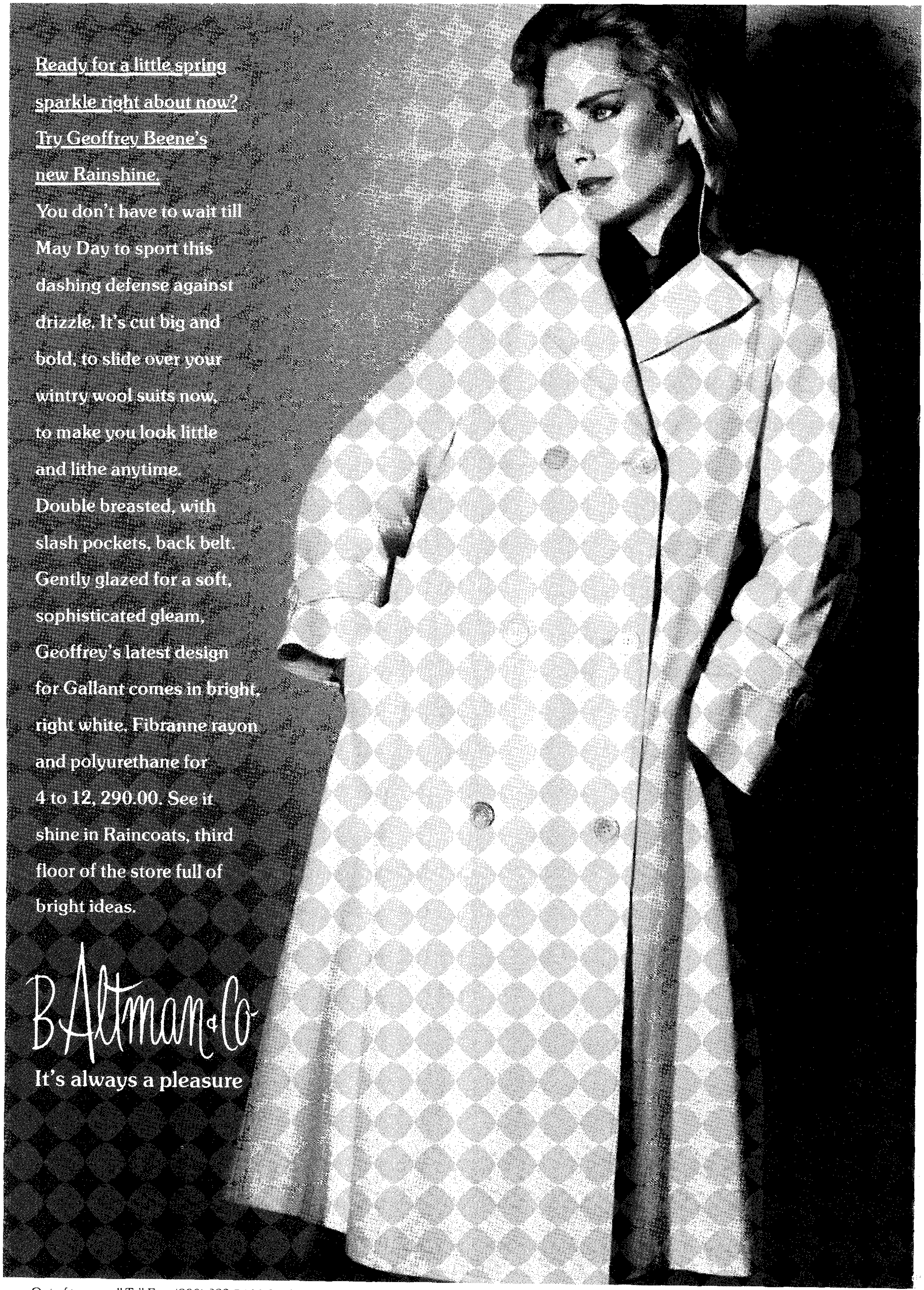

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Buffalo—A superb production of David Mamet's classic comedy about three inept practitioners of petty crime in the lower depths of Chicago. With Al Pacino and J. J. Johnston. Directed by Arvin Brown. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/83.) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 4.)

And a Nightingale Sang . . .—A pleasant comedy about life in England during the Second World War. Written by C. P. Taylor and directed by Terry Kinney. (12/12/83) (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. 799-9100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Baby—Everything you may not have wanted to ask about having a baby—a pleasant musical for doctors, if not for lay people. (12/12/83) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Becoming Garcia—A play by Tato Laveria about a middle-class Hispanic family on the lower East Side. Opens Thursday, Feb. 2, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 19. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Castastrophe," starring Kevin O'Connor, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (6/27/83) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Cage aux Folles—A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two superb stars are George Hearn and Gene Barry. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Criminal Minds—Three first-rate actors—John Glover, Leo Burmester, and Pamela Reed—play a couple of escaped convicts and the girlfriend of one of them in Robin Swicord's very funny comedy. David Trainer was the fine director. (1/23/84) (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 12.)

Do Lord Remember Me—A revival of James de Jongh's dramatic play, made from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. With Frances Foster, Gian Carlo Esposito, Ebony Jo-Ann, Lou Myers, and Roger Robinson. Staged by Regge Life. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Doonesbury—A sunny, sometimes silly, but always beguiling musical about Garry Trudeau's celebrated comic-strip hero and his friends. Music by Elizabeth Swados, lyrics by Mr. Trudeau, and delightful performances by, among others, Ralph Bruneau, Kate Burton, Gary Beach, and Reathel Bean. (12/5/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

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Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Glass Menagerie—Jessica Tandy in a highly intelligent reading of Amanda Wingfield as a holy terror. (12/12/83) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Heartbreak House—Rex Harrison is crowning his career with a superb enactment of Captain Shotover—perhaps the figure that Shaw at sixty imagined he would be at eighty-eight. Also in the cast are Rosemary Harris, Amy Irving, Dana Ivey, and Philip Bosco. (12/19/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 5.)

The Human Comedy—This oratorio, based on William Saroyan's novel about a family in California during the Second World War, has an enchanting, witty score by Galt MacDermot, and it is extremely well performed by the singers under Wilford Leach's direction. Mr. Saroyan's unabashed sweetness of spirit, which is engaging in the first act, becomes troublesome in the second, which deals, in large part, with military life and death. With Delores Hall, Stephen Geoffreys, Rex Smith, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Josh Blake, David Johnson, and Bonnie Koloc. (1/9/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Ian McKellen Acting Shakespeare—Ian McKellen has been playing a variety of Shakespearean roles ever since he was an undergraduate at Cambridge. He has thought a lot about these roles in the course of playing them, and his present one-man show amounts to a learned, witty, and highly informal disquisition on the Bard. (1/30/84) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised, and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Lisa Banes, Jo Henderson, Jerry Lanning, Stephen Pearlman, Tom Robbins, Christine Rose, Chip Zien, and with Betty Comden as Mother. (12/26/83) (Playwrights

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THE NEW YORKER
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The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LIX, No. 51, February 6, 1984. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1984 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $32.00; two years, $52.00. In Canada, one year, $44.00. Other foreign, $52.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

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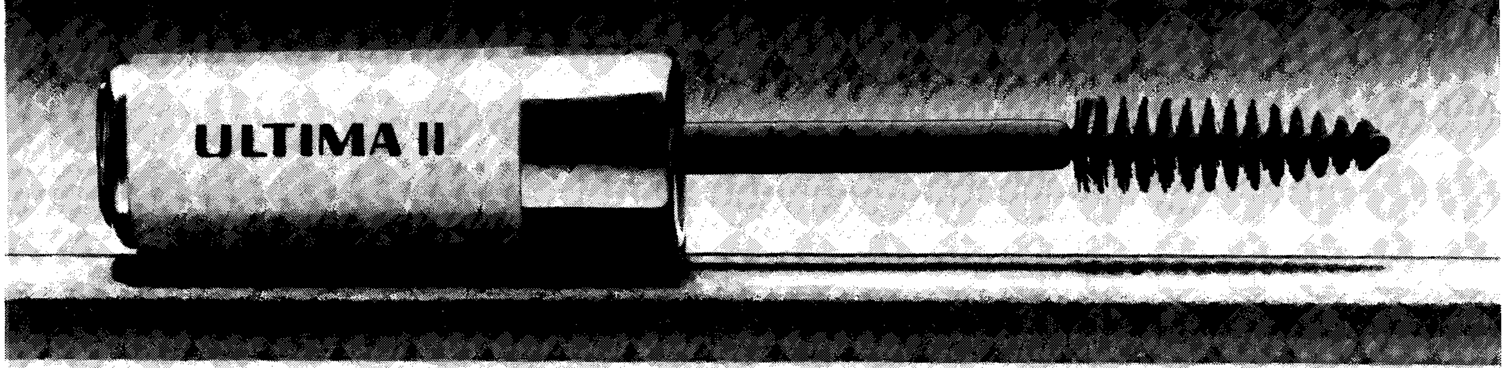

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Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Killing of Sister George—An adequate revival of Frank Marcus's cheesy play about a lesbian actress whose part on a British soap opera is cancelled. Aideen O'Kelly does well enough in the title role, and Tandy Cronyn is good as her simpering lover. (11/21/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Feb. 12: Gilbert and Sullivan's THE MIKADO. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Living Theatre—Four plays in repertory. THE ONE AND THE MANY, by Ernst Toller: Wednesday, Feb. 1, and Thursday and Friday, Feb. 9-10, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 11, at 7. . . . ANTIGONE, by Bertolt Brecht: Thursday, Feb. 2, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 7-8, at 8. . . . THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF SLEEP, by Julian Beck (1/30/84): Friday, Feb. 3, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 4, at 7 and 10; and Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3 and 7:30. . . . THE YELLOW METHUSELAH, an adaptation by Hanon Reznikov of Shaw's "Back to Methuselah" and Wassily Kandinsky's "The Yellow Sound": Saturday, Feb. 11, at 10. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Closes Sunday, Feb. 26.)

Mirror Theatre Company—Two revivals opening a season of alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's INHERITORS, and Clifford Odets' PARADISE LOST, starring Geraldine Page. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 944-3800.)

My One and Only—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

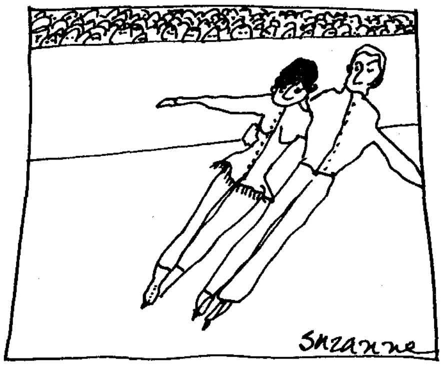
Old Times—An extremely good revival of Harold Pinter's marvellous play. Anthony Hopkins is the husband, Marsha Mason is the wife, and Jane Alexander is her friend of long ago. Kenneth Frankel directed. (1/23/84) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Open Admissions—A play by Shirley Lauro, starring Calvin Levels and Marilyn Rockafellow. The director is Elinor Renfield. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Painting Churches—A disappointing revival of Tina Howe's beautiful play about an artist who goes to Boston to help her old parents close up their house on Beacon Hill, and to paint their portrait. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Private View—Three sharp satiric comedies by the brave Czech dissident Vaclav Havel. Stephen Keep (a ringer for Joseph Papp) is very good in the leading role of each of them, and everybody else does well, too. Vera Blackwell was the impeccable translator; Lee Grant directed. (12/5/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Thing—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The fine cast is headed by Jeremy Irons and Glenn Close. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's GALAS. (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays, except Feb. 1, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

The Rink—Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli in a musical with a book by Terrence McNally, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. The direction is by A. J. Antoon. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 8. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 9. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Serenading Louie—A revival of the Lanford Wilson play, with Lindsay Crouse, Jimmie Ray Weeks, Peter Weller, and Dianne Wiest. A Second Stage production. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 1. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 2, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 19. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8.)

The Tap Dance Kid—An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (1/2/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

La Tragédie de Carmen—Peter Brook has picked up Bizet's gorgeous opera and given it a good shaking, with the result that it now lasts but eighty minutes and is assuredly more Brook than Bizet. With several casts, uneven in quality. (11/28/83) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—Anthony Quinn and Lila Kedrova star in this revival of the 1968 musical. A curiously woebegone production. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—CATS: Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . A CHORUS LINE: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . DREAMGIRLS: The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . THE FANTASTICKS: 9,888 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . 42ND STREET: Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach and Anne Rogers. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . 'NIGHT MOTHER: Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . NINE: A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 4.) . . . OH! CALCUTTA!: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . ON YOUR TOES: Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . TORCH SONG TRILOGY: Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Fierstein on Monday and Tuesday evenings, as well as at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . TRUE WEST: Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Randy Quaid and Dennis Quaid. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 764-6200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Dorothy Hamill. (Madison Square

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 2, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, Feb. 3, at 7:30; Saturday, Feb. 4, at 11, 3, and 7:30; Sunday, Feb. 5, at 1:30 and 5:30; Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 7:30; Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday, Feb. 9, at 7:30; Friday, Feb. 10, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 11, 3, and 7:30; and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

National Theatres of Japan—Two performances, presenting both satirical comedy (Kyogen) and classical tragedy (Noh). (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3, and Monday, Feb. 6, at 8. For tickets, call 724-9510.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Feb. 1: "Swan Lake," "A Schubertiad," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 2: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Antique Epigraphs" (première), and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 3: "Ballo della Regina," "Concertino," "A Schubertiad," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 4: "Ballo della Regina," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Tango," "Piano-Rag-Music," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 5: "Swan Lake," "Eight Easy Pieces," "Tango," "Piano-Rag-Music," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 5: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Antique Epigraphs," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 7: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Ballo della Regina," "Concertino," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 8: "*Scotch Symphony*," "*Monumentum* pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 9: "Divertimento No. 15," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 10: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Other Dances," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 11: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 11: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Dances at a Gathering." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 19.)

Lar Lubovitch Dance Company—Wednesday, Feb. 1, and Friday, Feb. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3: "Marimba," "Adagio and Rondo for Glass Harmonica," "Big Shoulders" (New York première), and "Cavalcade." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8: "Cavalcade," "Adagio and Rondo for Glass Harmonica," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Tabernacle." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 2 and 8: "North Star," "Nine Person Precision Ball Passing," "Big Shoulders," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Cavalcade." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Murray Louis Dance Company—Program I: With the Dave Brubeck quartet. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 7; Saturday, Feb. 11, at 3; and Sunday, Feb. 12, and Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 8. . . .

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¶ Program II: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 12, at 3; and Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Twyla Tharp Dance—Final performances by Miss Tharp's company—Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 1-2, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 5, at 2 and 7; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, at 8: "The Golden Section," "Eight Jelly Rolls," and "Bad Smells." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2 and 7: "Sue's Leg," "Telemann," and "Nine Sinatra Songs." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 7-9, at 8: "Fait Accompli" and "Baker's Dozen." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Dance Theatre Workshop—Two programs of contemporary dance. **EIKO & KOMA:** "Night Tide" and "Grain." Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 1-4, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3. . . . **ROBERT SMALL:** "Anything with a Heartbeat," a full-length work. Tuesdays at 8. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077.)

Marleen Pennison and Dancers—"The Departure" and "The Routine." (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 1-5, at 7:30)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **MATHEWS-MASTERS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Feb. 8, and Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 2. . . . **ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE:** Thursday and Friday, Feb. 9-10, and Sunday, Feb. 12, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** sings songs from the era when melodies were melodies and lyrics were lyrics. He's at a piano in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. The weekend jazz crew: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, pianist **KENNY BARRON'S** trio, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** and pianist **HILTON RUIZ.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE,** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Wednesday, Feb. 1, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and her trio trade sets with pianist and singer **SHARON FREEMAN'S** trio; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 2-5, saxophonists **JACKIE** and **RENE MC LEAN** *will guide a band; Monday,* Feb. 6, will be claimed by clarinettist **PERRY ROBINSON;** and on Tuesday, Feb. 7, altoist **PHIL WOODS** will take over. Music from ten. Every night but Monday, trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions.

Bottom Line, *15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-*6300)—The varied schedule: Thursday, Feb. 2, guitarists **RALPH TOWNER** and **JOHN ABERCROMBIE;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, folksinger **STEVE GOODMAN.** Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (*228-*6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. Pianist **STEVE KUHN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** perform through Saturday, Feb. 4; Sunday, Feb. 5, will belong to pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS;** and on Monday, Feb. 6, pianist **KENNY BARRON** *will come in with* bassist **DAVID WILLIAMS.** *Music* from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist and composer **GEORGE SHEARING,** sometimes a breathy vocalist and always a generous melodist—he agreeably doles out at least one portion of his "Lullaby of Birdland" per night—has settled in at the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Bebop pianist and ballad singer **BARBARA CARROLL** will be found in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the delicate, elegant, reclusive pianist, is the star here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight.

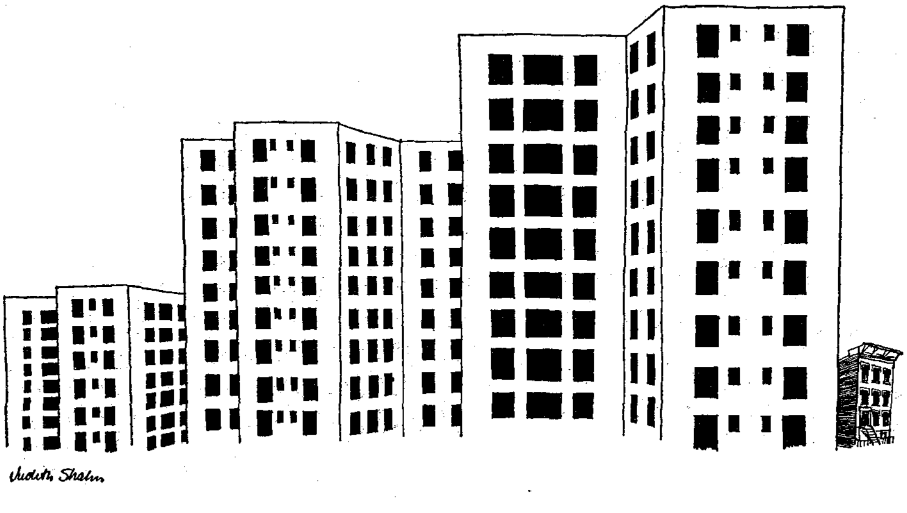
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Feb. 1, Secret Steps, Wild Stares, G. C. Greene, and Scarecrow; Thursday, Feb. 2, Deep 6 and the Mad Violets; Friday, Feb. 3, Costa Rocka and the Grownups; and Tuesday, Feb. 7, the Service, the Visitors, and the Feelines. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Currently a singer's room: **CARRIE SMITH** owns it every night but Monday, when it's closed. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Feb. 1, Conway & Ryan; Saturday, Feb. 4, Snakelips; Wednesday, Feb. 8, Dave Walters; Thursday, Feb. 9, Joe Val and the New England Bluegrass Boys; and Saturday, Feb. 11, Brad Leftwich and Linda Higginbotham. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Thursdays and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Feb. 5, the great tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will lead a quartet. Mondays are claimed by Ed Polcer's quintet; the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty; and on Fridays Danny D'Imperio's trio performs from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Feb. 1, Trigger & the Thrill Kings plus a B movie;



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Friday, Feb. 3, folkie **PATRICK SKY,** at eight and eleven; Saturday, Feb. 4, singer **ELLEN MC ILWAINE,** at eight and eleven; Sunday, Feb. 5, comedienne Jane Brucker; Monday, Feb. 6, *Jim Morris, the Bloody Puddle Mystery* Theatre, and Ultrapov; Tuesday, Feb. 7, Steve & Mark and Susie Schneider, at nine; Friday, Feb. 10, **SCREAMIN' JAY HAWKINS,** at eight and eleven; and Saturday, Feb. 11, Buskin & Batteau. Thursdays from nine are comedy nights.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 1-2, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, *singer and pianist* **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS;** and Sunday through Thursday, Feb. 5-9, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with the Matt McErlean trio through Sunday, Feb. 5; Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 8-12, singer Kitt Moran will be on hand; Mondays pianist Baba Motta performs with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups perform from ten. Mondays through Fridays, pianist Don Golson plays from five until ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a stride-piano specialist extraordinaire, goes to town Tuesdays through Saturdays. **DICK HYMAN** drops in on Mondays, and Keith MacDonald is at the keyboard on Sundays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

JASMINE, 168 W. 96th St. (662-6665)—Contemporary, up-to-date, downtown-quality jazz uptown. Pianist and composer **RANDY WESTON** works with his trio Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are the property of Darryl Foster's quartet, which features singer Alyson Williams. Music from about ten until about two-thirty. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to piano-bass teams. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY,** his buzzing bassist sidekick, work here Tuesdays through Saturdays; the Sunday and Monday men are, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, *for New Yorkers, and for* French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. The lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 1, ex-Band members **RICK DANKO** and **RICHARD MANUEL** and Troia/Grier; Thursday, Feb. 2, guitarist **ROY BUCHANAN;** Sunday, Feb. 5, Chicago-blues singer and blues-harp expert **JAMES COTTON;** Monday, Feb. 6, Jonathan Edwards and Julie Farbolin; Tuesday, Feb. 7, soul singer **WILSON PICKETT** and Billy Price & the Keystone Rhythm Band; Wednesday, Feb. 8, ex-Byrd Gene Clark and Buddy Cage & Bad Dog; and Thursday, Feb. 9, **RICK DANKO** and **RICHARD MANUEL.** *Music from about eight-thirty nightly.* Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Singer and pianist **SHIRLEY HORN** heads her trio until Sunday, Feb. 5; on Tuesday, Feb. 7, pianist **HANK JONES** and tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** will begin co-piloting a quintet. Mondays are given over to the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** big band. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing performer, sings Cole Porter tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 1, Ibis; Thursday, Feb. 2, **DANNY MIXON;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, Noel Pointer. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, Feb. 1, Circle of Five and the Next; Thursday, Feb. 2, Girl Talk and Joey Ace & the Deal; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, the John Phillips band; Monday, Feb. 6, Sheryll Marshall; Wednesday, Feb. 8, Carol Macdonald & Witch, French TV, and Hard Facts; Thursday, Feb. 9, Dean Friedman; and *Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11,* **KENNY RANKIN.** Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. *He's on hand Tuesdays* through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Wednesday, Feb. 1, Khmer Rouge; Friday, Feb. 3, **ALAN VEGA;** Wednesday, Feb. 8, the Backbones; Friday, Feb. 10, Chris Stamey; and Saturday, Feb. 11, the Rescue. Live music from way past your bedtime.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA** are *now in charge of the music up here on the six*ty-fifth floor. Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, Feb. 9, Aerosmith; Friday, Feb. 10, Ronnie Spector; and Saturday, Feb. 11, André Cymone. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays through Wednesdays.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, Feb. 1, Mr. Spats; Thursday, Feb. 2, Rock Wilk; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, bassist **JAMAALADEEN TACUMA;** Sunday, Feb. 5, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS;** Tuesday, Feb. 7, pianist **DAVID LAHM;** Wednesday, Feb. 8, Ren Woods; Thursday, Feb. 9, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER** and trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 10-11, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON.** Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from nine-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** is here through Saturday, Feb. 4; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 5-6, will be claimed by abstract-expressionist saxophonist and clarinettist **ANTHONY BRAXTON;** and on Tuesday, Feb. 7, composer, arranger, and jazz theorist **GEORGE RUSSELL** will arrive with a youthful, awestruck big band. Shows from about nine-thirty. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on Feb. 6, **RUBEN BLADES Y LOS SEIS DEL SOLAR** and Louis Ramirez & Ray de LaPaz will be present along with a guest jazz soloist, pianist **HILTON RUIZ.** Fridays and Saturdays, flutist **HERBIE MANN'S** sextet, with saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN,** will perform at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Feb. 10-11, they'll be upstairs in the Top of the Gate, while **JON HENDRICKS & COMPANY** and **GEORGE KELLY'S JAZZ SULTANS** take over downstairs on Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, you can hear pianist **JOHN HICKS** and flutist Elise Woods through Sunday, Feb. 5, and pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** from Tuesday, Feb. 7. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also here on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. Guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** leads a quartet through Sunday, Feb. 5; on Tuesday, Feb. 7, the **DAVE LIEBMAN–RICHIE BEIRACH** quartet will descend the stairs. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music after ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, and brick walls—all the makings for bright acoustics. Q: What has four feet, ten strings, and flies? A: **RON CARTER** and **JIM HALL.** Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St.

What started out as an open house,
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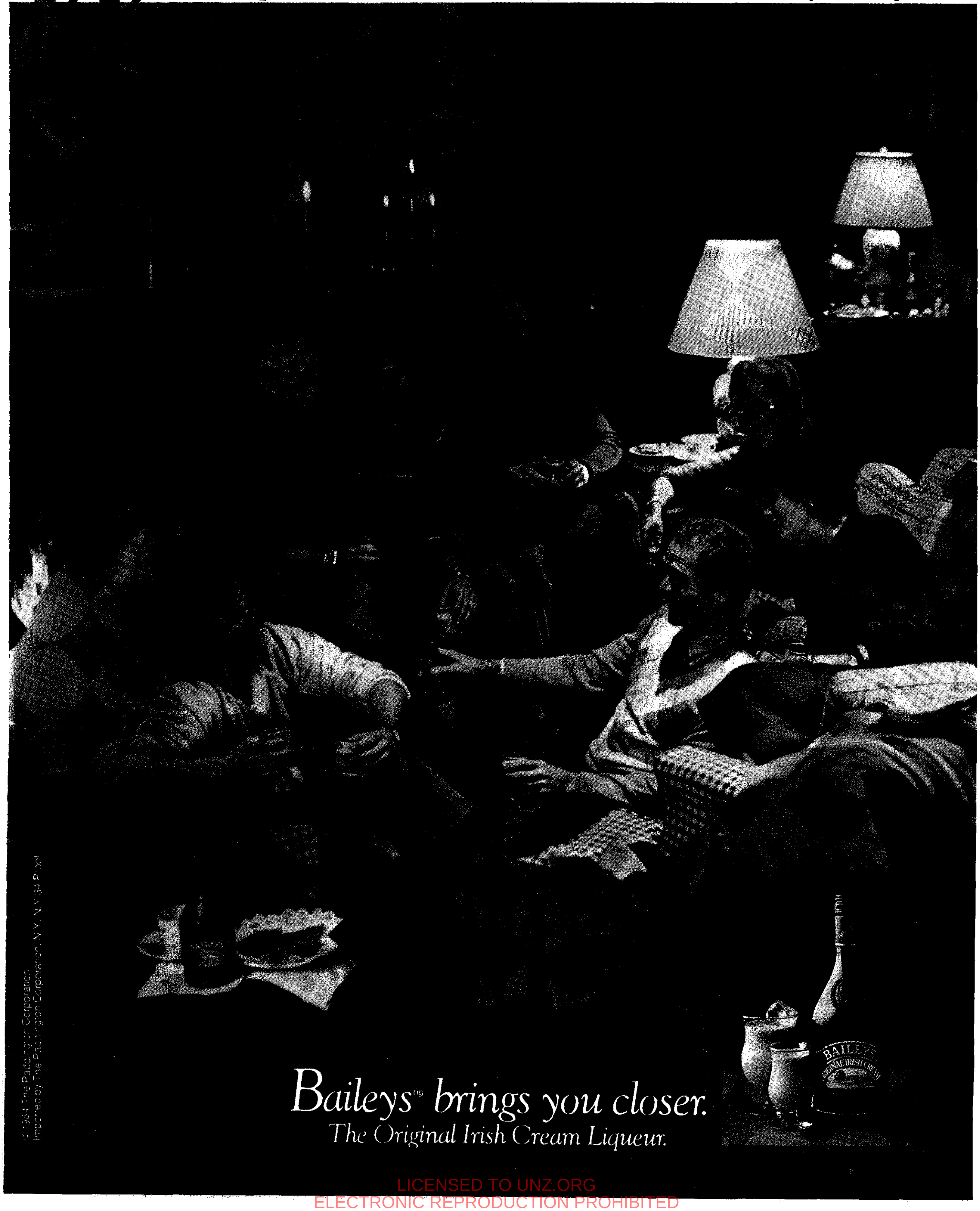

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A LIGHTWEIGHT V-8

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It is meanwhile as resistant to heat, vibration and wear as a conventional iron-block V-8. Note that the pistons ride on cylinder walls having a silicon surface–a substance so hard that it must be machined by diamond-tipped tools.

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Power flows to the rear wheels through a crisp-shifting four-speed torque converter automatic transmission.

The 380 SE's performance is maximized by its extremely low wind resistance. (Why battle the wind, when you can outwit it?) Its 0.37 aerodynamic Cd comes within a whisker of the most ballyhooed aerodynamic sensations of the day.

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The 380 SE's forged light-alloy wheels are the most visible elements of a suspension system set up for determined driving.

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380 SE SEDAN

and four-wheel disc brakes, this is one performance sedan meant to go, to handle, and to stop.

Automobiles built to move this well should also be built to stop with equal responsiveness. The 380 SE is engineered to stop with the power of four disc brakes. Total swept brake area: 456 square inches.

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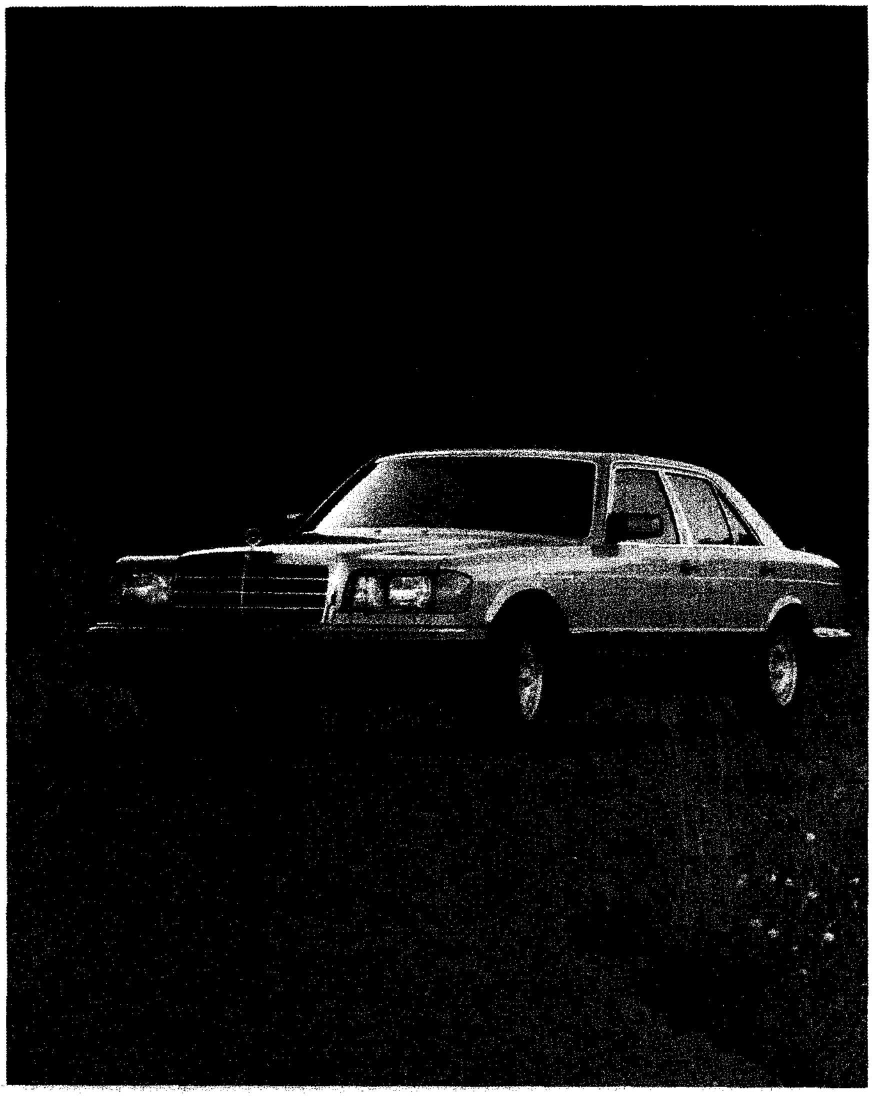
The 380 SE confirms, among other truths, that patiently crafted automobiles are still being produced in the 1980s. It is an example of consummate workmanship–from the precise fit of every panel to its hand-finished Zebrano wood interior trim.



Mercedes-Benz wants your 380 SE to be as pleasurable to own as it is to drive. One proof of this is a new *48-month-or-50,000-mile* limited warranty.*

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Mercedes-Benz automobiles have been shown, year after year, to retain a high percentage of their original value. This performance can be as reassuring, in its way, as the 380 SE's over-the-road performance.

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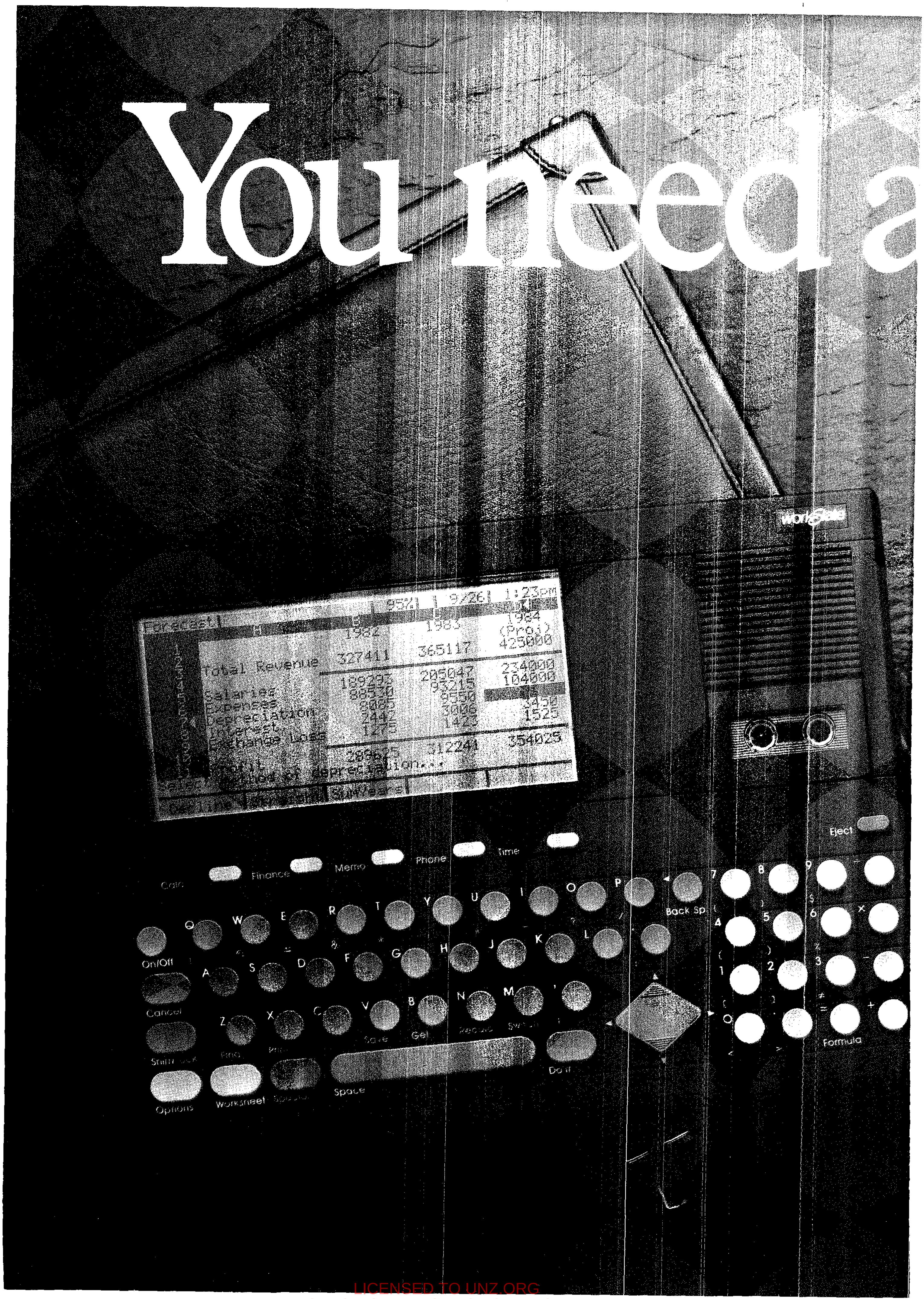
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WorkSlate
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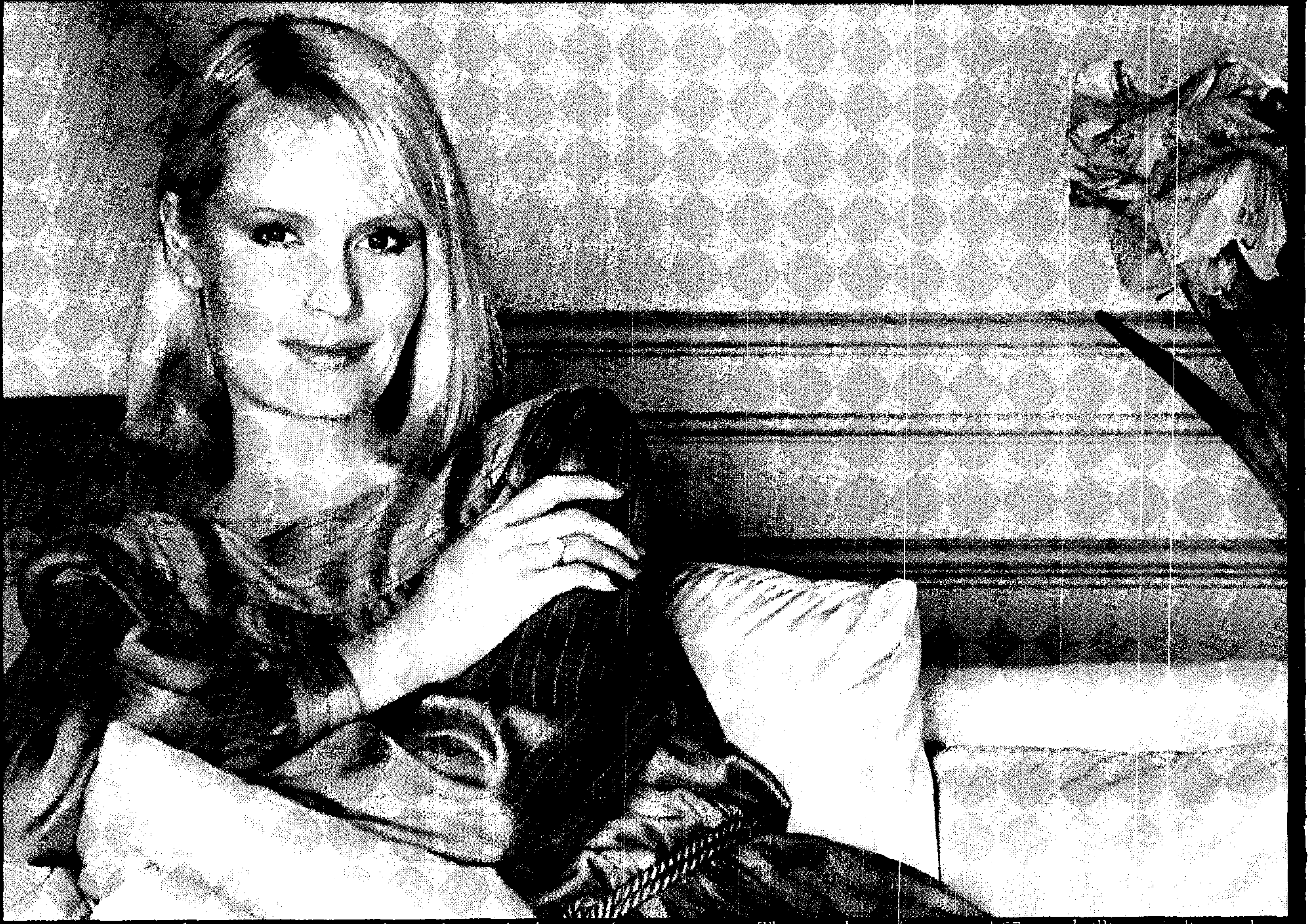

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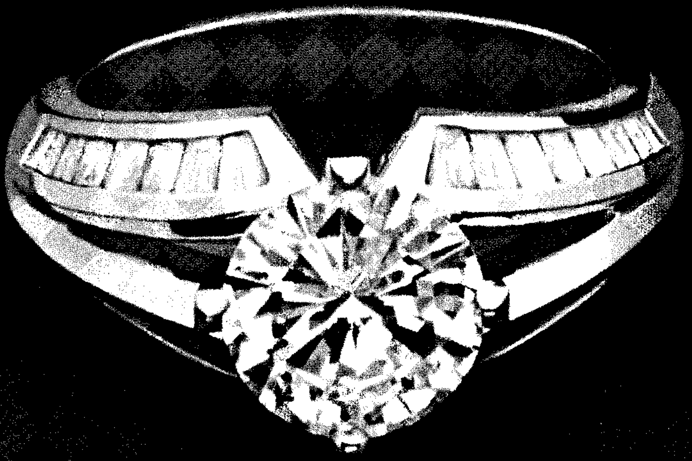

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A miracle among miracles.
Born from the earth. Reborn on a woman.

The extraordinary diamond of a carat or more.

Show the world you couldn't have made it without her.

A diamond is forever. De Beers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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(929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. The musicians: Wednesday, Feb. 1, Esther Blue; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 2-5, Tom Charlip; Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 6-8, Barry Olsen; and Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 9-12, Mitch Rothschild. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Saxophonist Haywood Henry through Saturday, Feb. 4; Monday, Feb. 6, Kalil Mahdi; and Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 7-11, Tristano-influenced tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. Bassist Brian Torff works with pianist Jim Roberts through Saturday, Feb. 4; bassist **CALVIN HILL** will arrive with pianist **HUGH LAWSON** on Tuesday, Feb. 7; and Sundays are now allocated to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music from about eight every night but Monday.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Billy Idol—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 2-3, at 8.

Nayjama—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8.

Phoebe Snow—With Leo Kottke. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

David Murray—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30.

Jimmy Owens—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.

Chick Corea and Gary Burton—With a string quartet. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Andy Statman's Klezmer Orchestra—Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.

Irving Plaza—Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 1-2: Nina Hagen & the No Problem Orchestra and Holly Watts. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4: Urban Blight, Hi Fi Tie, and Lifeboat. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11: Los Lobos and Barrence Whitfield & the Savages. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows begin after 11:30.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 9: Commitment. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 9: Dave Valentin. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Maureen Connor—Sculptures in which drapery motifs are carried to abstraction. Through Feb. 25. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Robert Cumming—Paintings on paper, sculptures, and photographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Two shows by a color-field painter. Oils dating from the early to mid-sixties. Through Thursday, Feb. 9. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings. Through Feb. 16. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Victor Elmaleh—Tiny watercolor abstractions, some of which suggest landscapes but most of which are simply colorful forms in imaginative arrangements. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Vera Klement—Large paintings, each with two distinct abstract forms thickly applied in a turbulent mixture of rich colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Watercolors from a sketchbook executed in 1934, on a Mediterranean cruise aboard the yacht of Sara and Gerald Murphy. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Tabletop-size bronze and terra-cotta sculptures done with unusual figurative skill; nude women in languorous attitudes are one of his specialties. Through Thursday, Feb. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Ohnigian and Leonard Stokes—Small, elegant examples of works by each of these two collagists. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Francisco Oller (1833-1917)—Fifty-odd paintings by a leading Puerto Rican artist who studied in France and has several works in the Louvre. The high spot is "El Velorio" ("The Wake"), a huge depiction of a macabre celebration over the death of a child, whose flower-covered corpse lies on a table and whose spirit presumably has gone straight to heaven. Through March 18. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Reinhoud—Sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Working drawings for some of his sculptural pieces, done in bold black-and-white strokes. Through Feb. 25. (Hoffeld, a new gallery at 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Sarah Supplee—Realist landscapes, sun-dappled one and all. Through Wednesday, Feb. 8. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At **LA BOETIE,** 9 E. 82nd St.: A small show, spurred by the Kandinsky exhibit at the Guggenheim, which offers watercolors by him and by Klee and Moholy-Nagy, an oil by Liubov Popova, and other works. Through March 31. . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Realist paintings, primarily by Americans (Robert Cottingham, William Wilkins, Avery, Burchfield, O'Keeffe); two dozen artists in all. Through Wednesday, Feb. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **NOORTMAN & BROD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings on loan from the Manchester City Art Gallery, England. Among the artists are van Ruisdael, Tissot, and Sickert. Through Feb. 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Paintings and sculptures by early-twentieth-century artists, among them John Storrs, Jan Matulka, and Joseph Stella. Through Feb. 22. . . . **SPANIERMAN,** 50 E. 78th St.: A show of nineteenth-century American genre paintings includes a colorful East Indian procession by Edwin Lord Weeks; two youths, one black and one white, by James Clonney; and a portrait by Frederick MacMonnies of his two daughters. Through Feb. 25. . . . **STEINBAUM,** 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs by sixty-two artists whose works are shown in pairs because this is a husband-and-wife show: the Drexlers, the Kozloffs, the Woodmans, others. Through Feb. 18.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Christian Berard (1902-49)—Portraits of Jean Cocteau and Horst are included in this small show, which gives a whiff of Paris between the wars. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer / Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Heavily impastoed paintings from the past year. Through Feb. 22. / Bright-colored abstractions from the forties, done on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Charles Clough—Sixty small art-reproduction photographs painted over with enamel. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Marcia Dalby—More than a hundred wire-mesh sculptures of popular-hero types (football players, deep-sea divers, astronauts), plus appropriate properties (shoulder pads, starfish, flying saucers). Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Emlen Etting—A half century of paintings and drawings by an artist whose styles have ranged from realism to abstractionism and whose subjects include people and still-lifes. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Alvaro Guevara (1894-1951)—Nine high-society genre scenes by a Chilean-born painter who lived in Paris and London. Through March 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger—Recent landscape paintings. Through Feb. 15. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

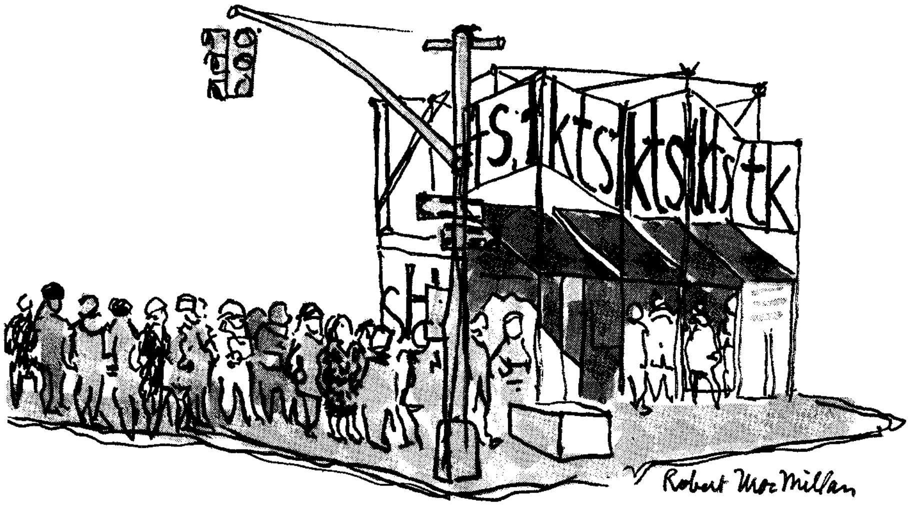
John Hardy—Paintings and drawings of athletic young women in and around sleek swimming pools. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Great queens and empresses, real and imaginary, painted in this artist's confident, freehand style. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Robert Jessup / David James—Paintings in which sturdy, idiosyncratic figures are seen in interiors, with sturdy, idiosyncratic landscapes visible through windows. / Abstract constructions done with plaster, Rhoplex, wood, and paint, and assembled on metal lathing. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944)—Paintings and drawings in a small show that complements the big exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Minoru Kawabata / Dike Blair—Abstract paintings by an artist who frequently takes his cues from origami. / Constructions involving



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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black glass and mirrors which have a strong Oriental feeling. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Winifred Lutz—Sections of saplings, sometimes entwined with bittersweet vine, and handmade paper go into these airy sculptural works, most of them wall pieces. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Michael Malpass—Recent steel sculptures. Through March 2. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold / Richard Bosman—Landscapes were the inspiration for these recent abstract pastels. / A series of ink drawings based on the sinking of a ship, plus woodcuts and etchings. Through Feb. 18. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Agnes Martin—Six-foot-square canvases of a silvery gray traversed by horizontal stripes of a softer gray. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Frank Metz—Plein-air oils of coastal Maine and Long Island. Also, drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alice Neel—Paintings from the past five decades of subjects the artist characterizes as "human creatures." Through Feb. 25. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Nina Posnansky—Musicians at work, Jerusalem rooftops, Haitian marketplaces, and flowers are subjects in these acrylic paintings and watercolors. Through Feb. 15. (Gallery 84, 30 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—Architectural forms are reduced to abstractions in these new paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—A triple show. Miniature bronzes (figures on chairs), plus drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Multipart photographs assembled from 8 x 10 Polaroids. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A retrospective of pastels. Through Feb. 17. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

F. L. Schroder—Abstract wall sculptures made of sections of aluminum tracking welded together; the artist currently has a show at the Queens Museum. Through Feb. 18. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Leon Polk Smith—Bright-colored shaped canvases, circular, oval, and in clusters, in a two-gallery show—at the uptown Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and at the downtown Washburn, 113 Greene St. Through Feb. 25.

Richard Stankiewicz (1922-83)—Early constructions and late welded-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ger van Elk—Enlarged color photographs, some from the tropics and some from Polar regions, partly painted over with abstractions done in enamel. Through Thursday, Feb. 9. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Betty Woodman / Ree Morton (1936-77)—Brightly painted earthenware pots. / Paintings and drawings, including several of her deadpan landscapes and portraits of fish shown in elegantly swagged frames. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Marguerite Zorach (1887-1968)—Landscapes from her travels, which took her to Antigua, Maine, Paris, Jerusalem, etc. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

American Women Artists—A two-part exhibition, this opening part fanning out from the first wave of twentieth-century practitioners, such as O'Keeffe, MacIver, Nevelson, and Martin, and going up to Frank, Rockburne, and Graves. Thirty-two artists in all. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **galerie st. etienne,** 24 W. 57th St.: Gustav Klimt's painting "The Battle of Life" (often called "The Golden Knight"), plus drawings by that artist and other works by Schiele, Modersohn-Becker, and Kollwitz. Through Feb. 18. . . . **getler-pall-saper,** 50 W. 57th St.: Eight artists (Valerie Jaudon, Eric Fischl, Robert Zakanitch, others) showing a single drawing and print each. Through Feb. 25. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Fifty examples of nineteenth-century prints, including a lithograph, by Soulange Teissier, done after William Sidney Mount's painting "Coming to the Point" and a number of depictions of the exploits of George Washington. Through Feb. 25. . . . **oscarsson hood,** 41 W. 57th St.: Among the twelve artists who have been invited to show their paintings here are Forrest Bess and James Bohary. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **ross,** 162 W. 56th St.: Paintings by Norris Embry, Walter Anderson, and Henry Botkin, among others. Through Friday, Feb. 10. (Opens at noon, Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Gregory Botts—Large paintings, mostly landscapes in chiaroscuro, by an artist who picks titles from such sources as Aristophanes, Jung, and the Iliad. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

David Dalessandro—Stylized still-lifes: flowers, fruit, vases. Through Wednesday, Feb. 8. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Hervé Di Rosa—Wildly imaginative creatures painted on unstretched canvas or modelled in synthetics by this member of the French Figuration Libre movement; his influences include circus posters, and his local peers are the Grafittists. Through Feb. 18. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Frank Faulkner / Edward Larson—New pattern paintings and works on paper. / Quilts and wood carvings, based on American folklore. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Joe Giordano—Large, clear paintings and drawings of, say, an overgrown philodendron; a chair and a child's scooter; a brick wall; an umbrella. Through Wednesday, Feb. 8. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Leon Golub—Large narrative paintings with political or social themes. Through Feb. 25. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Wall sculptures cut from heavy-duty Corten steel plate, several of them in his characteristic airfoil form. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Christof Kohlhofer—*Posterlike works in which* the artist paints directly on photographic enlargements to express his strong views on a wide variety of subjects, mainly political and social injustice. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Protetch McNeil, 214 Lafayette St., between Broome and Spring Sts. Opens at noon.)

Komar & Melamid—Paintings by this team of Russians in which Old Master history subjects have been parlayed into the Socialist Realism style. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Carlo Maria Mariani—Outsize paintings of full-blown mythological figures, several of which seem to be creating one another with paint brushes. The artist is an Italian neo-classicist. Through Feb. 15. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Sabina Mirri—Large pastel drawings of nudes and landscapes by an Italian artist with a melancholy turn of mind. Through Thursday, Feb. 9. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Rikuro Okamoto / Stanley Bowman—A ten-foot cube of stainless steel that creeps, almost imperceptibly, back and forth a couple of feet. / Color photographs of unusual arrangements of, say, scallions, pliers, cherries, screwdrivers, and so on. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. In another room, Marilyn Levine has ceramic reproductions of leather items such as work boots, jackets, valises.)

Frank Owen—New works by an artist who makes molds of his compositions and coats them with an acrylic skin, which he then peels off, mounts on a panel, and covers with colored paints. Through Wednesday, Feb. 8. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Archie Rand / Len Jenshel—Large canvases dotted with discrete figurative tableaux, some of them collaged. / Color photographs of arboretums. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. (Manès, a new gallery at 177 Prince St.)

Group Shows—At **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by ten artists. Through Feb. 18. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **haber,** 133 Greene St.: A painted wood-and-canvas construction depicting a disorderly kitchen, by Mimi Gross, and a mobile of black-painted trapezoidal figures, by Martin Boyle, are among the works in a show representing a dozen artists. Through Saturday, Feb. 4. . . . **ingber,** 460 West Broadway: Abstractions by more than a dozen painters and sculptors, including James Brooks, Joe Stefanelli, Jack Tworkov, and Rosemary Cove. Through Saturday, Feb. 11. . . . **kind,** 136 Greene St.: Paintings and constructions meant to convey, in the curator's words, "the raw sting of the city;" Robert Birmelin, Archie Rand, others. Through Wednesday, Feb. 8. . . . **thorp,** in a new space one floor above the post office at 103 Prince St.: April Gornik and Ken Kiff are two of the gallery artists included in an inaugural show, which is also the occasion for welcoming new members of the stable (Robert Helm, Porfirio Di Donna, others). . . . ¶ In another room here, drawings and stone sculptures by Edward Finnegan are on view. Through Feb. 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

Judy Rifka—Soldiers, casualties, wrecked buildings, and even the mushroom cloud of an atomic explosion are depicted in these shoot-from-the-hip drawings, which were inspired by events in the Middle East and which cover the walls and ceiling. Through Sunday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Feb. 5. (51X Gallery, 51 St. Marks Pl. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Cartoon '84—Original work by more than fifty artists, among them Lee Lorenz, Roz Chast, Arnie Levin, Jack Ziegler, Charles Saxon, and Joseph Mirachi. Through March 16. (Master *Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St.* Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

Group Shows—At **the clocktower,** 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and performance art by the thirty-four artists who were selected by the Institute for Art and Urban Resources for a year-long studio subsidy. Through Feb. 12. (Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **federal hall national memorial,** 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: Largely fanciful propositions by architects and artists for altering the landscape of Manhattan; wild animals would roam near Roger Ferri's skyscraper, for instance, while Richard Haas would be content with painting shadows of the Chrysler and Empire State Buildings on the World Trade Center. Drawings, models, etc. Through March 15. (Mondays through *Fridays, 11 to 3.*) . . . **garet,** *204* E. 10th St.: Small works on paper by fourteen artists, among them Alice Neel, Tom Otterness, George Sugarman, and Robert Yarber. Through Feb. 19. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . . **stoler,** 13 White St.: A dozen painters and sculptors are represented in these works, some of which might easily be mistaken for machines—especially a piece by Alice Aycock involving large circular blades. Through Saturday, Feb. 4.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Timothy Lamb—*Very large prints; first* one-man show in New York. Through Friday, Feb. 10. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Nic Nicosia—Photographs in which distorted perspectives lend high drama to stylized tableaux which the artist calls "Near Modern Disasters." Through March 3. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Susan Rankaitis / Robbert Flick—Prints that the gallery describes as "hybrids of painting and photography." They deal, in some way, with symbols of flight (airplanes, the space shuttle). / Landscape and cityscape photographs taken in sequence and mounted on a grid. Through March 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Man Ray (1890-1976)—Solarizations, Rayographs, and other aspects of his photographic *work. Through Saturday, Feb. 11.* (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

James Van DerZee (1886-1983)—More than seventy prints, along with memorabilia from the photographer's home and studio. Through March 2. (City Gallery, 2 Columbus Circle. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **camera club,** 37 E. 60th St.: Polaroid prints by seven New York photographers, including Denis Sivack and Eve Sonneman. Through Friday, Feb. 10. (Opens at 1, Mondays through Fridays.) . . . **jewish museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: Two exhibits representing recent efforts to document Jewish experience in the Soviet Union—"Hidden Lives," a collaboration by Nodar Djindjihashvili and Albert Ben-Zion, has fifty-five prints and is the realization of a two-year, twenty-thousand-mile surreptitious odyssey. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight works by Bill Aron, whose subjects live in Leningrad, Minsk, and Moscow. Through March 4. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **ledel,** 168 Mercer St.: Prints of New York City, 1890 to now. Through Feb. 18. (Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **neikrug,** *224* E. 68th St.: Sonja Bullaty, Pete Turner, and Alfred Gescheidt are some of the photographers with heretofore unseen work in a show dedicated to Larry Fried, who represented them all at his studio, the Image Bank. Through Feb. 25. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paul Caponigro's photograph of a cloud and a tree nicely illustrates a show of photographs, paintings, and graphics called "Clouds and Trees." Through Feb. 25. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

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Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A selection of fifty of Leonardo da Vinci's anatomical drawings from the Royal Library at Windsor Castle is being shown in conjunction with an exhibit of sixty anatomical Renaissance prints. Both through April 15. . . . ¶ A *retrospective of paintings (water*colors, chiefly) by American landscape artist Charles Burchfield. Through March 25. . . . ¶ Forty-one seventeenth-century Dutch portraits, still-lifes, landscapes, and genre and marine paintings on loan from the Royal Picture Gallery, Mauritshuis. Rembrandt, Vermeer, Hals, van Ruisdael, and a number of their esteemed colleagues. Through April 15. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays *through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11* to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art—The museum will be closed for renovations for a few months.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky: Russian and Bauhaus Years, *1915-1933,*" a show of paintings and other works by the artist which is supplemented by works by Russian avant-garde artists and Kandinsky's Bauhaus colleagues. Through Feb. 12. A smaller exhibit is at the Marisa del Re Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Two concurrent shows of the works of Willem de Kooning. Drawings (close to a hundred and thirty) from the past six decades have been mounted on the second floor. Through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and sculptures from the past fifty years occupies the fourth-floor galleries. Through Feb. 26. . . . ¶ A recent bequest of nine drawings by sculptor Theodore Roszak *(1907-81), plus an outright gift of two more,* prompts a small show of sculptures, drawings, and a painting originally seen in the Whitney's second biennial. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of more than a hundred gelatin prints by photographer Karl Gernot Kuehn. Through April 1. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of etchings by the Tiepolos, father and sons. Through April 22. . . . ¶ A loan exhibition of more than three hundred netsuke, generally small carved figures, which were formerly used by Japanese men to anchor *small pouches to their obis and are now col*lected as decorative objects. Through April 8. . . . ¶ A display of more than five hundred models that were submitted to the United States Patent Office between 1836 and 1880. One such is Steinway's model for a piano keyboard. Through April 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, *29* E. *36th* St.—*The* British Library has provided forty-nine examples of manuscript painting by Renaissance artists, including Jean Fouquet, who is represented by a leaf from a Book of Hours commissioned by his patron Étienne Chevalier. Through April 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Nearly a hundred examples of Chinese Export porcelains (from miniature teacups to a six-gallon punch bowl), dated 1750-1865, made specifically for New York customers, among them Alexander Hamilton and John Jay. A table of the wares has been set in order to demonstrate the eating habits and etiquette that prevailed at the time, when beer or gin was commonly consumed at *breakfast—along with beef and stewed vege*tables. Starts Thursday, Feb. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan show, from Paris, of the *paintings that took the Grand Prix de Rome* at the École des Beaux-Arts from 1797 to 1863, the year Manet's unacceptable "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" was shown at the Salon des Refusés. The award-winning canvases include Ingres's 1801 "Achilles Receiving the Envoys of Agamemnon." Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—More than fifty of Jack Whitten's abstract paintings from the nineteen-seventies. Through March 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Satur*days, 11 to 6.—An exhibit of paintings* and other works by artists affiliated with seventeen of the galleries operating in the East Village. . . . ¶ A show of sculptures by Belgian artist Didier Vermeiren. Both through Feb. 18.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Linda Hartinian (performance), Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Mail Art Then and Now," a show of postcards and other such documents by various theorists of this off-the-wall movement. Through March *10.*

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Tim Burns, Ann Rupel, D. Zonzinsky (performance), Friday and Saturday, Feb. 3-4, at 8:30; "Scenario du Film Passion" (a videotape by Jean-Luc Godard), Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8:30; Christopher Berg and (Blue) Gene Tyranny (music), Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation, by Tim Burns, containing slides and film with a soundtrack. Starts Saturday, Feb. 4.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—Minimalist Robert Grosvenor is exhibiting eight sculptures (using beams, pipes, railroad ties), which fill the main hall, while one of the other current shows consists of sculptures made from found objects by about *two dozen artists, including* Carolee Schneemann, TODT, Joe Smith, and Marcos Margall. Through March 18.

Note—Benefit programs of performance art, music, dance, and short films will be presented at Performance Space 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St.: Friday, Feb. 3, at 8: Molissa Fenley, Mabou Mines, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 11: Dennis Cooper, Stephanie

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Skura, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8: Douglas Dunn, Bill Gordh, Peter Gordon, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 11: Eric Bogosian, Robert Ashley, Meredith Monk, and others. (For information about tickets, call 477-5288.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey *Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum,* Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8: "La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Dano Raffanti, Cornell MacNeil, and Ariel Bybee; conducted by John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thurs*day, Feb. 2, at 8: A program entitled* "Stravinsky," consisting of three of his works—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Linda Gelinas and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Philip Creech, and Morley Meredith; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Jessye Norman, Timothy Jenkins, and Franz Mazura. James Levine will be the conducter for all three works. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 3, at 8: "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, and Samuel Ramey; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 1:30: "*La Traviata," with Kiri Te Kanawa, Dano* Raffanti, and Cornell MacNeil; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8: "Macbeth," with Renata Scotto, Louis Quilico, Giuliano Ciannella, and Richard Vernon; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 6, at 8: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Linda Gelinas and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Philip Creech, and Morley Meredith; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Jessye Norman, Timothy Jenkins, and Franz Mazura. James *Levine will be the conducter for all three* works. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, and Samuel Ramey; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 6:30: "Les Troyens," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jessye Norman, Edward Sooter, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Macbeth," with Adelaide Negri, Louis Quilico, Neil Shicoff, and Paul Plishka; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 10, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Galina Savova, Richard Cassilly, and Håkan Hagegård; James Levine. . . . ¶ *Saturday, Feb.* 11, at 2: "Rinaldo," with Marilyn Horne, Edda Moser, Benita Valente, and Samuel Ramey; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8: "Stravinsky"—the ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps," with Linda Gelinas and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; the opera "Le Rossignol," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Philip Creech, and Morley Meredith; and the opera "Oedipus Rex," with Florence Quivar, William Lewis, and Franz Mazura. Jeffrey Tate will be the conductor for all three works.

Opera Ensemble of New York—A program of scenes and arias from past productions, with Theodor Uppman, baritone; Ruth Bierhoff, piano; and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave., at 54th St. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call 288-1485.)

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After Dinner Opera Company—Three new operas: "Fables for Our Time," based on three fables by James Thurber, with music by Vernon Martin; "Waiting for the Barbarians," a poem by Constantine Cavafy set to music by *Mr. Martin*; and "Amor," by *John Mueter*. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Feb. 6, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8; Friday, Feb. 3, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 7:30: A Haydn-Mahler program, with Brigitte Fassbaender, mezzo-soprano, and Jon Vickers, tenor. . . . ¶ *Thursday through Saturday, Feb.* 9-11, at 8: A Haydn-Berg-Brahms program, with Glenn Dicterow, violin.

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing Mahler's "Das klagende Lied," with Esther Hinds, soprano; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; David Rendall, tenor; Jorma Hynninen, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 1-2, at 8.)

Hague Philharmonic—Hans Vonk conducting a Fauré-Beethoven-Schumann program, with John Browning, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Tchaikovsky–Gunther Schuller–Richard Strauss program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

St. Paul Chamber Orchestra—Pinchas Zukerman conducting, with Erie Mills, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz directing Handel's oratorio "Alexander's Feast," with Arleen Augér and Katheryn Gamberoni, sopranos; David Gordon, tenor; Ronald Hedlund, bass; and the Y Chorale. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—George Cleve conducting a Gershwin-Dvořák program, with *Leon Bates, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday,* Feb. 5, at 3.)

Philly Pops—Peter Nero conducting and acting as piano soloist in an all-Gershwin program, with Mel Tormé. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Mary Burgess, soprano; John Gilmore, tenor; Norman Andersson, bass; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Emanuel Ax—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program called "From the World of Holbein: A Gallery of Musical Portraits," with LaNoue Davenport, recorder; Judith Davidoff, viola da gamba; and Sheila Schonbrun, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 1, at 8.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Nina Beilina—Violin. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8.)

Mario Escudero—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Peter Vinograde—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—A Mozart-Webern-Beethoven program played by the Emerson String Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 5, at 5.)

Mozartean Players—The second in a series of three concerts of chamber music, this one an all-Mozart program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Dennis Smylie, clarinet, and Raymond Mase, trumpet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 3, at 8.)

Miriam Fried and Luis Batlle—Violin and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Continuum—The first in a series of three concerts, this one devoted to the music of George Crumb. With Sheila Schonbrun, soprano; *Gail August, dancer; Cheryl Seltzer, piano;* and Joel Sachs acting as pianist and conductor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8.)

Chamber Music—William Doppmann, piano; Charles Treger, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and Leslie Parnas, cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 4, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 5, at 2.)

Micha Maisky and Peter Serkin—Cello and piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Franck Avril—Oboe. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 2.)

North/South Consonance—Presenting the Latin American String Quartet, with Raymond Wheeler, clarinet, and Judith Otten, soprano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Olegna Fuschi—Piano, in the first in a series of three concerts, this one with the Greenwich Symphony Orchestra conducted by David Gilbert. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Howard Hensel—Tenor, with Lawrence Skrobacs, piano, and the St. Luke's String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Carter Brey—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Michael Newman—Classical guitarist, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

James Kreger—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Jean-Marie Fournier—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

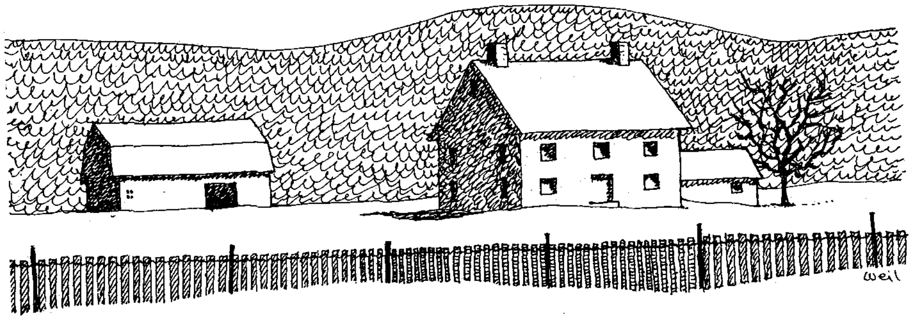
Mannes Trio—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Phillip Evans and Roberta Rust—Music for two pianos and for one piano, four hands. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Anne Haenen—Mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 8-9, at 8.)

Aston Magna—A baroque ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8.)



Trevor Pinnock—Harpsichord. (Veléz Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Flavio Varani—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Omega Ensemble—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Marcus Thompson—Viola, with Barry Synyer and Anthony Newman, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—A Mozart-Brahms program, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 3.)

Janos Starker—Cello, with Emmy Verhey, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Calliope: A Renaissance Band—With Frederic Hand, lute. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Aurora—The second in a series of three concerts, this one with Stanley Ritchie, baroque violin. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

Professional Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** (564-4400): Knicks vs. Golden State, Monday, Feb. 6, at 7:35. . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, Feb. 1. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Friday, Feb. 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Monday, Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 8. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Hockey—At **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Feb. 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, Feb. 4, at 5:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Edmonton Oilers, Tuesday, Feb. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Saturday, Feb. 11, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Feb. 2. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Minnesota North Stars, Sunday, Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, Tuesday, Feb. 7. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, March 13. The Bowie, Saturday, Feb. 11.

Track Meet—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Saturday, Feb. 11, at 6.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 31. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—A. R. Gurney, Jr., and Albert Innaurato reading from their own plays. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Feb. 6, at 8.) . . . ¶ Larry McMurtry reading from his own novels and Norman Fischer reading from his own poetry. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, Feb. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Nicholas Christopher, Michael McFee, and Katha Pollitt reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Feb. 9, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Professional Basketball—The Knicks at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Feb. 16 (Indiana), Feb. 18 (Nets), Feb. 21 (Portland), Feb. 27 (Atlanta), March 3 (Milwaukee), March 6 (Seattle), and March 10 (Utah). . . . ¶ The Nets at **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Feb. 12 (Houston), Feb. 15 (San Antonio), Feb. 21 (Philadelphia), Feb. 23 (Indiana), Feb. 25 (Knicks), Feb. 29 (Los Angeles), March 3 (Washington), and March 5 (Utah).

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 13-14.)

Hockey—The Rangers at **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Feb. 15 (Islanders), Feb. 19 (Philadelphia), Feb. 23 (Quebec), Feb. 26 (Pittsburgh), and March 4 (Vancouver). . . . ¶ The Islanders at **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Feb. 18 (Rangers), Feb. 23 (St. Louis), Feb. 25 (Devils), March 6 (Philadelphia), March 8 (Toronto), and March 10 (Calgary). . . . ¶ The Devils at **MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Feb. 14 (Los Angeles), Feb. 16 (Hartford), Feb. 19 (Islanders), Feb. 22 (Winnipeg), Feb. 28 (Rangers), March 2 (Vancouver), March 4 (Los Angeles), and March 6 (Pittsburgh).

Olympic Winter Games—At Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, Feb. 7-19.

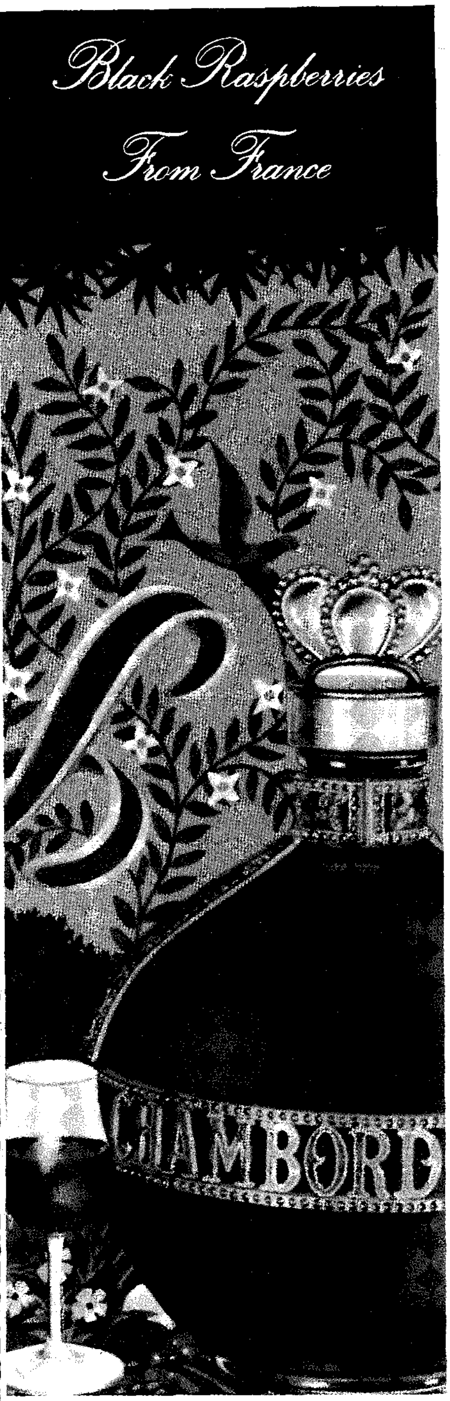
Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 28-March 4.)

Track Meet—U.S.A./Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championships Grand Prix Finals. (Madison Square Garden. Feb. 24.)

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 21. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 26. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 12 and 17. . . . ¶ Brandenberg Emsemble, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Philharmonia Orchestra, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Gidon Kremer, violin; Kim Kashkashian, viola; and Yo-Yo Ma, cello, March 4. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 5. . . . ¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, March 7. . . . ¶ Gidon Kremer, violin, March 9. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (247-7459): Leontyne Price, soprano, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Berlin Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, Feb. 13-14. . . . ¶ Cincinnati Pops, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ New York Pops, Feb. 17 and March 10. . . . ¶ St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ French Opera Comique, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Philharmonia Orchestra, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Music from Japan, Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Henryk Szeryng, violin, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Sherrill Milnes, baritone, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Israel Chamber Orchestra, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal and Robert Stallman, flute, and John-Steele Ritter, keyboard, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Vienna Philharmonic, Feb. 29-March 2. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, March 3. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, March 4. . . . ¶ Minnesota Orchestra, March 4. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, March 5. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Feb. 12-14 and March 2 and 4. . . . ¶ Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano, Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Anton Kuerti, piano, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ New York Renaissance Band, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Kathleen Battle, soprano, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ American Composers Orchestra, Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, March 1 and 3. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, March 7-8. . . . ¶ Continuum, March 10. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Chamber Music at the Y, Feb. 14-15. . . . ¶ Nikita Magaloff, piano, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Group for Contemporary Music, Feb. 21. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Feb. 25-26 and March 3. . . . ¶ Lee Hoiby, piano, Feb. 26. . . . ¶ Håkan Hagegård, baritone, March 1. . . . ¶ Hiroko Yajima, violin, March 8. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ David Soyer, cello, and Cynthia Raim, piano, Feb. 17. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Feb. 23. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Feb. 25. . . . ¶ Charles Treger, violin, and André Watts, piano, March 1. . . . ¶ Annie Fischer, piano, March 2. . . . ¶ Beaux Arts Trio, March 8. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, March 10. . . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): Garrick Ohlsson, piano, Feb. 19.

Dance—At the **CITY CENTER:** Nikolais Dance Theatre, Feb. 16-26. . . . ¶ Murray Louis Dance Company and Nikolais Dance Theatre, Feb. 28-March 3. . . . ¶ Merce Cunningham Dance Company, March 6-18. . . . **NEW YORK STATE THEATRE:** Martha Graham Dance Company, Feb. 28-March 18.

Other Dates—Lincoln's Birthday is Sunday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden Exposition Rotunda, Feb. 18-20. . . . ¶ Washington's Birthday will be observed on Monday, Feb. 20. . . . ¶ Empire Cat Club Show, at the New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Feb. 25-26. . . . ¶ Ash Wednesday falls on March 7.



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NCÔME

LANCÔME
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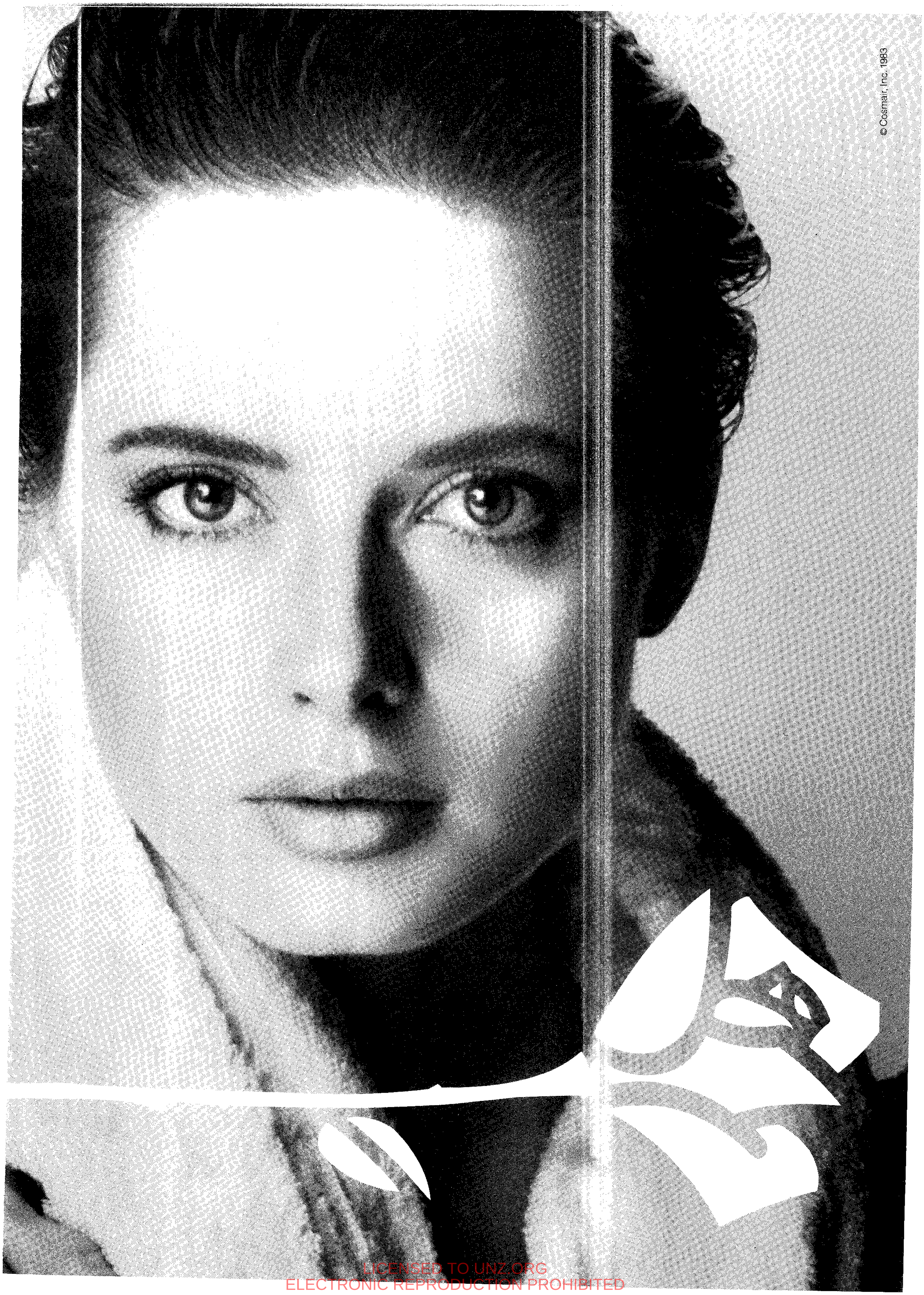
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

VARIETY
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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

"Wuthering Heights" (1954; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

"Local Hero" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Feb. 2: "Uncommon Valor" (†) and "Atlantic City" (†).

From Feb. 3: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Never Cry Wolf" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"The Right Stuff" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Star 80" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 2: "Scandalous" (Rob Cohen), with Robert Hays and John Gielgud. From Feb. 3: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.

Theatre 3: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"The Riddle of the Sands" (Tony Maylam), with Michael York and Simon MacCorkindale.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Feb. 9: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

From Feb. 10: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

Through Feb. 2: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

From Feb. 3: "A Woman in Flames" (Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).

Theatre 2: "Star 80" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "El Norte" (Gregory Nava; in Spanish).

Theatre 2: "Terms of Endearment" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "And the Ship Sails On" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Dresser" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 9: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin. From Feb. 10: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "The Big Chill" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 2: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin. From Feb. 3: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Silkwood" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

"Local Hero" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Never Cry Wolf" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin.

Theatre 2: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Star 80" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 2: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton. From Feb. 3: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "Scrubbers" (1982; directed by Mai Zetterling), with Chrissie Cotterill.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 2: "The Crimson Kimono" (1959; Samuel Fuller), with Victoria Shaw, Glenn Corbett, and James Shigeta; and "China Gate" (1957; Samuel Fuller), with Nat King Cole, Gene Barry, and Angie Dickinson. Feb. 3-4: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles. Feb. 5-6: "Spellbound" (†) and "Notorious" (†). Feb. 7: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "A Man Escaped" (†). Feb. 8-9: "The Big Red One" (1980; Samuel Fuller), with Lee Marvin and Mark Hamill; and "Verboten" (1960; Samuel Fuller), with James Best, Susan Cummings, and Tom Pittman. Feb. 10-11: "My Little Chickadee" (†) and "I'm No Angel" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).

Theatre 2: "The Loveless" (Kathryn Bigelow and Monty Montgomery).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 9: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin. From Feb. 10: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Theatre 2: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

Theatre 2: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Theatre 3: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

Theatre 4: "Vertigo."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Backstage at the Kirov" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Yentl" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Educating Rita" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Feb. 9: "La Balance" (Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

From Feb. 10: "Reuben, Reuben" (Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Confidentially Yours" (François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Tender Mercies" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Basileus Quartet" (†).

Theatre 2: "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 2: "Kamilla" (Vibeke Løkkeberg; in Norwegian). From Feb. 3: "Dear Maestro" (Luciano Odorisio; in Italian).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Theatre 2: "Entre Nous" (Diane Kurys; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Carmen" (Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

Theatre 2: "Love Letters" (Amy Jones), with Jamie Lee Curtis.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: "Gorky Park" (Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin.

Theatre 2: Through Feb. 2: "Scandalous" (Rob Cohen), with Robert Hays and John Gielgud. From Feb. 3: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.

Theatre 3: "Star 80" (†).

Theatre 4: "Never Cry Wolf" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Theatre 2: "Broadway Danny Rose" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through Feb. 9: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey. From Feb. 10 (tentative): "Flashdance" (†) and "Trading Places" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin.

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 2: "The Big Chill" (†). Feb. 3-9: "Local Hero" (†). From Feb. 10: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 2: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell. From Feb. 3: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "The Right Stuff" (†).

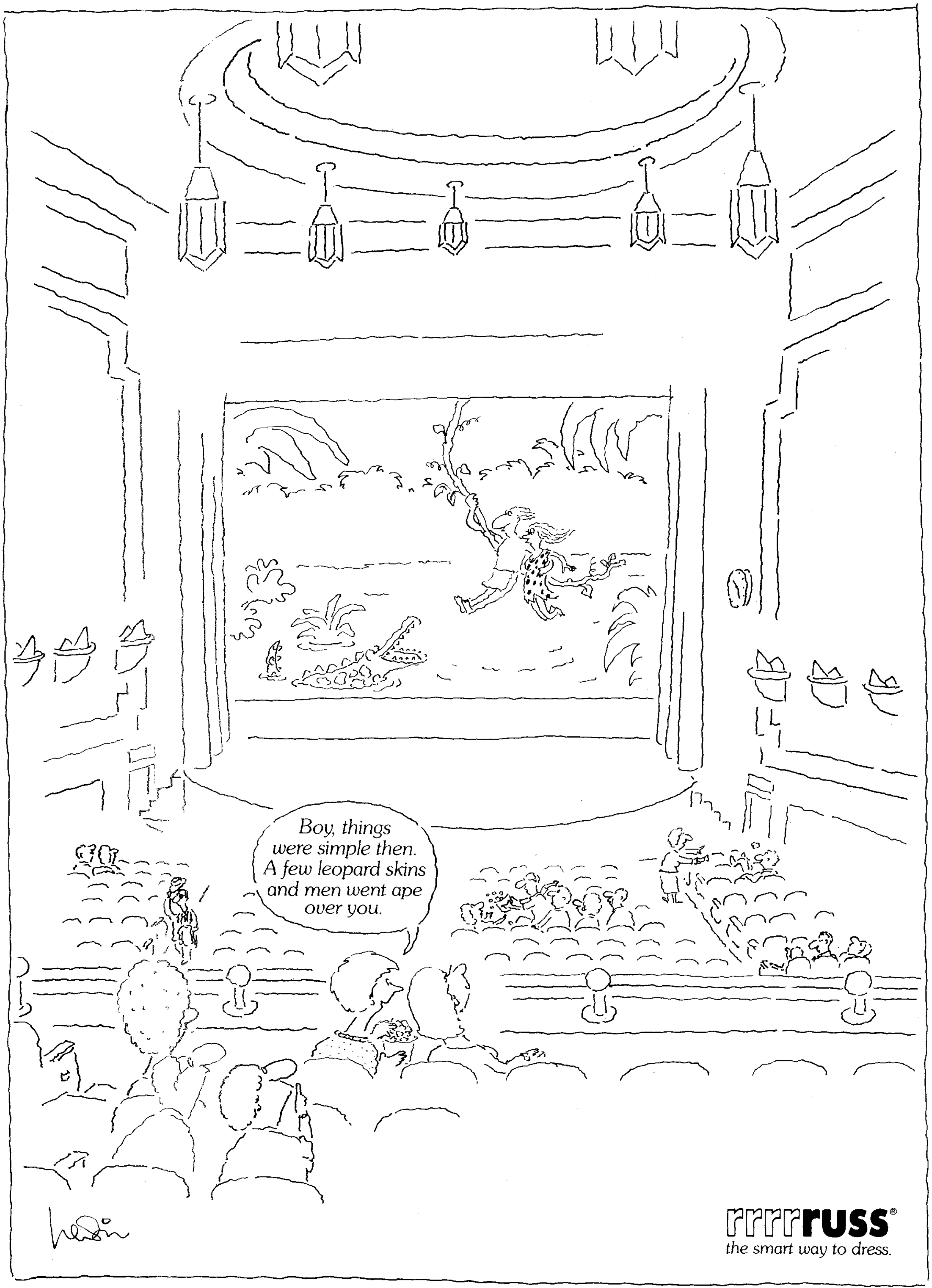
Theatre 2: "To Be or Not to Be" (1983 †).

Theatre 3: Through Feb. 9: "Never Say Never Again" (directed by Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery. From Feb. 10: "Sudden Impact" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Feb. 2: "Gospel" (David Leivick and Frederick A. Ritzenberg), a concert film. From Feb. 3: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton.

Theatre 5: "D.C. Cab" (Joel Schumacher), with Adam Baldwin.

Theatre 6: "Two of a Kind" (John Herzfeld),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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Never Cry Wolf" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Uncommon Valor" (†).
Theatre 3: "Wild Style" (Charlie Ahearn).
Theatre 4: "The Big Chill" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Terms of Endearment" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Slayground" (Terry Bedford), with Peter Coyote and Mel Smith.
Theatre 2: "Angel" (Robert Vincent O'Neil), with Cliff Gorman and Susan Tyrrell.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Star 80" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Rescuers" (1977), a full-length animated feature film from the Disney Studios.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "The Lonely Guy" (Arthur Hiller), with Steve Martin and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 2: "The Power." From Feb. 3: "Stuck on You!" (Michael Herz and Samuel Weil).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Silkwood" (†).
Theatre 2: "Scarface" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 2: "Hot Dog . . . The Movie" (Peter Markle), with David Naughton. From Feb. 3: "Reckless" (James Foley), with Aidan Quinn and Daryl Hannah.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 9: "Sudden Impact" (†). From Feb. 10: "Unfaithfully Yours" (Howard Zieff), with Dudley Moore and Nastassja Kinski.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"When the Mountains Tremble" (directed by Pamela Yates and Thomas Sigel; in Spanish); and "Nicaragua: Report from the Front" (Deborah Shaffer and Thomas Sigel).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Danton" (1983; Andrzej Wajda; in French), with Gérard Depardieu.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Fanny and Alexander" (1983; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 2: "Querelle" (1983; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brad Davis, Franco Nero, and Jeanne Moreau; and "Score" (1974; Radley Metzger), with Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant.
Feb. 3-4: "Phaedra" (1962; Jules Dassin), with Melina Mercouri, Anthony Perkins, and Raf Vallone; and "Topkapi" (1964; Jules Dassin), with Melina Mercouri, Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell, Robert Morley, and Akim Tamiroff.
Feb. 5-7: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "If . . . " (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
Feb. 8-9: "Lola" (1982; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst.
Feb. 10-11: "Sophie's Choice" (†); and "The World According to Garp" (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and John Lithgow.

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8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 2: "Christine" (1983; John Carpenter), with Keith Gordon.
From Feb. 3: "Signals Through the Flames" (1984; Sheldon Rochlin and Maxine Harris), a documentary about Julian Beck, Judith Malina, and the Living Theatre.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Feb. 1: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale; and "Burden of Dreams" (1982; Les Blank), a documentary.
Feb. 2-4: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.
Feb. 5-6: "The Devils" (1971; Ken Russell), with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "Marat/Sade" (1967; Peter Brook), performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company.
Feb. 7-8: "Mondo Trasho" (1970; John Waters); "Multiple Maniacs" (1977; John Waters); and "The Alternative Miss World."
Feb. 9-11: "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson), with Gibson; and "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Feb. 2: "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "Outland" (1981; Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery, Peter Boyle, and Frances Sternhagen.
Feb. 3-4: "The Grey Fox" (1983; Phillip Borsos), with Richard Farnsworth; and "The Draughtsman's Contract" (1983; Peter Greenaway), with Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman.
Feb. 5: "The Bank Dick" (1940; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields and Una Merkel; "My Little Chickadee" (†); and "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" (†).
Feb. 6-7: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab; and "The White Rose" (1983; Michael Verhoeven; in German), with Lena Stolze and Wulf Kessler.
Feb. 8-9: "The Pawnbroker" (†); and "The Chosen" (1982; Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Feb. 10-11: "The Dark Crystal" (1982; Jim Henson and Frank Oz); and "The Lord of the Rings" (1978; Ralph Bakshi), an animated film.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Feb. 1: "The Sound of Trumpets" ("Il Posto;" 1961; Ermanno Olmi; in Italian); and "Charles Dead or Alive" (1969; Alain Tanner; in French), with François Simon.
Feb. 2: "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Zeze Motta; and "Tent of Miracles" (1977; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).
Feb. 3: "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy; and "Burn!" (1970; Gillo Pontecorvo), with Marlon Brando.
Feb. 4: "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
Feb. 5: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
Feb. 6: "The World According to Garp" (1982; George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams, Glenn Close, Mary Beth Hurt, and John Lithgow; and "Slaughterhouse-Five" (†).
Feb. 7: "Kiss of Death" (†); and "The Big Heat" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.
Feb. 8: "High Society" (†) and "Anchors Aweigh" (†).
Feb. 9: "The Servant" (†); and "The Go-Between" (1971; Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Margaret Leighton, and Michael Redgrave.
Feb. 10: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.
Feb. 11: "Gunga Din" (†); and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 1: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Zorba the Greek" (1964; Michael Cacoyannis), with Anthony Quinn, Alan Bates, Irene Papas, and Lila Kedrova.
Feb. 2-4: "Gigi" (1958; Vincente Minnelli), with Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Hermione Gingold, and Isabel Jeans; and "Royal Wedding" (1951; Stanley Donen), with Fred Astaire, Jane Powell, and Peter Lawford.
Feb. 5-6: "The African Queen" (†) and "Beat the Devil" (†).
Feb. 7-8: "You Were Never Lovelier" (†) and "Sun Valley Serenade" (†).
Feb. 9-11: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 1: "Kyoshiro Nemuri and the Human Tarantula" (1968; Kimiyoshi Yasuda; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "The Thieves' Who's Who" (1966; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.
Feb. 2: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "The Devil Is a Woman"

(1935; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero.

Feb. 3-4: "The Investigation" (1980; Étienne Perier; in French), with Victor Lanoux; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Feb. 5: "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Jayne Mansfield, Tony Randall, and Betsy Drake; and "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, and Edmond O'Brien.

Feb. 6: "Shoot the Piano Player" (1960; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Aznavour; and "Mississippi Mermaid" (†).

Feb. 7: "Carmen Jones" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Dorothy Dandridge; and "Georgia, Georgia" (1972; Stig Bjorkman), with Diana Sands and Dirk Benedict.

Feb. 8: "The Sword" (1963; Kenji Misumi; in Japanese), with Raizo Ichikawa; and "Hoodlum Soldier and the C.O." (1965; Tokuzo Tanaka; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu.

Feb. 9: "La Chienne" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon; and "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.

Feb. 10-11: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Aida" (1954; Clemente Fracassi; in Italian and English), with Sophia Loren and the voices of Renata Tebaldi, Giuseppe Campora, and others.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 1: "Pilgrimage" (1933; John Ford), with Henrietta Crosman, Heather Angel, and Norman Foster; and "Seas Beneath" (1931; John Ford), with George O'Brien, John Loder, and Marion Lessing.

Feb. 2: "Thieves Like Us" (1974; Robert Altman), with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen; and "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.

Feb. 3-4: "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke) and "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Feb. 5: "A Night at the Opera" (†) and "A Day at the Races" (†).

Feb. 6: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).

Feb. 7: "The Odd Couple" (1968; Gene Saks), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau; and "A New Leaf" (†).

Feb. 8: "The Seven Year Itch" (†); and "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall.

Feb. 9: "Wait Until Dark" (†) and "Charade" (†).

Feb. 10-11: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting Feb. 4: "PM Magazine," a five-channel video and sound installation by Dara Birnbaum. Continuous showings from noon to 6 (Tuesday evenings until 8). Miss Birnbaum will be present on Thursday, Feb. 9, at 2. Closed Mondays.

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium will be closed for renovations until sometime in May.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE AFRICAN QUEEN (1951)—An inspired piece of casting brought Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn together. This is a comedy, a love story, and a tale of adventure, and it is one of the most charming and entertaining movies ever made. The director, John Huston, has written that the comedy was not present either in the novel by C. S. Forester or in the original screenplay by James Agee, John Collier, and himself, but that it grew out of the relationship of Hepburn and Bogart, who were just naturally funny when they worked together. Hepburn has revealed that the picture wasn't going well until Huston came up with the inspiration that she should think of Rosie as Mrs. Roosevelt. After that, Bogart and Hepburn played together with an ease and humor that makes their love affair—the mating of a forbidding, ironclad spinster and a tough, gin-soaked riverboat captain—seem not only inevitable but perfect. The story, set in central Africa in 1914, is so convincingly acted that you may feel a bit jarred at the end; after the lovers have brought the boat, the African Queen, over dangerous rapids to torpedo a German warship, Huston seems to stop taking the movie seriously. With Robert Morley as Hepburn's missionary brother, and Peter Bull. Cinematography by Jack Cardiff. Bogart's performance took the Academy Award for Best Actor. (Peter Viertel, who worked on the dialogue while the company was on location in Africa, wrote "White Hunter, Black Heart"—one of the best of all moviemaking novels—about his experiences with Huston.) (Regency; Feb. 5-6.)

ANCHORS AWEIGH (1945)—This Gene Kelly–Frank Sinatra musical has an abundance of energy and spirit, and you may feel it could be wonderful if it weren't so stupidly wholesome, and if you could just *do* something about Kathryn Grayson and José Iturbi—like maybe turn Terry Southern loose on them. The sugary wholesomeness was the stock-in-trade of the producer, Joe Pasternak; characters in his movies always look scrubbed and sexless, and act embarrassingly young. Pasternak doesn't destroy Kelly's bounding vitality, however; this was the hit movie that made him a hugely popular star. He and Sinatra play sailors on shore leave in Hollywood who get involved with Grayson, a singer working as an extra and living with her chubby-faced angelic little nephew (Dean Stockwell). In the worst sequence, Sinatra sings Brahms' "Lullaby" to Stockwell. Kelly has three big dance numbers, including the famous Jerry the Mouse cartoon dance, and he and Sinatra perform together amiably. With Pamela Britton, Edgar Kennedy, Grady Sutton, Rags Ragland, Billy Gilbert, and Sharon McManus—the little girl who dances with Kelly. George Sidney directed; Kelly choreographed, with Stanley Donen assisting. The songs are mostly by Sammy Cahn and Jules Styne. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 8.)

AND THE SHIP SAILS ON—First presented at the Venice Film Festival, the picture aroused in Italy exactly the sort of heated critical controversy that has raged around Fellini's work ever since "La Dolce Vita," the first of his films to adopt a larger-than-life approach to his material. The basic plot is simplicity itself. The year is 1914, at the time of the assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Sarajevo. A luxury liner called the Gloria N. is sailing from Naples, carrying the ashes of a great operatic diva to the waters off the island of her birth, where they are to be dispersed at sea. Also on board are the late star's friends, colleagues, teachers, accompanists, relatives, fans, and lovers, all of whom have been summoned to take part in the ceremony. During the trip, the ship picks up several boatloads of Serbian refugees, whose presence on deck eventually causes the Gloria N. to be attacked and sunk by an Austro-Hungarian warship. The survivors escape in lifeboats, after which Fellini drops all pretense at any form of conventional storytelling and adopts the Pirandellian conceit of a play within a play, leaving his viewers at the end to wonder exactly what it is he wishes them to infer. The movie is rife with symbols and the story line does lend itself to allegorical interpretation. The trip by sea toward a mysterious destination, the variety of people and creatures on board, the juxtaposition of rich and poor, the cargo of ashes, many of the conversations and happenings, the name of the vessel itself (for Gloria N., read "*gloria nazionale*")—all set themselves up for facile critical analysis and explanation. But somehow, as always, Fellini's artistry transcends the obvious. In Italian. (12/26/83; under Letter from Rome.) (Cinema I.)

ATLANTIC CITY (1981)—This spa that became a racketeers' paradise during Prohibition and in 1981 was on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the ten or twelve major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid as the widow of a mobster, Hollis McLaren as a dippy flower child born into the wrong era, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors, and an appearance by Robert Goulet as himself. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 2.)

BACKSTAGE AT THE KIROV—We are introduced to the new and gifted young ballerina Altynaï Assylmuratova as she prepares for her début in "Swan Lake." Then we are driven mad by camerawork that prevents us from seeing what she looks like dancing. Present-day and former Kirov stars are glimpsed, but few are named; there seems to be only one prima ballerina, the relatively drab Galina Mezentseva, who is also seen in extensive "Swan Lake" footage and for whom, strangely enough, the camera behaves like a dream. (Guild.)

BASILEUS QUARTET—Directed by Fabio Carpi. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)—"The formula of 'Beat the Devil,'" its director, John Huston, once remarked, "is that everyone is slightly absurd." The plot of the picture was unknown to the cast, but presumably known to Huston and his co-writer, Truman Capote; however, Capote later remarked that he had "a suspicion that John wasn't too clear about it." Commercially speaking, the movie courted—and achieved—disaster. According to most accounts, Capote wrote the script as they went along (reading it aloud to the cast each morning, Robert Morley says), and Huston didn't show any signs of anxiety. This improvisation was not necessarily an actor's delight, and Humphrey Bogart, who looks rather bewildered through much of it, as if he hadn't been let in on the joke, said, "Only the phonies think it's funny. It's a mess." Yes, but it may be the funniest mess of all time. It kidded itself, yet it succeeded in some original (and perhaps dangerously marginal) way by finding a style of its own. Bogart and his wife, Gina Lollobrigida, are on a ship bound for British East Africa; their travelling companions are a gang of uranium swindlers—Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard. The funniest performer is Jennifer Jones (in a blond wig) as a creative liar; she's married to a bogus British lord (Edward Underdown). Then there's a shipwreck. This straight-faced parody of the international thriller killed off the whole genre. (It also ended the Huston-Bogart working relationship. Bogart had had his own money in the picture.) With Bernard Lee. Cinematography by Oswald Morris and Freddie Francis; from a novel by James Helvick (a pseudonym for Claud Cockburn). (Regency; Feb. 5-6.)

THE BIG CHILL—An amiable, slick comedy that's ostensibly about how the late-sixties campus activists have adjusted to becoming the kind of people they used to insult—but it isn't really political. Directed by Lawrence Kasdan, who wrote the script with Barbara Benedek, it's set in South Carolina, where a group of seven former friends from the University of Michigan gather for the funeral of Alex, the campus radical who brought them together. The friends bury the sixties (which Alex symbolizes) and then dredge them up to talk about during the weekend. The movie may pretend to be about "life," but it's really about being clever (even the title tells you that), and about the fun of ensemble acting. Jeff Goldblum, William Hurt, and Kevin Kline do some of their best work here; Tom Berenger, Glenn Close, Mary Kay Place, and JoBeth Williams do remarkably well with what they've got to work with. And Meg Tilly, who plays Alex's young girlfriend, is an extraordinarily lovely presence. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/17/83.) (Loews New York Twin, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Feb. 2.)

Broadway Danny Rose—With Woody Allen and Mia Farrow, directed by Allen. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, and New Yorker.)

Charade (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps, and love triumphs. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 9.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera" (see below). It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. (Groucho's rendezvous with the big, beautiful blonde—Esther Muir—is interrupted by paperhangers. "This is the worst insult I've ever had in my life," she announces. "Well, it's only eight o'clock," replies Groucho.) The total effect is that of highly satisfying derangement; it's not up to "Opera" or "Duck Soup," but it's better than just about everything else they did—though "A Night in Casablanca" has its moments. The Brothers are fortified by Margaret Dumont; the cast also includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Allan Jones, Douglass Dumbrille, and Sig Rumann; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number, and the singer is Ivie Anderson. Sam Wood directed, from a script by Robert Pirosh, George Seaton, and George Oppenheimer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5.)

The Dresser—Almost everything in this screen version of Ronald Harwood's 1980 play is good except what relates to its theme: the symbiotic relationship between an old Shakespearean actor-manager (Albert Finney)—a knight of the theatre who is touring the provinces with his dilapidated company during the Second World War—and his dresser (Tom Courtenay). The material is conceived as a tribute to the flyweight dresser, who cajoles and teases and mothers the old trouper, and keeps him going. In the film's view, great actors are incorrigible, demented children; they need these dedicated nannies hopping about and fussing over them. Courtenay played the dresser on the stage, and his performance is too practiced; it's all dried up. Finney, however, is juicy, with a thundering voice and wonderful false humility. Peter Yates directed, and he provides some fond, light moments. Michael Gough, Edward Fox, and Cathryn Harrison shine in smaller roles; Eileen Atkins is the stage manager and Zena Walker is the old star's "Lady Wife." (1/23/84) (Cinema II.)

Educating Rita—It's no more than a duet "opened up" a bit for the screen, but the lines have surprise and wit. Michael Caine plays a dispirited, burned-out slob of a college professor who tries to conceal his mediocrity by carrying on as if he were Dylan Thomas. Rita, played by Julie Walters, is a street-smart young hairdresser in Liverpool who wants the education that he, with his doctorate and his fancy turns of speech, has decided is worthless. Rita is Julie Walters' role in the way that Billie Dawn in "Born Yesterday" was Judy Holliday's role. The material isn't sustained—Rita, like Billie Dawn, is inevitably less entertaining after she's transformed—but Caine gives a master film actor's performance. Directed by Lewis Gilbert; Willy Russell adapted his own play. (11/14/83) (Festival.)

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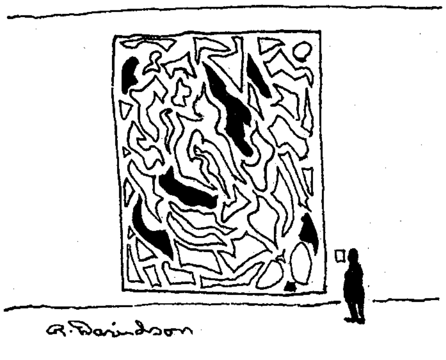
Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III," and it's like a sleazo putting the make on you. The eighteen-year-old working-class Catholic heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina, handed bouquets, like a princess. The music throughout is synthesizer pop—some of Giorgio Moroder's throbbing specials along with bits of other whiplash disco songs; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. It has Vegas sound, thumping, thumping; the whole damn thing throbs, and it gives a hard sell even to the heroine's confessions to her priest. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie, is so fast that he isn't subjected to the chop-chop editing—he's allowed to perform in his own time. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 10, tentative.)

Gunga Din (1939)—One of the most enjoyable nonsense-adventure movies of all time—full of slapstick and heroism and high spirits. R.K.O. intended to make one of those trouble-in-the-colonies films, and it was supposedly to be "inspired" by the Rudyard Kipling poem. Howard Hawks was set to direct; he brought in Hecht and MacArthur, who stole the plot of their own "The Front Page" and threw some wonderful hokum together. Then Hawks brought in William Faulkner for some rewriting. R.K.O. soon decided that the project was becoming too expensive, got rid of Hawks, and put George Stevens, who was under contract, in charge. Stevens brought in Fred Guiol, a gag-writing buddy from Stevens' Laurel and Hardy days, and at some point Joel Sayre also did some rewriting. The result of these combined labors is a unique pastiche—exhilarating in an unself-consciously happy, silly way. The stars are a rousing trio: Cary Grant, having the time of his life as a clowning roughneck; the dapper, gentlemanly Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and the eternal vulgarian, Victor McLaglen. Who has forgotten Eduardo Ciannelli in dark makeup as some sort of mad high priest, or Sam Jaffe as Gunga Din, the essence, the soul of loyalty? Who remembers Joan Fontaine as the pallid and proper heroine? With Abner Biberman, Montagu Love, Cecil Kellaway, Lumsden Hare, and Robert Coote. The superb cinematography is by Joseph H. August; the art direction is by Van Nest Polglase; the music is by Alfred Newman. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 11.)



High Society (1956)—Musical remake of "The Philadelphia Story," with Grace Kelly in the Hepburn role, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, John Lund, Louis Calhern, Sidney Blackmer, and Louis Armstrong, who, at the opening, does a fine scat-patter number explaining the plot. Everything that follows is a letdown. Charles Walters directed; the songs are by Cole Porter. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 8.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably West's best film, certainly one of her funniest. When she isn't wiggling in her corsets and driving men wild, she's sashaying around and camping it up for her plump black maids (Hattie McDaniel, Libby Taylor). With Edward Arnold, Gregory Ratoff, Kent Taylor, Ralf Harolde, Gertrude Michael, Nat Pendleton, Dennis O'Keefe, Irving Pichel, and Dorothy Peterson. Directed by Wesley Ruggles; the story, screenplay, and dialogue are by Mae West, with continuity by Harlan Thompson. (Film Forum; Feb. 10-11.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—A tense, terrifying New York crime melodrama, with an unusually authentic seamy atmosphere; the director, Henry Hathaway, brought his crew in from Hollywood and shot the entire film on location, in such places as a Harlem night club, a house in Queens, the Criminal Courts Building, the Tombs, Sing Sing. Victor Mature gives an unexpectedly subdued, convincing performance as a hoodlum convict who, for the sake of his children (their mother has committed suicide), agrees to work with the police as an informer. Richard Widmark, in his film début, created a sensation; he's a giggling, sadistic gunman with homicidal mania in his voice, and when he grins his white teeth are more alarming than fangs. Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer wrote the script, from a story by Eleazar Lipsky. With the talented, refreshingly unactressy Coleen Gray as the hero's new wife, and Brian Donlevy, Taylor Holmes, Karl Malden, Anthony Ross, Mildred Dunnock, Millard Mitchell, Robert Keith, and Harry Bellaver. Cinematography by Norbert Brodine; in the night-club sequence, it's Jo Jones on drums. (Remade in 1958 as "The Fiend Who Walked the West.") (Metro Cinema; Feb. 7.)

Local Hero—A magical comedy by the Scottish writer-director Bill Forsyth, who observes the people in the movie as if they were one-of-a-kind creatures in a peculiarly haphazard zoo. The story (which involves a rabbit that doesn't turn into anything but a dinner) is about an American mergers-and-acquisitions executive—played by Peter Riegert—who is sent to Scotland to buy a fishing village and experiences something new to him: happiness. He never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-la-las. Denis Lawson—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover, and he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style. (Each has its own form of self-satisfaction.) Burt Lancaster brings an imperial, romantic aura to the role of Riegert's boss—an oil tycoon whose penthouse includes a private planetarium. Also with Peter Capaldi as Danny; Jenny Seagrove as the marine biologist, who seems to live in the water and has a hint of iridescence about her; Fulton MacKay as the hermit; Chris Rózycki as the Russian; and Jennifer Black as Gordon's bride. The opening sequence, set in a Houston skyscraper, is heavy-handed and coy, and most of the other Houston scenes falter, but the rest of the film has an original, feathery charm. The score is by Mark Knopfler. (3/21/83) (R.K.O. Century Art, and 72nd Street East. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; Feb. 3-9.)

A Man Escaped (1956)—In this country, escape is a theme for action movies, but the French director Robert Bresson is famous for his uncompromising methods, and having been a prisoner of the Nazis himself he is not dis-

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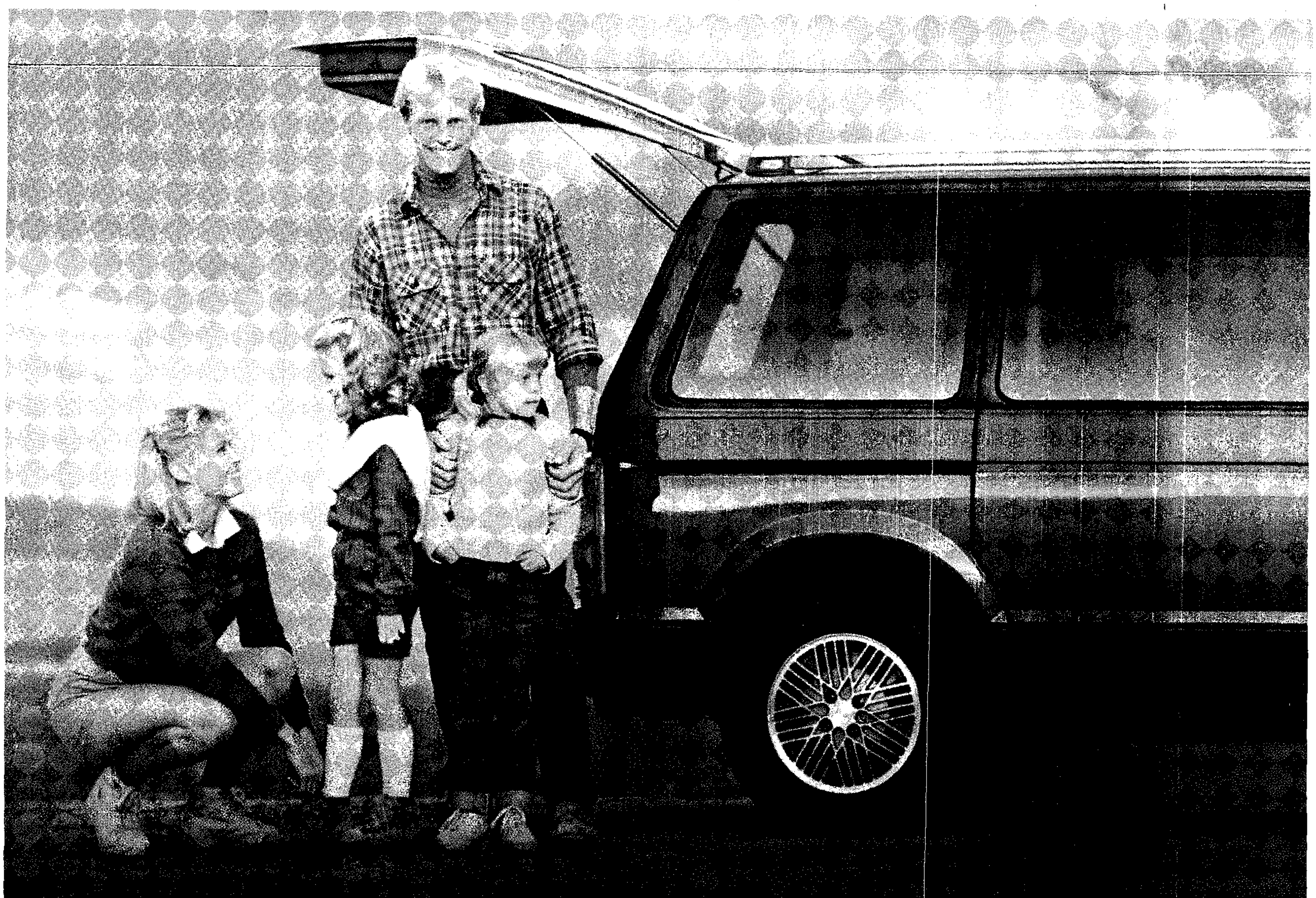

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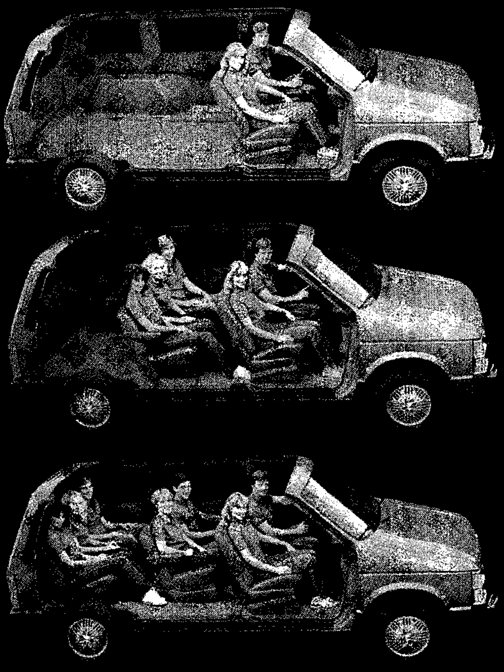

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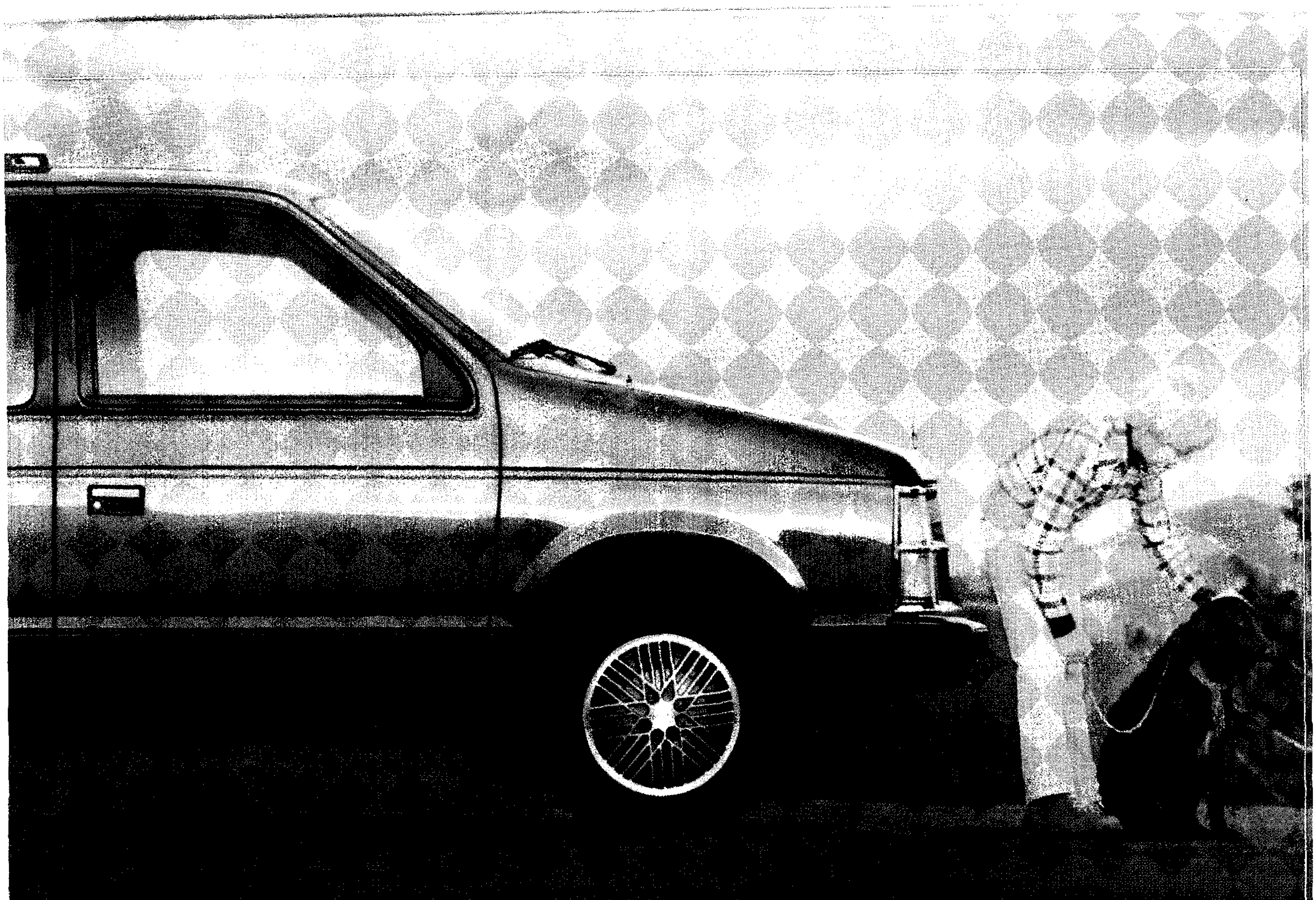

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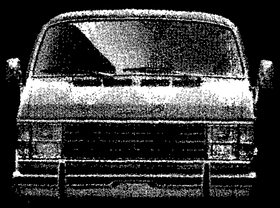

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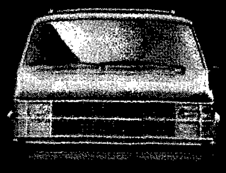

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posed to treat his material—André Devigny's account of his escape from the Montluc fortress prison—lightly. Bresson's hero's ascetic, single-minded dedication to escape is almost mystic, and the fortress constitutes a world as impersonal and as isolated as Kafka's. The movie was shot at Montluc with fanatic authenticity; the photography, by Léonce-Henry Burel, is austerely beautiful. François Leterrier, a Sorbonne philosophy student, is the lead. The music is Mozart's Mass in C Minor. All this makes it sound terribly pretentious, yet sometimes even the worst ideas can be made to work. It's a marvellous movie. In French. (Film Forum; Feb. 7.)

Mississippi Mermaid (1970)—A small, appealing film by Truffaut, bungled as a thriller but gently expressive as a love story. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays a rich colonialist on a tropical island who orders a bride (Catherine Deneuve) from France through the classified ads. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 6.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—A classic among bad movies: despite the presence of Mae West and W. C. Fields (it's the only time they acted together), this satire of Westerns never really gets off the ground. But the ground is such an honest mixture of dirt, manure, and corn that at times it is fairly aromatic. Mae West is rather slowed down by the censors breathing down her décolletage, but even though she is less bawdy and rather more grotesque than at her best, she is still overwhelming. Fields is in better form: whether cheating at cards, or kissing Mae West's hand ("What symmetrical digits!"), or spending his wedding night with a goat, he remains the scowling, snarling misanthrope. Fields and West, who wrote most of their own vehicles, collaborated on the script. Directed by Edward Cline; with Joseph Calleia, Margaret Hamilton, and Dick Foran. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 5. . . . ¶ Film Forum; Feb. 10-11.)

Never Cry Wolf—Adapted from Farley Mowat's autobiographical book, this Carroll Ballard film is about a young biologist (Charles Martin Smith) working for the Canadian government, who is sent to spend a year in the sub-Arctic North. His mission is to find a way to get rid of the wolves that have supposedly been devastating the caribou herds, but he learns that men, rather than wolves, are the predators. Visually (and aurally, too), the film is magnificent. It needed a more stirring script and a central actor with more range (and some depth). But there's a lot of free-floating transcendence, and though it doesn't serve the prosaic story, it certainly holds you. Everything that Ballard (working with Hiro Narita as the cinematographer) shoots seems new, and it has a distinctive, shimmering purity. (12/12/83) (Gramercy, U. A. 85th St. East, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy 1.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields in his prime. Like "The Bank Dick" of the year before, this one deals with making a movie. The movie Fields wants to make is set in a Ruritania in the clouds that is native American surrealism—comic-strip foolishness. Up there, he encounters the great-bosomed comic divinity, Margaret Dumont. The film also has its horror: an erstwhile ingenue named Gloria Jean. You can't just shut your eyes because she *sings.* With Leon Errol; Edward Cline directed. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 5.)

A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter Matthau?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 7.)

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A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers sometimes said that this was their best film; it isn't, but it was their greatest hit. Two beautifully stuffed American targets—grand opera and high society—are left dismantled, flapping like scarecrows. (If you ever could listen to "Il Trovatore" with a straight face, you can never do so again.) Many writers have tried to analyze Marx Brothers wit, coming up with little monographs on "dissociated thinking," "disguised social protest," or "commedia dell'arte." Think about it too much and sanity, like a lettuce leaf, begins to wilt and curl at the edges. The Marx Brothers keep turning corners you didn't know were there, and while you're trying to break down the content of lines like Groucho's "You big bully, why are you hitting that little bully?," you miss the series of non sequiturs that are piling up on top of it. George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind did the script, from a story by James Kevin McGuinness, with additional material by Al Boasberg; Sam Wood directed. The cast includes Groucho's perennial grande-dame inamorata, Margaret Dumont, the most stately of stooges. (Her smirking dowager is rather like a comic derivative of Edna Purviance in Chaplin's movies.) There are also the vocalizing lovers, Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones, whom Irving Thalberg, the producer and a master diagnostician of popular taste, put in for people (*what* people?) to "identify with," and the cruel villain, Walter Woolf King. (Incredible as it may seem, the banal romantic melodrama that intermittently wrecks the movie proved sound at the box office.) This comedy has its classic sequence: the stateroom scene, which is widely regarded as the funniest five minutes in screen history. It will sustain you through the dreadful duets. With Sig Rumann. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5.)

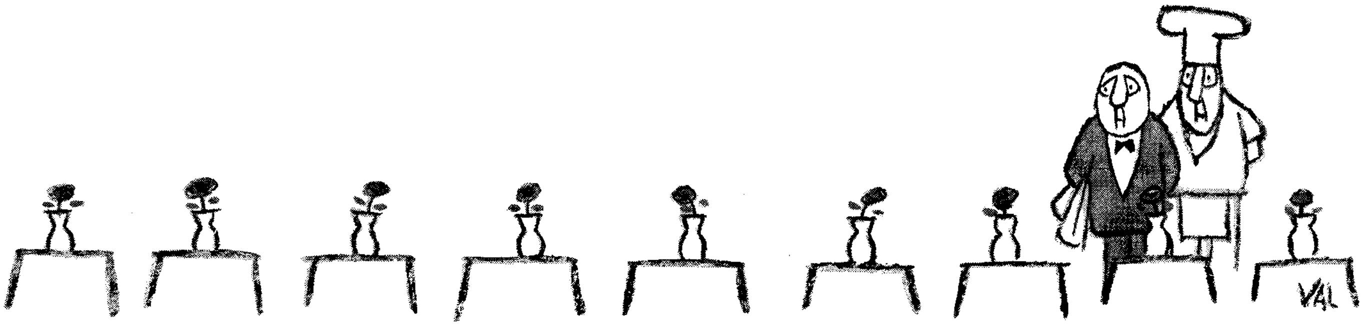
The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion;" and maybe, because it's about the Second World War and Renoir's film was about the First, at times it's like a more deracinated "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. The full fresco treatment that the directors give to the events of that summer is based on their own wartime experiences as adolescents, and on the accounts of others; it's this teeming, fecund mixture, fermenting in their heads for almost forty years, that produces the film's giddy, hallucinated realism. With Omero Antonutti (who was the father in "Padre Padrone") as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (68th St. Playhouse.)

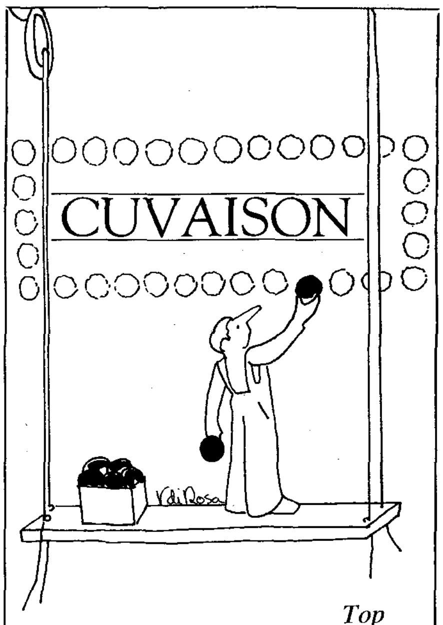
Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: Will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. Great trash, great fun. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, Madame Konstantin, and Reinhold Schunzel. Script by Ben Hecht; cinematography by Ted Tetzlaff; music by Roy Webb. (Film Forum; Feb. 5-6.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays a benumbed Jewish survivor of the concentration camps who lives on in Harlem running a pawnshop—fat, sagging, past pain, past caring. Adapted from the Edward Lewis Wallant novel and directed by Sidney Lumet, the film is trite, and you can see the big pushes for powerful effects, yet it isn't negligible. It wrenches audiences, making them fear that they, too, could become like this man. And when events strip off his armor he doesn't discover a new, warm humanity, he discovers sharper suffering—just what his armor had protected him from. Most of the intensity comes from Steiger's performance and from the performance of the great old Juano Hernández, as a man who comes into the shop to talk. With Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez; cinematography by Boris Kaufman; score by Quincy Jones. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Feb. 8-9.)

The Right Stuff—Based on Tom Wolfe's 1979 book, this often satirical epic—a reënactment of the early years of the space program (1947-63)—gives off a pleasurable hum. The writer-director Philip Kaufman is working on a broad canvas and it excites him. The movie contrasts Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) and the other early test pilots who risk their lives in secrecy with the seven publicly acclaimed astronauts who replace the chimps that were sent up in the first American space capsules. The movie is more than a little skewed: it's Kaufman's—and Tom Wolfe's—dreamy vision of the nonchalant Yeager and a past that never was, set against a comic view of the modern hype-bound world. With Dennis Quaid, Ed Harris, Fred Ward, Scott Glenn, Pamela Reed, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Barbara Hershey, Mary Jo Deschanel, Kim Stanley, Brigadier General Chuck Yeager as a bartender, Donald Moffat as Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Beer as Eisenhower. Cinematography by Caleb Deschanel; special visual effects by Jordan Belson. (10/17/83) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan, and Criterion Theatres.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana,





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a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Gemini, 86th St. East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

The Servant (1963)—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. With Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 9.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—All that most people remember of this labored farce is the sequence with Marilyn Monroe standing on a New York subway-grating when a train whooshes by; the air sends her skirt swirling up to her shoulders. The director, Billy Wilder, and George Axelrod reshaped Axelrod's Broadway hit about the summertime flirtation of a shy married man (Tom Ewell) in order to build up Monroe's role. Wilder flails away at such gags as a plumber (Victor Moore) dropping a wrench in a bathtub occupied by Monroe, who has caught her toe in the faucet. With Evelyn Keyes, Sonny Tufts, Robert Strauss, Oscar Homolka, Carolyn Jones, and Doro Merande. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8.)

Silkwood—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech cinematographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a showoff form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 6.)

Sophie's Choice (1982)—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it, and the film tells us that (1) survivors of the death camps carry deathly guilt within them and (2) William Styron is right up there on Parnassus with Thomas Wolfe, Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, and Hart Crane. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genuis Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. Styron got these three central characters so gummed up with his idea of history that it's hard for us to find them even imaginable, and Pakula can't get all the crazed romanticism in motion. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. As Sophie, Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes when, red-lipped and with bright-golden curls, she dimples flirtatiously and rattles on in Polish-accented broken English; she does amusing, nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Cinema Village; Feb. 10-11.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is intriguing: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is one of the analysts, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Yet with all the obvious ingredients for success "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been so out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. With Michael Chekhov, John Emery, Leo G. Carroll. Academy Award for Best Original Score (!), by Miklós Rózsa. (Film Forum; Feb. 5-6.)

Star 80—Written and directed by Bob Fosse, this movie is based on accounts of the murder of the *Playboy* playmate Dorothy Stratten by her estranged bodybuilder husband, Paul Snider, who, after killing her, sodomized the corpse and then shot himself. Fosse uses the case as evidence that murder is inherent in pornography and that the whole world is scummy. As Snider, Eric Roberts gets the film's central idea across: that Snider represents a mutation of the *Playboy* "philosophy," and that it's his frustration at not becoming a success like his idol, Hugh Hefner, that's driving him crazy. Mariel Hemingway tries hard as Dorothy, but she's all wrong for the part—she's simply not a Bunny type. Fosse has gone so far that the question arises: Can a movie get by with total disgust for its subject? Fosse piles up such an accumulation of sordid scenes that the movie is nauseated by itself. With Carroll Baker, Josh Mostel, Cliff Robertson, and Roger Rees. Cinematography by Sven Nykvist. (11/28/83) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Loews 83rd Quad, and Movieland.)

Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them with his king-size custom-made "44 Auto Mag." The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The script, by Joseph C. Stinson, features lines such as the main sadistic, rotten villain's laying claim to Harriet with "The bitch is mine." The whole thing is so obvious that people in the audience applaud and hoot; it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Feb. 10.)

Sun Valley Serenade (1941)—Sonja Henie skates and skis to such colossal triumphs that Lynn

Bari, her jealous rival for John Payne's affection, can do nothing more than call her a "Scandinavian hillbilly" and take off in a huff. Sonja Henie probably has to be seen once, just as the infant Shirley Temple has to be seen once. There's no way of explaining what made either of them a top star, but when you see them you understand it perfectly; they may be beyond satire but they're undeniably stars. This picture is as strong a dose of adorable Sonja Henie as anyone could wish; it even includes the number "The Kiss Polka." With Milton Berle, Joan Davis, the Nicholas Brothers, Dorothy Dandridge, Ray Eberle, Tex Beneke and the Modernaires, and Glenn Miller and his orchestra, who come through with "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. (Lynn Bari's vocals were dubbed by Lorraine Elliott.) (Regency; Feb. 7-8.)

Tender Mercies—This bare-bones "art" movie is about the healing of Mac Sledge (Robert Duvall), a legendary country-and-Western singer who has become an alcoholic wreck. The film is said to be honest and about real people, and it affects some viewers very powerfully; audiences are unusually still—almost reverent—as the born-again Mac is baptized at the church of the Vietnam widow (Tess Harper) whose frontier-woman steadfastness has made his redemption possible. The Australian director Bruce Beresford, making his American début with this inspirational film, has shot it in bright sunshine out in the middle of nowhere; the widow's motel-gas station is as isolated as the mansion in "Giant." (It's a mystery how she could ever make a living from it.) Mostly the picture consists of silences; long shots of the bleak, flat land, showing the horizon line (it gives the film integrity); and Duvall's determination to make you see that he's keeping his emotions to himself; and Tess Harper staring out of her cornflower-blue headlights. (These two have matching deep-sunk eyes.) The theme song—which Duvall sings in a dry, unmusical voice—is called "It Hurts to Face Reality." Written by Horton Foote, master of arid realism, the script recalls the alleged Golden Age of Television. With the fine young actress Ellen Barkin, whose few scenes as Mac's daughter by his first marriage are the film's high points, and Betty Buckley, who stirs things up a bit as the brassy, country-star first wife. (5/16/83) (Cinema 3.)

Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slaphappy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (34th St. East, Coronet, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

To Be or Not to Be—This remake of Ernst Lubitsch's 1942 picture about a Polish theatre troupe that outwits Nazi officialdom is a mild farce—benign but not really very funny. The roles once played by Jack Benny and Carole Lombard are now filled by Mel Brooks and Anne Bancroft. She's friendly and sexy, and she seems more at ease in the general silliness than Brooks does. He rushes around in one disguise after another, pretending to be a whole series of Nazis; he never cuts loose. The tall, dazed Christopher Lloyd has a good moment or two, and Charles Durning (as a Nazi colonel) keeps his energy up high enough to give the picture a boost. Others in the cast include José Ferrer, Jack Riley, Tim Matheson, George Gaynes, and James Haake. Directed by Alan Johnson, who doesn't seize his opportunities to work up a head of steam. The semi-new script is by Thomas Meehan and Ronny Graham. (1/9/84) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

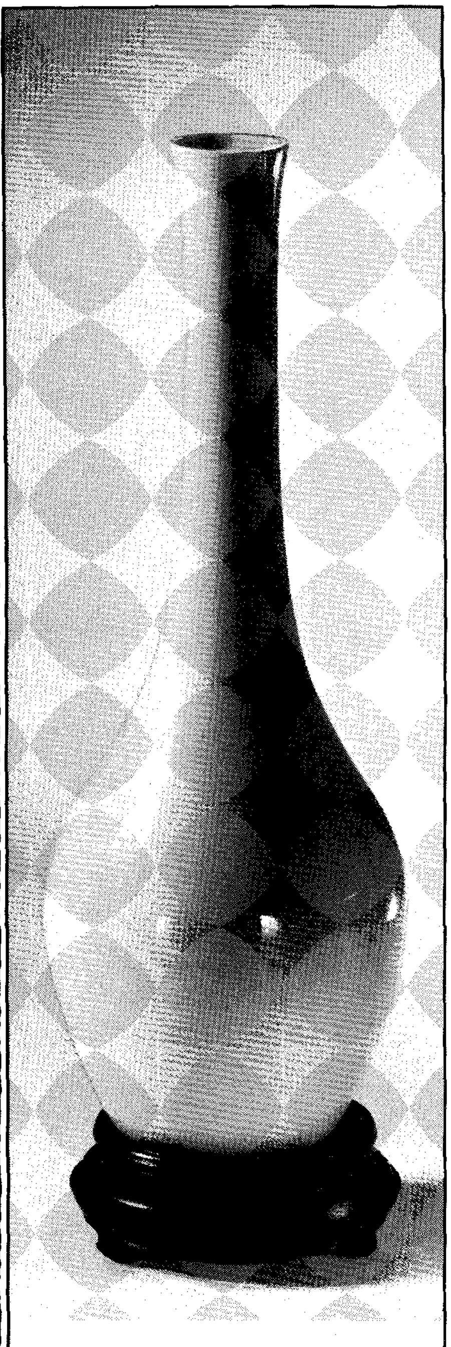
Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood who runs a Philadelphia brokerage house, and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar who disguises himself as a blind, legless Vietnam veteran. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish, with the younger guys rich and the old skinflints punished. And the audience appears to enjoy the premeditated obviousness. With Denholm Elliott, who deserves better than his role as a butler; Jamie Lee Curtis, who deserves better than her role as a prostitute named Ophelia; and Paul Gleason and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 10, tentative.)

Uncommon Valor—This realistic action fantasy, in which a group of seven former Marines get together for an expedition into Southeast Asia to bring out the missing-in-action men from their Vietnam unit who have been slave laborers for ten years, is right wing and racist, but the director, Ted Kotcheff, keeps the grandiosity in check and the movie is understated and surprisingly enjoyable. It moves on a strong emotional current. In the film's terms, the ex-Marines' defiance of the United States government—they keep going even after the C.I.A. fingers them to officials in Bangkok and their weapons are confiscated—is enough to make their mission honorable and make them heroes. As their leader, Gene Hackman treats soldiering in a businesslike way, and he offers a range of held-in, adult emotion that you don't expect to see in an action movie. The cinematography by Steven H. Burum and Ric Waite and the smooth authority of the editing by Mark Melnick also help to undercut the cheap jingoism. With the heavyweight prizefighter Randall (Tex) Cobb, who gives an endearing, uninhibited performance as a slobby, self-destructive biker called Sailor (because he used to "take a lot of red wine and uppers and sail away"), and Fred Ward, Harold Sylvester, Reb Brown, Tim Thomerson, Patrick Swayze, and also Robert Stack, Alice Lau, Debi Parker, Kwan Hi Lim, and Gail Strickland. The script is by Joe Gayton. (1/23/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 2.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 9.)

Yentl—Barbra Streisand directed, produced, co-wrote, and stars in this musical version of the Isaac Bashevis Singer story "Yentl the Yeshiva Boy," and it's funny, delicate, and intense—all at the same time. Set in the thriving Polish-Jewish communities of an imaginary, glowing past, it tells of a young woman with a passion for religious study who grows up in a tradition-bound society where women are excluded from scholarship; when her widower father (who has secretly taught her) dies, she dresses as a boy and goes off to enroll in a yeshiva in a distant town. Dressed as a boy, Yentl for the first time feels attracted to a man—the virile, bearded Avigdor, played by Mandy Patinkin, who can hardly wait for his wedding to Hadass, played by Amy Irving. When these three repressed characters become entangled, the movie (like Singer's story) brushes up against darkness on the one hand and sex farce on the other. The music by Michel Legrand isn't varied enough and the lyrics by Alan and Marilyn Bergman are tainted with feminist psychobabble and Broadway uplift, but Streisand sings with passionate conviction. The cast includes Nehemiah Persoff as Yentl's papa, and Steven Hill as Hadass's father. The diffuse, poetic lighting is by the cinematographer David Watkin. (11/28/83) (Ziegfeld.)

You Were Never Lovelier (1942)—Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth—with Astaire pursuing her by the route of her matchmaking father, played by Adolphe Menjou. Quite endearing punk, with tunes including "You Were Never Lovelier" itself, "Dearly Beloved," and "I'm Old-Fashioned." (Regency; Feb. 7-8.)



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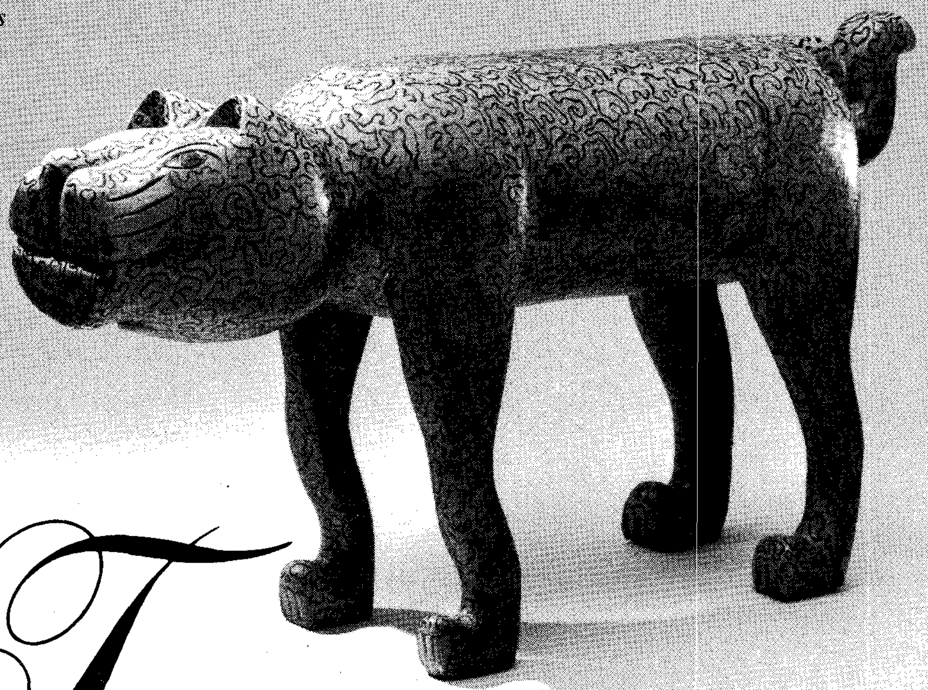

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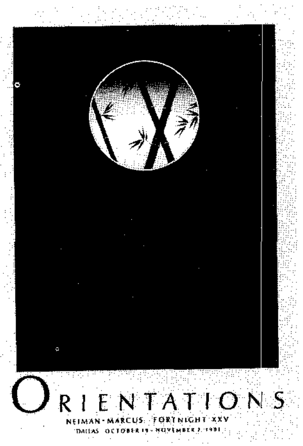
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Except this time, we stopped off at antique stores to find Thai animals for the Chiengmai craftsmen to replicate. So, just in case someone else manages to thrash through the bamboo and discover Chiengmai, these animals will still be ours alone. Because, after over 75 years as trail blazers, we've also learned how to cover our tracks.

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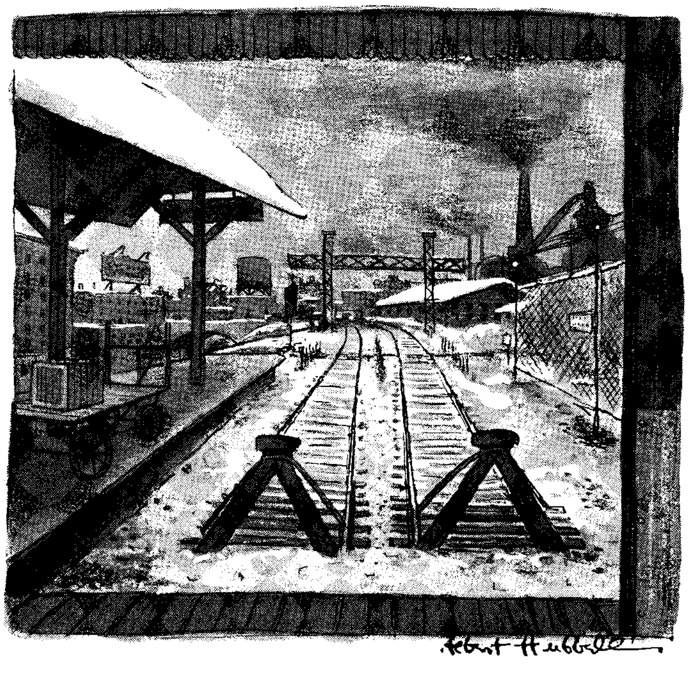
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT has been almost three and a half years now since the workers in the Lenin Shipyards in Gdansk, Poland, launched their remarkable seventeen-day strike, during which a committee of suddenly transformed labor leaders forced an astonished government commission into face-to-face negotiations. These were broadcast live over the shipyards' P.A. system, so that every striker could listen in, and a film crew from Warsaw captured each moment, so that within a few months every single Pole could relive the experience, over and over again, in daily screenings of the entire negotiations. There were several vivid moments: Lech Walesa challenging the embarrassed Deputy Prime Minister Mieczyslaw Jagielski on the question of the very existence of political prisoners, with the workers outside chanting their support of Walesa's position and their derision of the government's; a shipyard nurse, Alina Pienkowska, meekly detailing the horrible working conditions in the yards; the government negotiators trying to entice the workers' presidium back to Warsaw for final consultations and Walesa refusing, saying he felt fine right where he was. But perhaps the most memorable moment—or, at any rate, the one that audiences at the documentary's screenings throughout Poland during 1981 seemed to savor the most—occurred when Andrzej Gwiazda, a craggy-faced man who was Lech Walesa's deputy in the negotiations, stopped one of the last sessions cold with a sombre question. "We're about to sign an agreement here with the government's representatives," he said bluntly to Jagielski, "but what guarantees do we have that in a year's time the strikers and the members of this presidium won't be treated as common criminals?" The audiences at the film's screenings used to squirm in happy anticipation as the camera panned over to a flustered Jagielski. Many in the audience—veterans of countless earlier screenings—would begin mouthing out the Deputy Prime Minister's answer with him, miming his haughty, histrionic, righteously offended manner. (At times like this, the movie hall could seem like a Polish version of a Manhattan theatre during a midnight screening of "The Rocky Horror Picture Show.") "Mr. Gwiazda," Jagielski said, blustering, "you have made an insinuation which—which, I must say, has disappointed me. What guarantee do we have that the strikers and the presidium won't be regarded as, as . . . I don't even want to repeat it. How could you say such a thing? The word 'criminals' "—he seemed to hold the word itself out at arm's length with disdain—"that word offends me *personally*. After all, I'm talking to the most upstanding of people. How could anybody ever treat the activists gathered here in such a manner?"

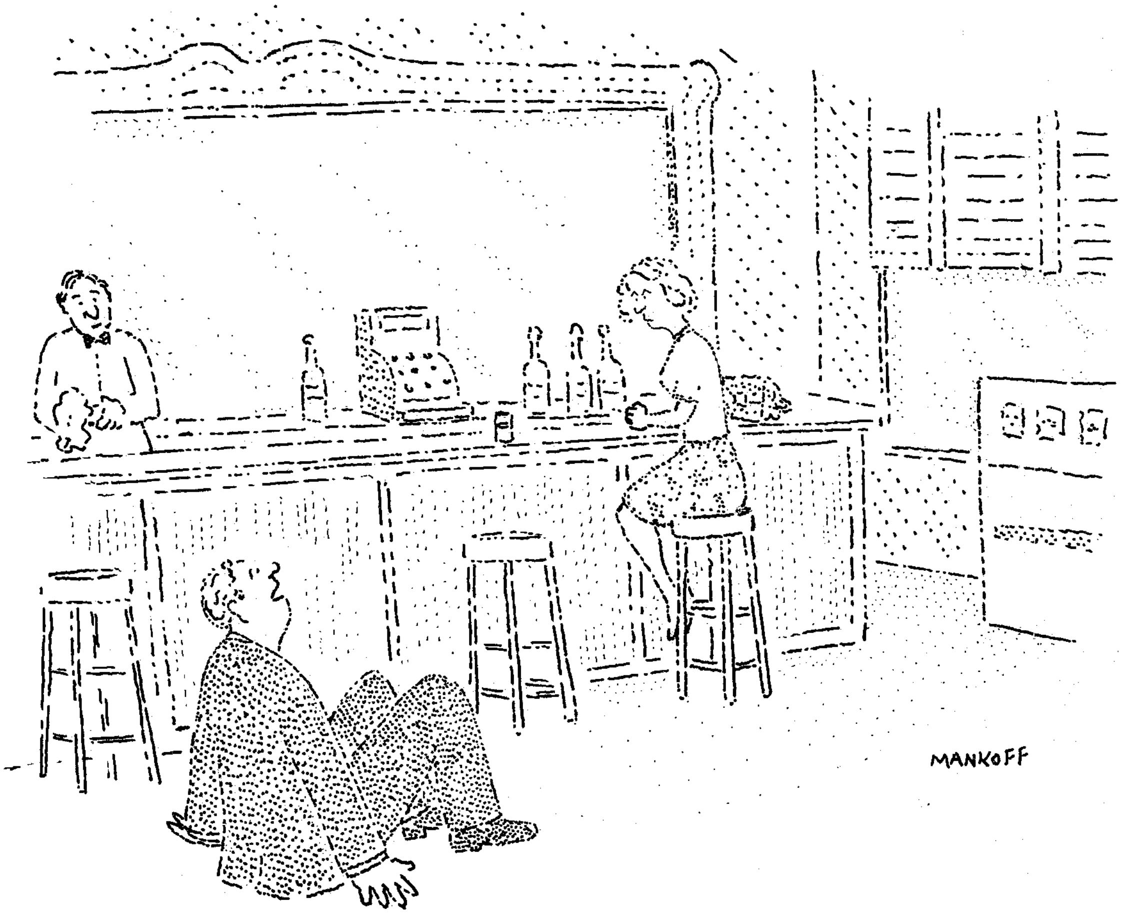
Well, of course, someone has—the very government that Jagielski was representing at the talks—and since December 13, 1981, Andrzej Gwiazda has been one of the thousands of "upstanding" Poles whom Warsaw's martial-law regime has deemed fit to treat as criminals. Granted, the regime has been releasing several hundred of these prisoners in a series of phased amnesties, but several hundred remain behind bars, in often brutalizing conditions, and eleven of the union's top leaders, including Gwiazda himself, are now entering their twenty-sixth month under investigative detention, awaiting trial on dubious charges of plotting the violent overthrow of the state.



Gwiazda suffers from stomach ulcers and gallstones, and periodontitis as well—syndromes severely aggravated by the conditions of his imprisonment; he has lost all his front teeth. He has nevertheless retained his resolute spirits and a bracing sense of humor about his predicament, as is evidenced in several letters to his family which recently found their way into an issue of the *Uncensored Poland News Bulletin*, a London-based, English-language biweekly newsletter. Last winter, he wrote from Warsaw's Mokotow Prison, shortly after being transferred there from the Bialoleka internment center, "Here tea is the most sought-after and coveted item. When they searched my stuff from Bialoleka, I got the impression that a metal file or a rope ladder would have evoked less emotion among the guards than a tea bag. The walls of Mokotow must be made of a substance soluble in tea. We had a *kipisz*—something like a search. When we returned from a walk, we found all our stuff turned over. The confiscation of my tobacco was a great loss. It had been made up from carefully collected dog-ends and was just halfway through the process of refinement with the help of syrup from strawberry jam and apple rinds. They said it had been thrown away because it had been 'mixed with tea.' Don't try to understand it—even I, after fourteen months of imprisonment, was struck dumb." He also reported, "Both my mates are asleep; they've received permission from the doctor to remain in bed during the day. I'm lucky myself in being [relatively] healthy and not needing to lie down, so I'm not allowed to! . . . Send me some Pyralgin (painkiller); they've only got antineuralgin here, which doesn't help me at all and, further, strongly aggravates my stomach. . . . They X-rayed my gallstone; it's still there, nothing has happened to it. I won't be able to see the photograph, of course, because it's secret. The same as not knowing which medicines I'm being given. . . . I am having trouble with the remaining teeth which are left me after a year of prison dental care. I am unable to eat food quickly enough in order to finish it before it gets completely cold."

In April, Gwiazda reported on brief walks he was being allowed once a day inside the prison yard—his only outdoor exercise. "There are snails in the walking place," he wrote. "There used to be four, but now I've seen only two, one of which didn't look too good. In January, I pushed a semi-rotten apple core toward them. They seemed to move in its direction, but you can't really tell much about a snail's intentions—especially if it's freezing cold—in only half an hour." Mokotow was turning out to be "a real prison, not just a 'hotel,' " Gwiazda wrote. "There is a bucket, and no toilet of any kind. Inside the cell there is a barred cage with another lock. I feel as though I were on an outing—fresh air, cold, few people, sleeping on a hard bed under a blanket with no sheets. The only things missing are beautiful scenery and, of course, the possibility of going on long walks." In another letter, last March, Gwiazda recalled his days in the Army, back in the early fifties, during the Stalinist era: "The battery commander was constantly threatening me with arrest. While he was away, the noncommissioned officers took advantage of this and had me clapped inside. But when he returned the commander gave them a terrible telling off: 'Until now, Gwiazda was only afraid of being arrested, and now what have you done? Shown him that it's not so terrible after all. Now he will be afraid of nothing.' A similar situation must exist throughout Poland now. All at once, for no reason whatever, several thousand people have passed through the mythical prison and stopped being afraid."

And, indeed, even though the regime of General Wojciech Jaruzelski has proved remarkably successful during the past two years in atomizing Polish society, gutting the country's culture, and exhausting the workers' resistance, still there are indications that it is Poland's leaders who have the most to fear. The workers may be exhausted, but the leaders are afraid. Nowhere is this anxiety more evident than in the regime's often bizarre handling of the case against the eleven imprisoned Solidarity leaders. (Actually, seven of the defendants are former union officials, like Gwiazda, while the four others were active in KOR, the Workers Defense Committee, which was a support group of sympathetic intellectuals.) The prosecution in this case has gathered thirty-five volumes of "evidence," and hardly a month goes by when some government spokes-



"That wasn't very nurturing of you."

man doesn't predict the imminent launching of a trial. But nothing happens. The defendants rot in prison without a single charge being brought against them in court.

One clue to the regime's hesitancy can be found in the twelve-page Act of Indictment (a sort of "Cliffs Notes" distillation of the thirty-five volumes), which as early as last fall was circulating among the defendants and their lawyers in Warsaw. In the words of one lawyer who saw it and was subsequently quoted in the *Uncensored Poland News Bulletin,* "it isn't clear whether the intention behind the indictment is to send these men to prison or to build a monument to them." And Adam Michnik, one of the KOR defendants, commented in a secret interview somehow given in prison and then published in the underground journal *Tygodnik Mazowsze* a few months ago, "We very much want this trial to go ahead. A trial cannot compromise us, but it may compromise the regime. The documentation [contained in the thirty-five volumes] is a mine of information, not so much about KOR as about its present overseers. At the trial, I will reveal what I have read here [in the thirty-five volumes] about 'the sad engine-drivers of the prison trains,' as Czeslaw Milosz would have called them. Jaruzelski counts on the discipline of the judges who will be sentencing us. But he should not rely on the discipline of the accused." Indeed, thus far not one of the eleven defendants has recanted in the slightest; these are not the sort of subjects whom Soviet-bloc officials are accustomed to casting in their show trials. This may be one reason the leaders of the Warsaw regime have recently been offering the eleven defendants freedom in exchange for exile. But even here the defendants have proved maddeningly stubborn: not one of them has accepted the offer. "I am not interested in emigrating," Michnik told his interviewer. "It would be more useful if they [Jaruzelski and his colleagues] left instead." Last fall, Jacek Kuron, another of the KOR prisoners, developed a painful kidney condition and was rushed to, of all places, a hospital of the Interior Ministry—one of the most luxurious medical facilities in Poland. There doctors put him through numerous tests and discovered several *new* ailments, all of which, they told him, were extremely serious—so serious, in fact, that they could be treated only in the West. Furious at this ploy, Kuron demanded to be returned to his cell, and there he now, once again, waits.

"That's about the size of it, Melissa. You're now a minority stockholder in a corporation in which I maintain a controlling interest."

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This past December, Michnik penned a scathing open letter, copies of which have just reached the West, to General Czeslaw Kiszczak, the Interior Minister. Noting that "you recently addressed a strange proposal to me: that either I spend this Christmas on the Côte d'Azur or I'll be facing a trial and many years in prison," Michnik wrote, "General, I well know why you need our departure from this country. So as to be able to defame us in your newspapers with redoubled ferocity as people who have finally shown their true colors, who were previously only fulfilling someone else's orders and have now, blatantly, let themselves be bought by capitalist comforts. To show the world that you are generous liberals and we nonentities without character. To be able to tell the Poles, 'Look, even they gave up, even they lost their hope for a democratic and free Poland.' For all these reasons, but most of all to improve your image *in your own eyes,* so that you'll be able to breathe a sigh of relief: 'There, they weren't any better than we are after all.' For the very existence of people who associate Poland not with a ministry portfolio but with a prison cell, people who prefer Christmas in an investigation prison to a vacation on the Côte d'Azur, makes your life a torment. . . . After all, none of you would hesitate if offered the choice. You are unable to think about us in a different way because, thinking differently, you would be forced to discover—if only for a moment—the truth about yourselves." Michnik continued, "I cannot know the future and do not know if I'll yet live to see the victory of the truth over the lie, and of Solidarity over this present anti-worker dictatorship. But the thing is, General, that for me the value of our struggle lies not in the possibility of winning but, rather, in the value of the cause on behalf of which we launched this struggle in the first place. . . . For me, General, prison is not such a painful punishment. That December night, it was not I who got proscribed. It was freedom. And today it is not I who am imprisoned. It's Poland. Punishment for me would be if, under your orders, I had to spy, to brandish the staff, to fire on workers, to interrogate prisoners and pronounce shameless conviction sentences. I'm lucky that I happen to be on the right side: among the victims, and not among the victimizers."

The fact of the matter is that KOR and Solidarity were twin emanations of a remarkable *non*violent spirit, and any attempt to demonstrate the contrary will prove a hopeless, hapless charade. That spirit was perhaps best evoked in the last paragraphs of Michnik's letter, when he made reference to the coming holiday: "This is the reason I do not ask for anything. I want you to think for a moment, while you sit at your Christmas Eve table, that someday you will be called to account for breaking the law. Those whom you harmed and humiliated will send you the bill. It will be a very dark moment. Well, Christmas Eve is a time for toasts and wishes. My wish for you is that you will be able to keep your personal dignity at that moment. And your courage. Whatever happens, please don't stammer, as your colleagues from former governments did, that you didn't know. Because such claims don't arouse mercy, only contempt. . . . For myself, I wish that, just as I managed to be on the scene that afternoon in Otwock [in May, 1981] when I helped save the lives of those men of yours who were surrounded by an angry crowd, so I will be able to be on the spot the next time, when you will be in danger, and that I'll be able to help you, too. You see, I hope that I will always be able to be on the side of the victims, and not among the victimizers—even if you were to throw me right back into prison immediately afterward and still be amazed by my stupidity."

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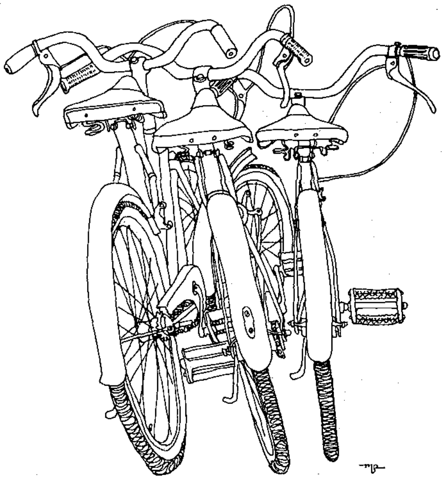
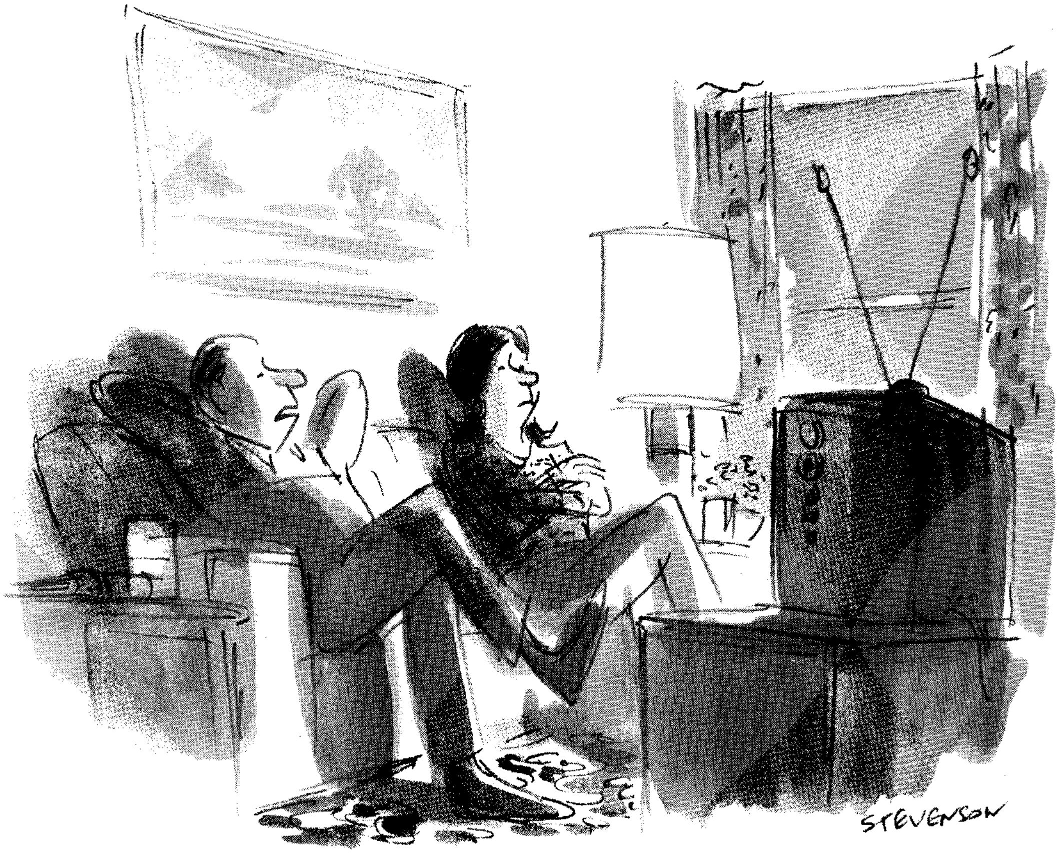
Coffey and Cahill

Diane Coffey and Linda Cahill, a couple of modest, sensible, efficient powerhouses working for Mayor Koch whose official titles are, respectively, the Mayor's Chief of Staff and the Director of the Mayor's Office of Special Projects and Events (Mrs. Cahill is also one of the Mayor's Special Assistants), swing into action the moment the Mayor tells them he is about to greet and/or entertain and/or feed Distinguished Guests. Barbara Margolis, whose title is Commissioner for Distinguished Guests, is, as the late Grover Whalen was, the official City Greeter. Mrs. Coffey and Mrs. Cahill do everything that must be done so that Mrs. Margolis can go out and Greet, with or without the Mayor. The other weekend, when Distinguished Guest His Excellency Zhao Ziyang, Premier of the People's Republic of China, blew into town for roughly forty-eight hours, he was greeted as he stepped off an Air Force Presidential jet at Kennedy Airport by Senator Alfonse D'Amato and Mayor Koch. (Mrs. Margolis, as it happened, was busy elsewhere.) Hundreds of logistical details from then on were masterminded by Mrs. Coffey and Mrs. Cahill. Mayor Koch, after shaking Premier Zhao's hand, gave him the key to the city. Who gave Mayor Koch the key? Mrs. Cahill. From her stockpile of keys to the city, which she keeps in a closet in her office at 52 Chambers Street, behind City Hall. (The key, six inches long and inscribed with the seal of the city and the date of its founding, 1625, and also with the name of Edward I. Koch, is made of lead and antimony and is supposed to be a facsimile of the key made in 1812 for the door to City Hall. Part of City Hall, including the door and, presumably, the key, burned up in a fire in 1858. The keys handed out today are made by the L. G. Balfour Company, famous for its school rings, which makes the official ring of the National Basketball Association's All Star Game and also the Most Valuable Player trophies for basketball and baseball.) The key is usually given to heads of state and to certain mayors, foreign and domestic. The Mayor decides who gets one.



The above facts were provided to us by Mrs. Coffey and Mrs. Cahill, both of whom are slim, trim, and pleasantly tailored. Both live, with their husbands and children, not far from Gracie Mansion, where we met them and listened to a recap of the groundwork they laid for the Mayor's luncheon for Premier Zhao. Plenty, we learned, went on before Mayor Koch was able to greet Premier Zhao again, in front of Gracie Mansion; to take him and an entourage of twenty-nine inside to the foyer; to line him up in a receiving line in the library to shake hands with seventy American guests for the luncheon; to have Premier Zhao sit on a library sofa for a press-photographers'-pool view of the Mayor and the Premier; to take him through the kitchen to a basement conference room to pose for sixty representatives of the press and television and to go through the motions of exchanging gifts—a crystal sculpture made gratis by Tiffany and bearing the city seal, the date 1625, and the name of Edward I. Koch, and a multicolored porcelain vase from Guangdong Province, where Premier Zhao was a Communist Party official—also for the benefit of the press and television; to lead the Premier upstairs to the ballroom; to explain to him, through an interpreter, that right after the Premier's visit Gracie Mansion would undergo renovations, including breaking through a wall, so that one would be able to go directly from the foyer to the ballroom without having to go through the kitchen, that John Denver would be sitting at their table at the luncheon, that John Denver was one of the Mayor's favorite singers, that John Denver was going to sing "Rocky Mountain High," one of the Mayor's favorite songs, and that the menu for the luncheon included marinated scallops, chicken breasts Florentine, lemon rice, gingered carrots, and apple tart, all made the way the Mayor understood that Premier Zhao liked his food, and no rare red meat, no heavy sauces, because the Mayor is particular about the food *he* eats, too; to have the Premier sit down at one of the ten tables for ten, with John Denver on one side and the Mayor on the other, the others at that table being Mrs. John D. Rockefeller 3rd, David Margolis (husband of Barbara), Chinese Ambassador Wenjin Zhang, Ford Foundation President Franklin Thomas, Selwa Roosevelt (State Department Protocol Chief), and two interpreters; and, at a nearby lectern, to exchange the gifts of the crystal sculpture and the porcelain vase for real.

These arrangements were just for starters. Gracie Mansion's good dishes, the hundred-piece set embossed with the city seal, had to be brought out. The chef had to be instructed that the Chinese don't like carrots or other vegetables overcooked. John Denver had to be reached at his home in Aspen and invited to come to New York and to be prepared to sing an encore—"Shanghai Breezes," which he had written (he eventually told the Premier at the table) during his recent concert tour in China. Red flags—a big standing one and ten tiny ones for the luncheon tables—each with one big five-pointed yellow star and four little five-pointed yellow stars, had to be obtained. The city's official brown leather guestbook had to be brought from City Hall to the Gracie Mansion library, where the Premier was asked to sign it. The 26th Army Band of New York had to be invited to come from Fort Hamilton to the mansion porch, where it was asked to play marches but no national anthems, because too many people would be moving around. Gabe Budd, a cocktail-music pianist, had to be brought from Queens to the living room to play unobtrusive show tunes on the Steinway baby grand and then to the ballroom to play more unobtrusive tunes on a smaller baby grand during lunch. Mrs. Rockefeller, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Margolis, Mrs. Roosevelt, and John Denver had to be told that the Premier and his entourage had come from a morning of sightseeing—the Chinese Garden and the galleries for Chinese paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the observation deck of the World Trade Center, and a Circle Line boat trip from Battery Park to the Statue of Liberty—so there would be ample material for small talk. It turned out that most of the small talk at the table was dominated by Mayor Koch, who was preoccupied with having learned that the Premier was coming down with a cold. Mayor Koch kept telling the Premier he must be sure to take the Mayor's mother's recipe for a cold: strong hot tea with honey in a glass—it had to be in a *glass*, not a cup. It also turned out that the Premier had to leave the lunch before dessert, missing the apple tart *and* the tea in a glass, which the Mayor had ordered up.



"The Supreme Court says we can tape this if we want."

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"This one really worked out beautifully," Mrs. Coffey told us. "The Mayor got a call around the first of December from C. A. Howlett, Special Assistant to President Reagan for Intergovernment Affairs, asking him to give the luncheon. The Mayor said of course. He just loves to entertain. He loves having people eat at Gracie Mansion. On Sunday afternoon, December 11th, we had our first big meeting, right here at the Mansion, with twenty members of the Chinese advance delegation, plus two people from the New York City Police Department, plus half a dozen from the White House, plus a few Secret Service men. We sat around the library over coffee, tea, and homemade coffee cake. Most of the Chinese were men, mostly wearing dark business suits. Not mandarin collars. Not Brooks Brothers or Savile Row, but neat suits that didn't look new, either. We reviewed everything, including where the Premier would stand in the receiving line. We needed only three more meetings after that, one of them to study the floor plan of the mansion."

"This one was easy to choreograph," Mrs. Cahill said. "All we did was the luncheon. The White House insisted on taking the sightseeing. And we had just had a kind of preview with Chen Xitong, the Mayor of Peking, and his seven-member Friendship Delegation. We had *them* for a whole week. And we did all of it. Not only a dinner. We had him planting a 'friendship city tree' in Central Park, and visiting the City Council, Bellevue Hospital, the Bureau of Traffic Operations, the Chase Manhattan Bank, Chinatown, I.B.M., Lincoln Center (fourteen tickets to 'The Nutcracker'), the Metropolitan Museum, the Manhattan Center of Science and Mathematics, the New York City Transit Authority, the Police Department, the Roosevelt Island Garbage Disposal, Starrett City, the United Nations, the World Trade Center, and Radio City Music Hall. That was a tough one."

"Mayor Chen gave us the warmup," Mrs. Coffey said. "Premier Zhao was like doing a TV special live."

GOING INTO EXILE

THE view from his window was so much like a painting that Coker often just stood there gazing at it. At one time he had painted a little—over the years, he had done a lot of things a little. Now he looked closely at what he saw, to try to understand why it disturbed him. Light from an unshaded bulb lit up the doorway and the red brick front of a fraternity house. This bulb burned day and night, but only Coker seemed aware of it. The Greek letters above the door gave the house a touch of class, and the ivy clinging to the bricks a touch of tradition, but the light bulb had something ambiguous about it. In Coker's experience, only houses of ill fame burned lights in the daytime. It interested him that one unshaded bulb could make a classy sort of place look a bit shady.

The other houses on the street were still more substantial, but somehow they looked less distinguished. All had flights of steps leading up to wide front porches, but even in this mild autumn weather nobody sat on them, or raked the leaves in the yards. A neighbor had told Coker, "We don't sit and visit anymore the way we used to. We just watch TV." Coker had always envied Southern life for the good talk he had heard while he was stationed at an Army camp in Alabama more than forty years ago. People had liked to talk, and they were good at it. He thought he might have come back to Alabama now to see if the South was at all like what he remembered.

As he stood at the window, he watched a familiar black man go along the curb pulling a boy's wagon, as he did several times a week. He was of many shades of blackness, from his hat to his shoes. The tails of his dark shirt hung out of his pants. He pulled a wagon like one Coker himself had once owned, with disc wheels and hard-rubber tires. The tires were now gone—it scraped along on the metal rims—and the name had been obliterated from the sideboards. One of the front wheels wobbled so badly it made the wagon hard both to pull and to steer. If the man was headed east, down the slight incline, the box on the wagon would be empty, but if he was headed west, it was usually piled high with scraps of wood.

A woman would appear after the man had passed, ten or twelve yards back, as if she didn't know him. Coker guessed she might be either a battered thirty-eight or a well-preserved eighty-two. Today she wore a green stocking cap with a yellow pom at its peak, and an unbuttoned, shapeless sweater that dangled bulging pockets below her knees. She carried a staff, like some tribal shepherd tending her flock, and wore blue jogging shoes much too large for her feet. He had never seen her eyes in her masklike, sooty face.

Sometimes twice a day, Coker saw them framed in his window. The man might be in a short-sleeved shirt, with the words "GO BEARS" stamped across the back, or a baseball cap that made him look like a comic bottle stopper. The woman sometimes favored a transparent plastic hood that gave her the appearance of a fabled insect. If the two of them passed Coker on the street, there was no sign from either of them that they had seen him. If the man paused to rest, or to fool with the wagon's load, the woman would be sure to maintain the distance between them. Coker thought a lot about that, but arrived at no conclusions. It did add to his annoyance, however, that the man seemed indifferent to the wobbly wheel.

WHEN Coker's wife asked, "Why Alabama?," since he was free to vacation wherever he liked, he had said something about going into exile. He wasn't sure what he meant by that, but he liked the sound of it.

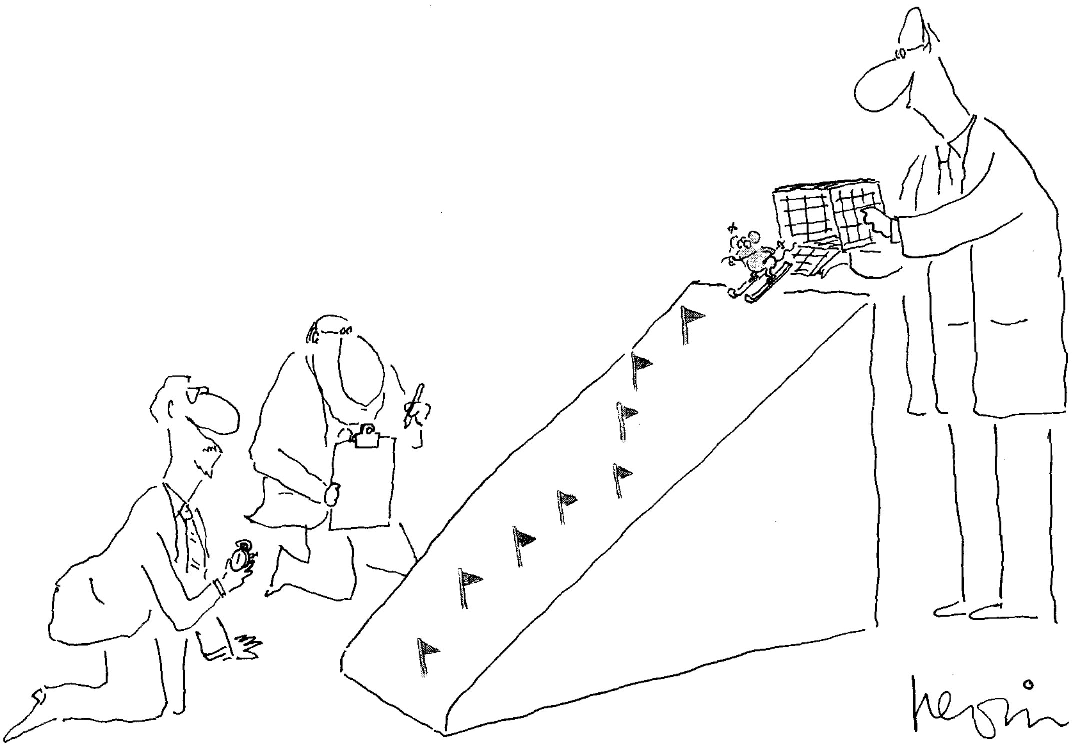
Back in the fall of 1942, Coker had been sent from his home in Michigan to the Army camp in northern Alabama. What he disliked the most was the weather. The heat was not something he could turn his back on but seemed to surround him like a liquid. The nights presented another kind of problem. Coker couldn't seem to adjust to sleeping in a barracks with a light on. Allen, an Army buddy from Harvard (they were scraping the top of the barrel that season), persuaded Coker to share the expense of a rented car and drive to Oxford, Mississippi, with him. If anything, it would be even hotter there. But Allen had this interest in William Faulkner. He wanted to meet him, to see for himself if Faulkner was real. Coker went along just for the ride, because it would be cooler with the wind blowing on them.

The town itself wasn't much. One thing the Southerners had learned—especially the blacks—was not to get in competition with the climate. Coker and Allen sat at the counter of a drugstore, under a ceiling fan, drinking Cokes. They asked around and found out that Faulkner lived a lot of the time out at his country place, like a farmer. Some of the people they talked to thought he *was* a farmer.

The pharmacist, who seemed to own the drugstore, led them around the corner to the office of J. B. Halsey. He was a lawyer, with a lot of leather-bound law books in his office, but he seemed eager to talk about Faulkner. Right there on his desk he had several books autographed by the author. There was a touch of the scholar about Halsey, a paunchy, gray-haired man, who had gone to Harvard himself. He was like most Southerners back then: what he liked to do was talk. Coker didn't have any literary interests, so he sat there in the light from the window browsing in Halsey's magazines. When it seemed time for the men to go, Halsey suggested that they come home and have dinner with him and Mrs. Halsey. Coker would rather have gone to the local movie, but Allen pointed out privately that this would give them the chance to sample real Southern cooking. And, after all, Halsey was not just a run-of-the-mill small-town lawyer with a side interest in writers; he had been influential in the New Deal and earned the gratitude of President Roosevelt, whom he considered a friend. An autographed picture of the President was there on his desk, too.

Halsey's house was not one of those dilapidated white mansions, Southern style, with pillars at the front and moss hanging from the trees; it was a big, high red brick structure, like most old school buildings. The large yard was as barren as a schoolyard, with old sheds and outbuildings at the rear, where Coker could see five or six black boys, of varying sizes, seated on the ground with their backs against one of the sheds. When Halsey waved to them, white smiles gleamed in their black faces.

Halsey showed Coker and his friend where the river was; years ago, he said, you could hear the whistles of the steamboats way back here, especially when they were racing. Then he led them past the kitchen entrance and through a side door of the house "so as not to interrupt Mammy Caroline's preparations." Coker noted that the rooms had high ceilings and a musty smell. They went back to Halsey's study, which was not a small room but so crowded with tables and chairs—the chairs strewn with clothes or piled with books, the floor cluttered with boots and unmatched shoes—that Coker and his friend just stood there. And Halsey did not ask them to sit down. Framed and unframed photos, all of them autographed, took up the wall space not occupied by plaques and diplomas. All by itself above the fireplace—and above Halsey, who stood leaning his arm on the mantel—hung a large, dark painting of the bluffs along the river, with the water reflecting the sunset, and a far, deep view across woods and fields to the horizon. It stirred Coker just to look at it, as if he were privileged to glimpse, through a chink in time, an actual moment of the past.



Halsey served his visitors drinks—a thin finger of whiskey each in a heavy tumbler. He was right in thinking they were both inexperienced with drinking, and Coker's eyes watered as he sipped his. Halsey's wife—young for him, Coker thought—came into the study, holding a child she had just finished nursing. She added water to the drink her husband served her, and carried it with her as they moved to the dining room.

Halsey took his place at the end of the table, under a chandelier without bulbs. An extension cord screwed into one of the sockets dangled to a space heater under the table. It was Coker's impression as they sat there, the only sound some subdued laughter in the kitchen, that they were waiting for Halsey or his wife to say grace. Halsey's eyes were lidded, his head raised, and Coker thought his expression was very like that of a smiling Buddha. In this suspended moment the laughter in the kitchen was remarkably suggestive. Were the guests meant to hear it? Coker looked up to see Halsey send him what seemed a conspiratorial glance. Coker was puzzled. About what? Mrs. Halsey broke the spell by rapping on her glass with a spoon.

Halsey remarked that the first Mrs. Halsey—now living in Atlanta, the mother of his three sons and a daughter—had taken exception, over the years, to some of Mammy Caroline's ways, but that the present Mrs. Halsey understood that the past didn't change just to please a few people. Mrs. Halsey confirmed this, laughing shrilly as she dunked her ice cubes with her fingers. They seemed well suited to each other, Coker thought, the way talk seemed to get them both pleasurably excited.

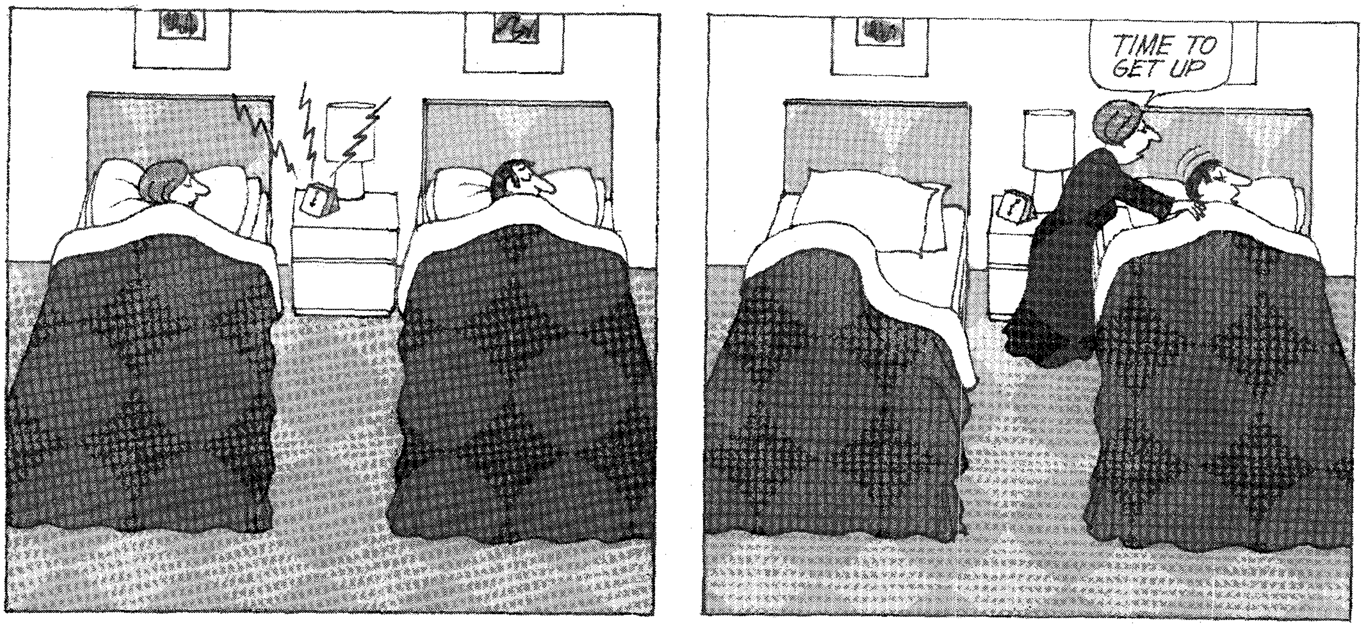
It was some time before Mammy Caroline appeared, in her red bandanna headkerchief, her long skirt concealing her feet as if she came into the room on rollers. She carried a large tureen of soup.

"Lawdy, Lawdy!" she exclaimed, rolling her eyes. "If Ah'd just known these young genmun was coming . . ." She beamed her wide smile on them and placed the tureen before Mr. Halsey, who seemed even more delighted than she was. He interrupted her peals of laughter to tell her that he lacked the bowls to serve the soup in. This got them both laughing harder than ever. Mammy Caroline was so shamefaced to have forgotten the bowls that she stood with her apron pressed to her face, her shoulders heaving. "Lawdy, Lawdy!" she repeated, dabbing at her eyes, but it took her some time to recover her composure, and be reminded that the soup plates were still missing. As she left the room, Halsey again sent Coker a glance he found perplexing. What was it his host seemed so eager to share with him?

Once he was able, Halsey explained that since the war—and it was the Civil War to which he had reference—it had been difficult to maintain the style of service to which cultivated Southerners were accustomed. Was that a joke? Coker's friend thought so, and guffawed loudly. Mrs. Halsey called them all to order by rapping crisply on her glass again. This brought from the kitchen a young woman Coker would not have thought of as black except for her hair, which she had greased heavily to reduce the crimp. The palms of her hands were like coral, the shine of her skin like pulled taffy. Seeing her, Coker understood the laughter he had been hearing. Her name was Lena. She had come to inquire of Mrs. Halsey which of her soup plates she wanted. She was not full to overflowing with dark, black laughter like Caroline, but she asked where in the world Mistuh Coker was from, and was elated to learn that he had lived in Chicago. So had she. For almost three weeks. Every day, she rode somewhere on the elevated. But she did not really like to be with so many people she would never know.

"Where you plan to live, Lena?" Halsey asked her. In the way he put the question, Coker sensed it was like a line in a blackface routine: white folks with black faces asking leading questions.

"Ah wouldn't live anywheah but



right heah, Mistuh Halsey. Theah's nowheah the folks is so friendly as in Oxford. Theah's nowheah it's so much like one big famly."

Was it for Coker and Allen they were all putting on this act, or was it a regular performance? Halsey seemed anxious that his visitors should miss none of it. When Lena left the room—for the soup plates, they hoped—Halsey had to take his napkin from its heavy silver ring to muffle his laughter. Lena was back quickly with the plates, perhaps so as not to miss Mr. Halsey's good questions.

The soup, a Creole something or other, seemed a little peppery to Coker. He resisted a second helping to make sure he had room for all that would follow. Mrs. Halsey excused herself, handing the infant to Halsey, to go into the kitchen and return with a small pot of drip coffee. Three demitasse cups were found on the sideboard, with spoons from the World's Fair in St. Louis. The chicory blend of the coffee was thick with silt and grounds, sweet as syrup, but Coker drank it. He realized, as Mrs. Halsey lit the candles tilted in two old brandy bottles, that dinner consisted not of what was coming but of what they had eaten. She offered him a peppermint from a tin in her bag of knitting. Halsey rose from the table to go to a window open on the yard.

"Oh, Blue!" he called, as if he meant to croon it.

Feebly, as in a distant echo, a voice replied, "Yessir, Mr. Halsey, yessir!"

"We'd like some wood, Blue. Would you bring us some wood for a fire?"

A fire? The soup had left Coker filmed with perspiration. The setting sun blazed on the high windows. Halsey described Old Blue's life on the river, when he was a cabin boy, back before Emancipation. Old Blue himself interrupted this report, entering like a man peacefully walking in his sleep. On his crossed arms he carried a single piece of charred wood about as thick as a roll of salami. He held it out like a gift to Halsey, who made a little bow as he took it and then went through a well-rehearsed performance of placing it on the grate and cleaning the ashes from beneath it. Blue handed him a piece of crumpled paper from his pocket, and Halsey stooped to ignite it with the table lighter.

"Look how it burn!" crooned Blue. "Look how it burn!," and he extended his hands as if to warm them. The paper flared for an instant, then died, and a draft of air sucked the ash up the chimney.

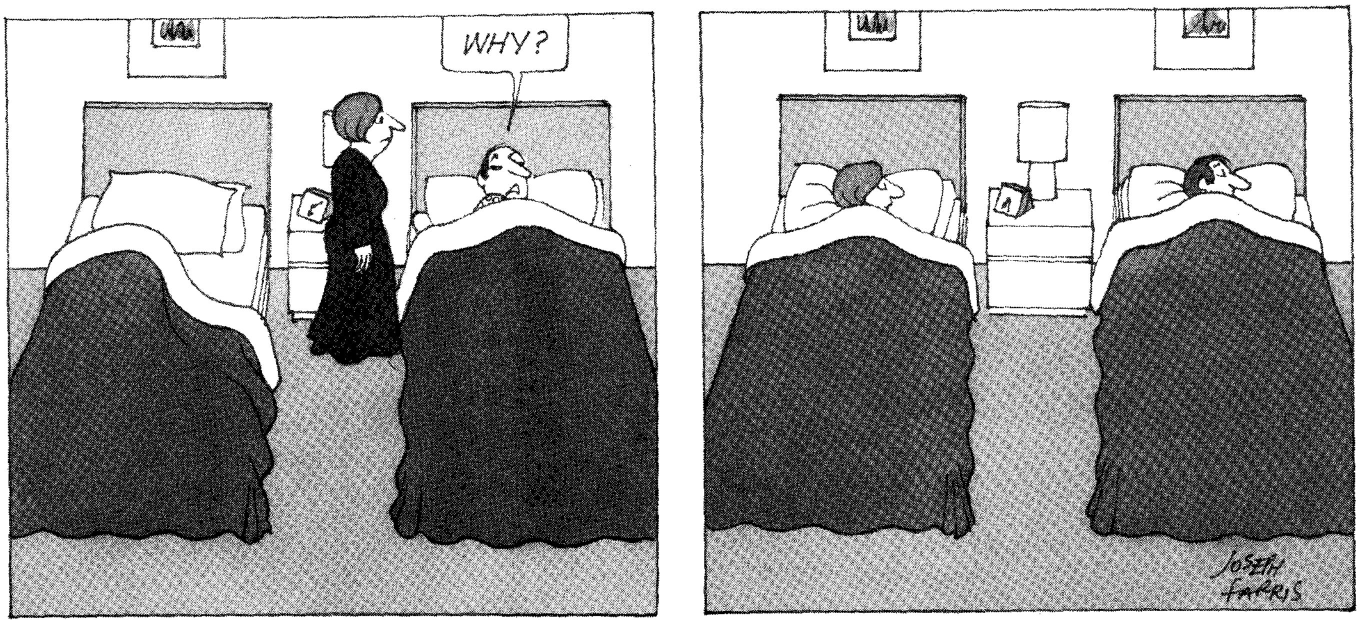
Were they all crazy, Coker wondered.

Halsey straightened to stand, one arm back on the mantel, as if Coker and Allen had suggested taking his picture, while he patiently explained that at the moment there were nine young black people at the house, four of them women. Every year for the last ten or so, Halsey said, he had given one or two of them money to go North, to Memphis or St. Louis, and enjoy the great life of emancipation. After three or four weeks, every one of them was right back where he or she had started. Halsey would hear the shrill laughter of the girl in the kitchen, or see the boy leaning against the shed with the others. It wasn't that they didn't like it in Memphis; they just liked it better in Oxford. They liked Mistuh Halsey. They loved Mammy Caroline.

As many times as Mrs. Halsey must have heard this story, she encouraged Halsey in the telling. Halsey himself took special pains to spell it all out for Coker, since he could sense in him a reluctance to believe it. Coker did not believe it, but there it was, whether he believed it or not.

Mrs. Halsey excused herself to put her baby to bed. Halsey poured them all brandy in large snifters with chipped edges. Allen called Coker's attention to a collection of commemorative plates on the sideboard, featuring familiar views of Harvard and Cambridge. As Coker admired the plates, he caught sight of Halsey's reflection in the sideboard's oval mirror. He had stepped to the window open on the yard, and stood there with his head cocked, listening intently. Beneath the easy, silken ripple of black laughter, the murmur of mockery was audible. Halsey had been at pains to make sure that his guests appreciated the humor of his situation, but what he overheard now at the window appeared to provoke him to anger. He leaned through the window as if he meant to speak; then, apparently remembering his visitors, he thought better of it. Blue left the room as if in response to an unheard summons.

Halsey followed him, but soon returned with a small mahogany chest, the brass fittings recently polished. He placed it on the table, then tilted back the hinged lid to reveal a row of silver



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goblets with long stems. The bowl of each goblet was of gold plate, and the silver had the satin softness of worn coins. But when Halsey offered him one of the goblets, Coker could see that it was useless: it would not stand erect. Halsey gave Coker a moment to reflect on the puzzle. Then he explained that when Mammy Caroline rinsed the goblets, or when she prepared to wipe them, the stems just twisted in her hands before she could help it. Halsey gripped one to show Coker how easily it was done. It was, he said, like unscrewing a tight lid from a jar—something that Mammy Caroline did all the time. She simply underestimated her own strength.

Finished with this story, Halsey doubled up with laughter. Coker could believe his eyes, if not his ears, and waited for Halsey to recover his poise. What was it the man wanted of people like Coker? As his laughter ran down, they stood facing each other as if they had had some sort of showdown. A film of laugh tears made Halsey's eyes shine. He raised his hands from his sides to turn the palms upward in a "Search me!" sort of gesture that both startled and touched Coker. He averted his eyes from Halsey's palms as if he feared seeing stigmata. Something about Halsey seemed vulnerable, defenseless. He was appealing to Coker so directly—he seemed to demand confirmation of his own self-abasement, to hear from Coker that it was no laughing matter.

"Well, you boys have got a long drive ahead of you," Halsey said, and showed them out of the house.

Coker was anxious to get back to the base, but his literary friend was out of his mind to get it all down before he forgot most of it. They sat in a roadside diner for more than an hour while he made notes on the visit. What a sensation this would make at Harvard!

Back in Alabama, Coker made it a point to see less and less of his Harvard companion, who was soon assigned somewhere in the Pacific. Later, Coker began to wonder if the piece ever had been published. He never got wind of a word of it himself. Not a word. That *did* surprise Coker, since he considered it one hell of a story. Had the Harvard people found it hard to credit? Or had Allen gone off to the wars and simply never come back? All of that was more than forty years in the past now, but it had not led Coker to read any of Faulkner's novels. The truth was he was not prepared for what might turn up.

COKER was there at the window the day the man with the wagon, its front wheel wobbling, stopped to scrounge in the trash at the curb. About all Coker could see of him was his backside, with his shirttail dangling. On impulse—not thinking at all, but on an impulse that had long been building—Coker slipped a bill out of his wallet and hustled from his doorway to the curb, where he tapped the hole worn at the man's elbow.

"Yassuh! Yassuh!" the fellow exclaimed before he straightened up and turned to face Coker. Coker had often plotted this scenario, and just what he would say when the man looked at him: he would explain that when he was a boy he used to have a wagon like the one the man was pulling, and on more than one occasion he had had the same problem with a wobbly wheel. What he wanted the man to do (as a favor to Coker) was to get himself either a new wheel or a new wagon. But now, seeing the man's blank, bloodshot gaze, which hardly seemed to take him in, he said not a word.

He placed the bill on the man's sleeve; it proved to be a twenty. The man stared at it as if puzzled by the sight of so much money. "Take it," Coker said, but in his free hand the man held a bottle half full of some dark liquid.

"Yassuh," he replied, but he did nothing. Before he could make a move, the woman raised her staff and thumped it hard on the pavement. She then muttered something, jerking her head in the manner of a driver starting up a team of horses. The man stood immobile, one hand gripping the bottle, his left arm crooked before him with the bill on his sleeve, as if he were reading the time.

Just then a passing car swirled the air, and the bill fluttered to the ground between them. There it remained as the woman approached and shuffled, unseeing, past Coker. The man had already turned back to pulling the wagon and went up the street ahead of her, the wheel wobbling. Coker might have imagined seeing the downcast gaze of the woman's eyes, her lashes fluttering, but there was no mistaking the smile of triumph at the corners of her lipless mouth. Smiling and nodding, Coker stood at the curb as she passed by.

—WRIGHT MORRIS

FARBER AND MR. WHITE

Farber knocked once, then stood back. He shoved his hands into his pockets and studied the bare branches of the trees. He always did that, to make clear to whoever opened that he didn't mind waiting—was enjoying himself, in fact. He was about to knock again when he saw the doorbell. The sound jangled throughout the small frame house. He heard a thump; then the wooden door opened slowly. An old man, his chin thrust out defensively, stood waiting for Farber to speak.

"I came about the ad in the newspaper," Farber said. "Are you the person to talk to?"

"Eh?" The old man's forehead wrinkled above thick glasses.

"The newspaper ad." Farber pulled it out of his pocket and unfolded it. "Live-in companion wanted for elderly man. Light housework in exchange for rent. No smokers or drinkers." He showed it to the man.

"Yes, yes," he rumbled. "Come in."

The kitchen was dark. The man pulled out a metal chair for Farber. "I'm Mr. White." He held out his hand, and Farber took it gingerly.

"Glad to meet you. I'm John Farber." He wondered if he could pull this off. The guy needed help, Farber could see that; the linoleum floor was filthy, with garbage overflowing from a paper bag by the sink. He didn't mind housework.

"I'm looking for the right person," Mr. White said. "Someone who feels as I do about things. I don't eat meat, because killing another creature is wrong. I believe in things of the spirit, in the hereafter. I look at eternity, not on the temporary things of this world. Do you understand?" His gaze, which had been floating around the upper reaches of the kitchen, returned to Farber.

Farber shuffled his tennis shoes on the linoleum and nodded vigorously. He wondered what he'd have to do to live here. Weekly prayer meetings? He'd do it. He couldn't afford his own apartment now that he had been laid off at Parker's. A part-time job enabled him to just get by; no chance of paying child support now.

Mr. White went on, voice raspy. "Can you cook vegetarian meals?"

"Oh, yeah. I'm a vegetarian myself." It wasn't a complete lie; he didn't eat much meat. He had a vegetarian cookbook around somewhere.

Mr. White nodded, pleased. "I'll show you the place." He got up and shuffled around the corner, all baggy pants and flapping slippers.

The living room was also dark, curtains drawn. The room was neat but faded, as if the life were gone from it. Crocheted antimacassars covered the arms of the couch and armchairs; small china statuettes of dogs and ballerinas stood on dusty end tables. "Looks like you could use some light in here," Farber said.

"I like it this way. Been this way since my wife died," Mr. White said. He went down a hallway resolutely.

Farber followed. Should he apologize? No; the old guy was already showing him a bedroom.

"This is mine," Mr. White said, "and if you stay here this will be yours." The rooms were alike, with nondescript beds and bureaus. Mr. White's room had a desk covered with pamphlets and loose papers. A wooden crucifix hung above it.

"How old are you?" Mr. White asked.

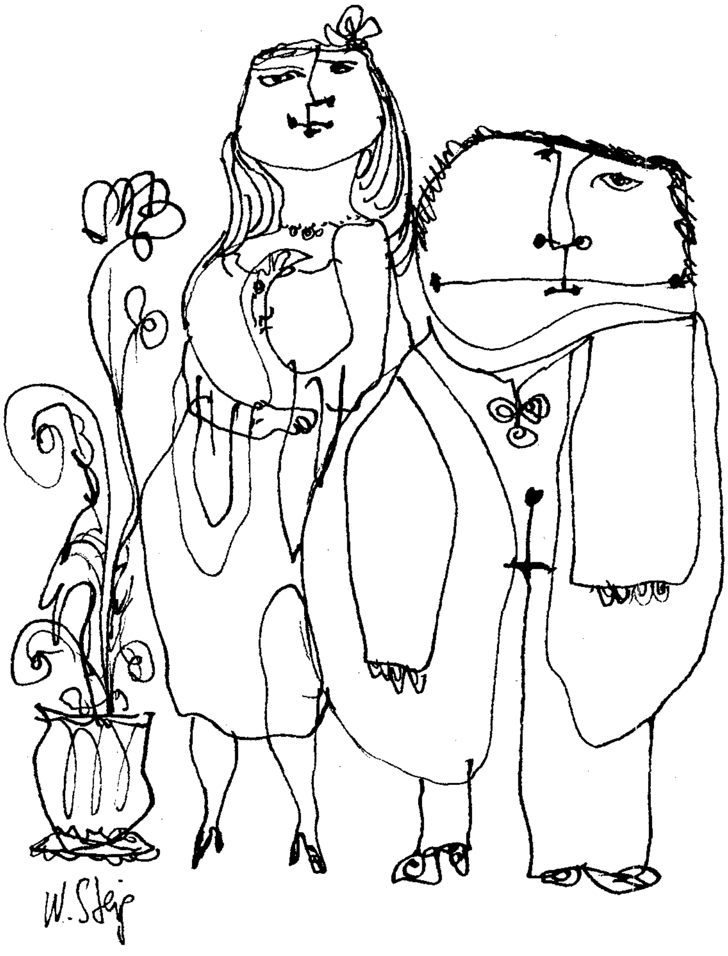
"Thirty-two." It embarrassed Farber to tell his age; he felt like a pretender, a kid wearing his dad's suit coat. He tipped his head and brushed his hair to the side nervously. Mr. White nodded sharply once, and looked at him. What did he see, with those washed-out blue eyes?

"I think I'm a good judge of character," Mr. White said. "The job's yours if you want it."

Farber moved in two weeks later. He put his rocking chair and desk in his room. He stored a few things in Mr. White's cellar and gave the rest away. It was junk anyway. He never could see the sense in spending money on furniture. It was one of the differences he and Kathy had. One of many irreconcilable differences, it had seemed at the time.

He set the snapshot of his daughter in its plastic frame on the desk. He stood looking at it for a moment. Erin, three years old last winter, feeding deer at the zoo. Her cheeks were fat and pink under a knitted cap. He remembered that day, Erin's yells of excitement in the cold wind. He smiled, and went to fetch his guinea pig. He didn't know what Mr. White would say about his guinea pig. He had bought her when he moved away from Kathy and Erin last spring. He carried the wooden cage into the kitchen. The guinea pig was making her high-pitched, frightened sound: *whee, whee.*

Mr. White was reading a newspaper through a magnifying reading glass. When he saw Farber, he set the glass on the table. "What is that?" he asked.



Late Arrivals

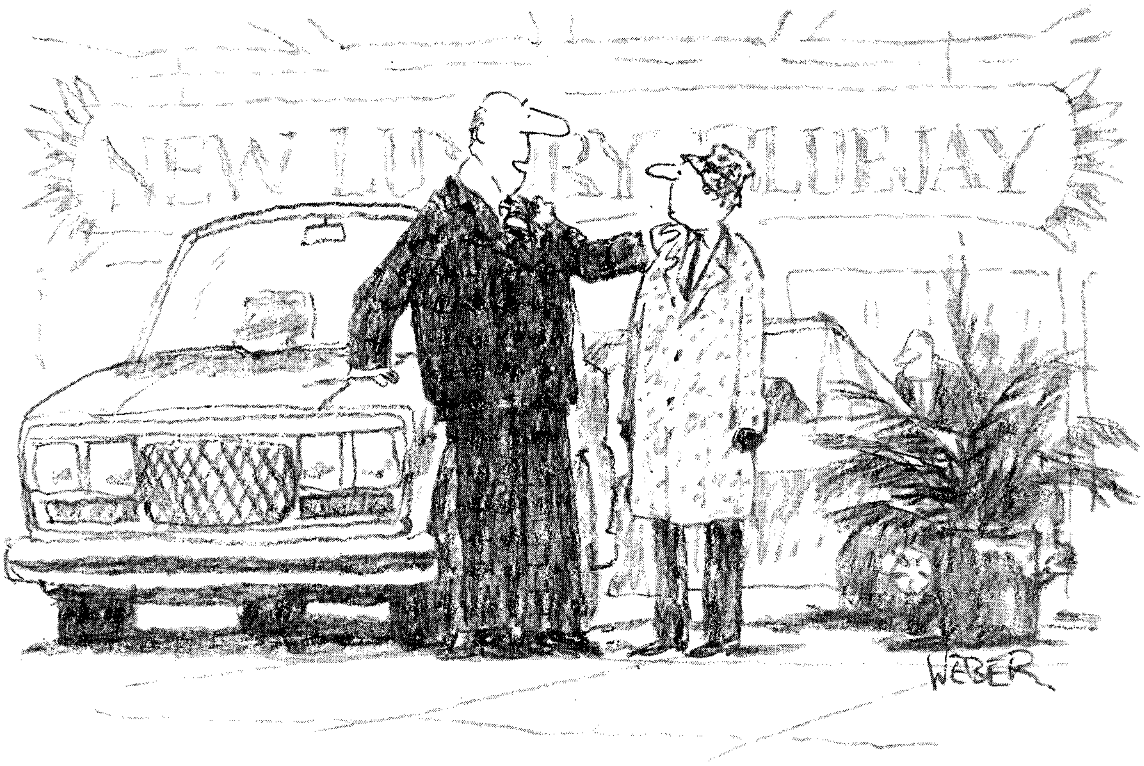
"This is my guinea pig." He set the cage on the table. She scurried into a corner, under crumpled newspaper.

Mr. White leaned back, as if she were attacking him. "Where does she . . . relieve herself?"

"On the newspaper. No problem."

Mr. White waved the cage away. "Take it into the bedroom. I don't want to see it."

Farber put the cage in a corner of his room. He reached under the newspaper to stroke her. Her body was trembling; he could feel the small, fragile bones under her white fur. "There, there," he murmured soothingly. "It's all right."



"Look. I could just sell you a car, but that doesn't happen to be my primary objective."

• •

FARBER's work load at Mr. White's was light; the old man moved slowly, and ate little. He spent most of his time on the couch, a large-print book open on his lap but his eyes gazing at the window, seeing nothing. Farber tiptoed around him, occasionally jarring him from his reverie with a comment or question. Mr. White was a little nuts, but harmless, and a nice guy. Though Farber was no athlete, he thought Mr. White was much too sedentary. He encouraged him to take walks. They established a routine of a walk together every day.

Farber worked part time at *El Charro*, a Mexican restaurant. He did everything from carpentry to cooking. Shouts of marital discord would reach the customers through the thin walls, with either Mr. or Mrs. Martinez, the owners, slamming the back door, vowing never to return. Farber almost enjoyed it, as he scrubbed or hammered or sliced; oaths sounded so expressive, so musical in Spanish.

He slipped in the back door quietly this Friday. He nodded to the cook and waited until Mrs. Martinez came bustling around the corner.

"Ah! Juan! *Cómo estás?*" She embraced him. There was a brief, overpowering scent of gardenia. Mrs. Martinez complained to him, in Spanish and bits of English, about business. About Mr. Martinez. "Ah! *Le gustan*—he like—the women." Farber shook his head, lifted his palms. Mrs. Martinez let him clear tables and wash dishes. He worked until closing, then walked home. The air was crisp. Tomorrow, he would see Erin. The stars glittered in rhythm with his steps. He let himself in quietly, taking off his shoes and carrying them past Mr. White's closed door.

The next morning, Farber told Mr. White that he was leaving for the day.

"Where?" Mr. White asked.

Farber jiggled his keys in his jacket pocket. "To see my daughter."

Mr. White looked at him sharply. "You have a child? Are you divorced?"

"Yes." Again, this was not completely untrue; if he and Kathy had ever married, they would be divorced by now. Kathy had wanted to get married. He didn't think it would work, and as it turned out he was right.

Mr. White shook his head. "A great mistake young people make nowadays, getting a divorce at the first sign of problems. The children, the children . . . they suffer." He sighed. "My wife and I were not lucky enough to have children. But we weathered the problems. We stuck it out. And when she was on her deathbed we were as much in love as we had ever been." His hand, resting next to a cup of tea Farber had made for him, trembled. "As much in love as ever."

Farber zipped his coat. "There's soup in the refrigerator," he said. "In the green plastic container." Mr. White continued to stare at his cup, shaking his head.

Farber escaped Mr. White and drove the Gremlin to Kathy's house, easing it around corners. It was an old model, given to him three years ago by a friend. The passenger door was taped shut so it wouldn't swing open, and a piece of cardboard served for a rear side window. He hadn't seen Erin for nearly a month. First, Kathy had taken her to visit Kathy's parents; then Erin had the flu; then Farber was moving to Mr. White's. Kathy was now living with a man named Tom. They were talking about getting married. Farber didn't think much of him, but who was he to judge? He supposed he himself hadn't done as well by Kathy as he could have. She had been such a martyr, constantly forgiving. It used to drive him crazy. Inhuman, that's what it was. But Erin, now—Erin was perfect. He stopped at a grocery store and bought cookies, coloring books, and markers for her.

He saw Erin playing outside the small house as he drove up. She was in the sandbox, feeding spoonfuls of sand to her doll. She wore her bright-blue jacket; stubby blond pigtails stuck out on either side of her head. Farber anticipated her small body thudding against his, picking her up and swinging her around, as he always did. "Hey, Erin!" he shouted as he opened the car door. He waved.

Erin lifted her head and looked at him. She just sat there, looking. Farber got out of the car. Erin picked up her doll and began walking slowly toward the house. She stared straight ahead. When she was almost at the porch Farber said, "Erin . . ." She ran the rest of the way, letting the door shut behind her.

What the hell was going on, Farber wondered. She had never acted like that before. He went onto the porch and looked into an empty hallway. Kathy came out of the kitchen and walked to the door, by herself. She had a slight limp, which became worse when she was agitated. Her up-and-down gait was very noticeable now. Farber saw Tom behind her, standing in the kitchen doorway, his legs apart, his arms folded. His jaw was set.

"What's wrong?" Farber asked. He opened the door.

"I don't know if she wants to go with you today," Kathy said. She had a soft, little-girl voice that always trembled slightly, as if she were about to cry. "She's upset."

"But why? I want to talk to her."

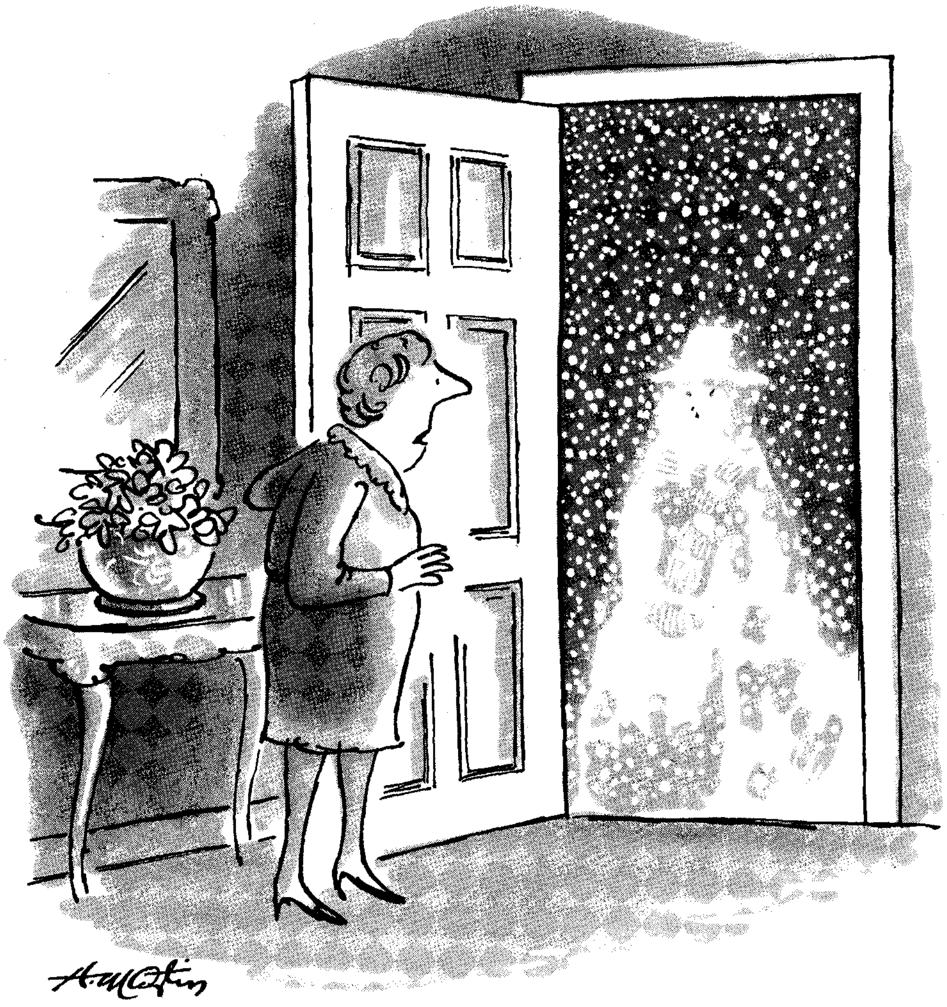
Farber went down the hall. He came up against Tom. He could see Erin in a corner of the kitchen, hugging her doll. When she saw Farber, she began to cry.

"What's wrong, Erin? I want to see you." He tried to push himself around Tom.

Erin's cries turned into screams. "No! No! I don't want to! Go away!"

Tom said, "You're upsetting her." His voice was low, with an edge to it. "You'd better go."

Farber couldn't understand anything. Erin peeked around her doll, then buried her face. Farber turned and went outside.



"Albert, is that you?"

He sat on the cool grass, trying to figure out what to do. He heard voices inside but couldn't make out what they were saying. In a little while, he heard footsteps, and looked up to see Kathy at the door.

"You'd better leave," she said in a voice barely loud enough for Farber to hear.

"No."

He waited. The wind blew a few dead leaves around the yard. A child, a boy a few years older than Erin, came out of a neighboring house and walked across the lawn. He stopped to look at Farber expressionlessly, then went on. After an hour or so, Farber saw a police car pull up beside the Gremlin. An officer stepped out and hitched up his belt. He walked slowly toward Farber, arms hanging loose at his sides. Ready for danger, Farber thought. Ready to pull a gun on this danger to the civilized world.

"We have a complaint against you, buddy. Don't you think you'd better leave?"

Farber remained where he was, looking up at him. "I just want to talk to my daughter."

The policeman's grip was cold as he took Farber's upper arm and pulled him to his feet. "Not today."

Farber shook his arm free and walked to the Gremlin by himself.

IT was late afternoon when he returned to Mr. White's house. The kitchen was empty and dark. The living room was also dark. Mr. White was sitting on the couch, looking straight ahead at the closed curtains. Farber imagined him there all afternoon, placed so carefully, motionless. An old-man rag doll.

"Hello," Farber said.

Mr. White turned his head slowly to look at him. His eyes were pale, strangely remote.

"What are you doing?" Farber asked.

Mr. White seemed to consider the question. "I was travelling," he finally said. "In my astral body. It's possible, you know. I can speak with my dear dead wife."

"Oh," Farber said.

"The soul travels into space, attached to the body by a silken cord."

"I've heard of that," Farber said.

At the sound of his voice, the guinea pig started her hungry cry.

"Take care of that animal," said Mr. White. He tried to push himself up from the couch. Farber took his arm to help. "We must be kind to all living things." He turned and began a stately, shuffling walk to his bedroom.

The next morning, the sun burst into Farber's bedroom, forcing its way past his closed eyelids. He tried to go back to sleep but couldn't. He had called last night. Tom had answered, and refused to let him talk to Erin. She was "ordering her priorities," he said. What a jerk, to talk about *his* daughter as if she were a clinical case study! It was a game for Tom, as Farber saw it—a power struggle in which Farber had the deck stacked against him. What could he do—kidnap her? Break the windows of their house? He wasn't the type. He felt the same helplessness he felt when Parker's let him go; he wanted to cry out, "Not my fault!" He sat up in bed, rubbing his face.

He went into the kitchen. Mr. White stood by the stove, fiddling with the catch on the teapot. "Thought I'd make us some tea," he said in a cheerful, raspy voice.

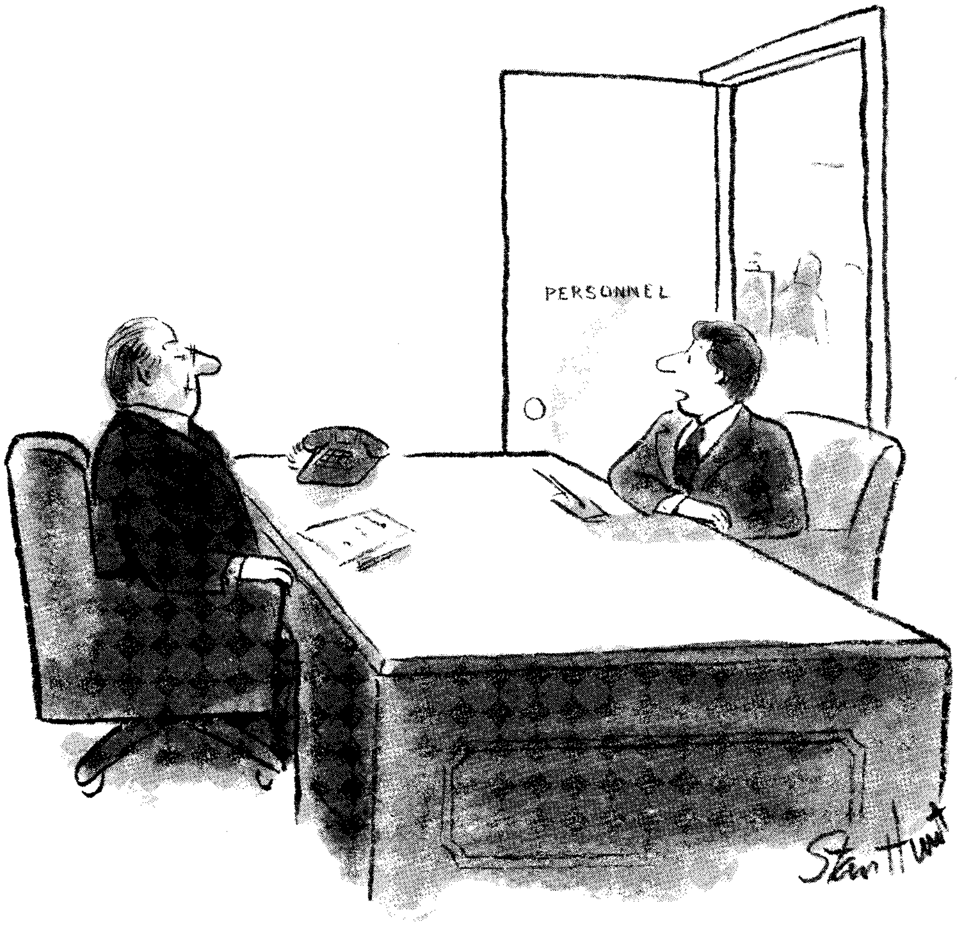
Farber took the teapot gently from him. "I'll do that," he said. He knew that Mr. White was afraid of the stove. He had lived on peanut-butter sandwiches and apples before Farber came. Farber pulled the box of oatmeal down from the cupboard.

"How is your daughter?" Mr. White asked.

Farber stirred oatmeal into water. He shrugged. "Fine, I guess." He didn't want to go into it now. Mr. White nodded. What the hell did he know, what did the old guy know? Who was he to even nod? Farber felt tears rise to his eyes, and looked down at the pan.

"That's good. Children are the light of the world."

Farber let his breath escape slowly, his cheeks puffed out like balloons. "Yeah. Want to take a walk after breakfast?"



"If I should come to work for you, Mr. Hysop, I could transform this organization overnight."

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Outside, Mr. White shuffled along, a good six inches shorter than Farber. He blinked in the sunlight falling on his curved shoulders and on his black winter cap with the earflaps. Farber was silent. Mr. White wheezed, chuckled, and rasped, as if he were continually about to speak. They walked past the ironworks foundry, past small, uniformly neat houses. They reminded Farber of the house where Tom and Kathy lived. And Erin. The houses seemed unbearably boring, staring blankly at him through their shining windows. Was that so important, that she grow up in a house like that? That she have "priorities"? He felt the sudden sting of tears again. Maybe she'd get over this and things would be as before; maybe he'd be high on her list of "priorities." Whatever the hell they were.

He saw that Mr. White was leaning against the chain-link fence surrounding the small neighborhood park. He was taking short, rapid breaths. Farber felt a twinge of remorse; had he, in his absorption, pushed the old man too hard? He retied the woollen muffler around Mr. White's neck, smoothing the frayed edges down gently.

Mr. White chuckled, his eyes glittering. "Ah . . . you're a good fellow, John. I knew it right away." He took one of Farber's hands between his own gloved hands and patted it gently, as a father might do. He was still breathing heavily.

Farber dropped his shoulders, a tension there suddenly gone.

"Don't worry about your daughter. It will be all right, you'll see. We live according to God's plan."

Mr. White let Farber's hand drop and straightened his shoulders. He shuffled slowly into the park. Farber watched his slight body outlined against the trees. Mr. White seemed perfectly in place, an old man in a black overcoat making his way toward the trees. Farber pushed his hands into his pockets and followed him.

—PATRICIA O'DONNELL

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A CORRECTION

The article "Why Deregulation Means Airline Turbulence," by Ellis Traub, Jr., on yesterday's Viewpoints Page contained a typist's error that our proofreading failed to detect. Mr. Traub's phrase "the folks who represent [Americans] in Washington" was printed as "the fools who . . . ." *The Herald* regrets the error, for which Mr. Traub is blameless.—*Miami Herald.*

Wipe that smirk off your face, Mr. Traub.

ITALIAN DAYS

I

Thinking again of a weekend trip to Ferrara—
Cosimo Tura on one wall,
Miss d'Este long gone from the next—
I took from Verona once,
A place where the streets were as wide as Parisian
boulevards,
The Po like a frayed rope out past the bulge of the dikes.

The weekend before I'd been to Merano and back,
And almost become a squib
in the *Stars & Stripes*
When the helicopter's engine stopped
Thousands of feet above the Brenner highway,
And we began to slide sideways down the air
As quietly as a snowflake,
the huge rotary blades above us
Circling like paddle-churns in the wind

Languidly,
the stillness abrupt, the plane
In a long slip like a scimitar curve toward the ground
Rising to meet us, its trees
Focussing automatically larger with each look
As though raised through a microscope,
The engine catching at last on its last turn,
Pine branches less than fifty feet below us,
the blade-slide bottoming out

As we started to rise and swing north
Up the Val d'Adige and into the emerald sundown
Outside Merano . . .
Back up out of darkness an hour later,
The houses beginning to flash on like matches below,
Left over Trento and left over Schio
and down, everyone out to supper,
The waitress admonishing Manzolin, "*Non si taglia
la pasta.*"

Cut to Ferrara, and me,
Threading my way out of town through bicycles, Vespas,
and runty Fiats,
South to Ravenna and Rimini,
the lap of the Adriatic
And western Byzantium
In the long grasses of S. Apollinare in Classe,
The field stubble gold in the noon sun.

Cut to Verona, the town I always left from,
Work over, and Happy Hour,
Modugno on every phonograph
On Via Mazzini, "*Ciao, ciao, bambina* . . ."
It's 1959 and after supper,
Everyone disappearing like rain
From the streets and Caffè Dante, the fog in,
Can Grande skulking and disappearing in marble
above his tomb

As I do along the cobblestones
He grins down on,
gone through the fog toward S. Anastasia
And the Due Torri, everything swaddled as though
in newsprint,
The river off to the right like a licking sound,
Up past the Duomo,
then right and across the last bridge,
Where the beggar loomed in her burning chair.
Each night as I passed her
it took a hundred lire to put out the fire.

Up north, in the watersheds and rock slides
of the Dolomites,
Snow has been leaving its same message
For thousands of years
on the bark of the cedar trees.
There is no stopping the comings and goings
in this world,
No stopping them, to and fro.

II

Palladio's buildings shone like the collar on someone's dog
In Vicenza, the only inscript in all the town.
For the rest, it was Goldstein patrolling the avenues
At sundown with hot hands.
And Venezia, Lord of the Bees,
In the dark hives of the Hotel Artu with hot hands.
It was Charles with hot hands,
His fingers on this and that wherever he turned
In the bars of Little America.
It was weekend and off-duty and kicking the gong
In a foreign country,
left foot and right foot.

Sister water, brother fire, gentle my way
Across,
one foot on the river, one foot
in the flames,
My lack of ability to remember it right.
The time we spotted the Vicentine,
For instance, it rained and dimpled all the way back,
With Grace in his lap and him driving,
Sneezing and making amends.
On alternate Sundays we'd drive to Soave and Asolo,
Padova and the Euganean Hills,
Always looking for the event,
not knowing that we were it.

This was the world we lived in,
And couldn't get shut of.
And these were the rocks we walked on,
Milano, Certosa, footstep
after footstep echoing down the galleries,
Goldstein checking the nuns out,
Venezia settling like smoke at the unbitten center
of things.
One Sunday, after the Trattoria La Brera,
We went to Scuderi's place, his huge canvases
Stacked like Sheetrock against the wall.
"I have to keep them like this,"
He said, "to keep my life in order."
He died the next winter,
the heater electrocuting him
in the bathtub.

Some nights, when the stars flash their gang codes,
And the fog slides in as cautiously as a bride
Across the steps the trees make
                    up from the sea,
And the gnatlight starts to solidify
Like a crust on the palm leaf and the pepper switch,
And the smell of the paper-whites
                    hangs like a June garden
Above the kitchen table,
Scuderi calls out my name
                    as I climb the six flights to his room
And stand in the doorway again,
Electric and redivivus in the world of light

He lived in inside his paintings for all those years,
Vaseline light
                    through the slow filter
                    of late November,
Acid light off the north Italian lakes,
Shorthand of light from the olive leaves
                    as they turn and tick in the wind,
Last light of the *dopoguerra* lifting Milan like a ship
In the Lombardy night outside his window
On top of the city wall,
                    bar light and aftermath,
Scuderi whitening to grain-out and then to blank,
Light like a sheet of paper
Everywhere, flat and unwrinkled and unreturnable.

III

At the end of the last word,
When night comes walking across the lake
  on its hands,
And nothing appears in the mirror,
                    or has turned to water
Where nothing walks or lies down,
What will your question be,
Whistling the dogs of mold in, giving them meat?
And what will it profit you?

No thought of that back then,
Bivouacked outside the castle above Marostica,
Whose walls
                    downswept and pinioned the town
                    like wings
In its coming-to-rest,
                    the town square
Blocked out like a chessboard black and white,
Black and white from up there,
Where the rook looked down on the knight's play.

What eschatology of desire
                    could move us in those days,
What new episiotomy of the word?

At San Gimignano, outside of town,
I did see that no one could last for good,
That no one could answer back from the other side.
Still, I'd like to think I've learned how to speak to them,
I'd like to think I know how to conjugate
                    "Can you hear me?" and "What?"

In Rome, on the Via Cassia,
                    there was opportunity enough
For that in the catacombs,
                    the lost bodies slipped in their slots
Like letters someone had never answered
And then tossed out,
A chance to step back from the light
                    of the strung electric bulb,
And ask again if our first day in the dark
Is our comfort or signature.

Most of what I remember
Has nothing to do with any of that, it turns out:
A view from the Pinacoteca window across Siena
One morning in 1959
                    and out to the hillscapes and olive shine;
The way Piero della Francesca's "Madonna del Parto"
Was leaning against the wall
                    in Monterchi, and still unlit;
The eel fisherman that May twilight along
  the Mincio River . . .

But Scuderi did, and the helicopter did,
And the full moon like Borso's skull on the Zattere,
Fog smoking up from the humped lagoon;
                    and Eve coming out of Adam's rib
On San Zeno's doors in Verona,
                    her foot still stuck in his side;
And the morning we sat on the terrace,
                    Jim Gates and Tom Fucile and I,
In Bassano, the bowler of Monte Grappa across the valley,
Ghost hat on the head of northern Italy.

There is, in the orchards of Sommacampagna,
A sleetlike and tenuous iridescence that falls
Through the peach trees whenever it rains.
                    The blossoms parachute to the ground
So heavy and so distinct,
And the light above Riva spokes out from under the clouds
Like Blake,
                    the wires for the grapevines beading
                    their little rainbows,
The cars planing by on the highway,
                    shooshing their golden plumes . . .

What gifts there are are all here, in this world.
—Charles Wright

REFLECTIONS

WEAPONS AND HOPE

I—QUESTIONS

Hope is the capacity to live with danger without being overwhelmed by it; hope is the will to struggle against obstacles even when they appear insuperable.—*Pastoral Letter of the United States Bishops on War and Peace, Third Draft, 1983.*

Science is a match that man has just got alight. He thought he was in a room—in moments of devotion, a temple—and that his light would be reflected from and display walls inscribed with wonderful secrets and pillars carved with philosophical systems wrought into harmony. It is a curious sensation, now that the preliminary splutter is over and the flame burns up clear, to see his hands lit and just a glimpse of himself and the patch he stands on visible, and around him, in place of all that human comfort and beauty he anticipated—darkness still.—*H. G. Wells, 1891.*

AGENDA FOR A MEETING OF MINDS

I CHOSE the title "Weapons and Hope" for this essay because I want to discuss the gravest problem now facing mankind, the problem of nuclear weapons, from a human rather than a technical point of view. Hope means more than wishful thinking. It means the whole range of positive human responses to intractable problems. Hope is a driving force of political action. The main theme of the essay will be the interconnectedness of past and future. I shall be exploring the historical and cultural context in which nuclear weapons grew, and, at the same time, looking for practical ways of dealing with the problem of nuclear weapons in the future. The cultural context provides a basis for hope that we can find practical solutions. Central to my approach is a belief that human cultural patterns are more durable than either the technology of weapons or the political arrangements in which weapons may become embedded.

The parts of the essay hang together as components of a broad panorama rather than as links in a logical chain of argument. Readers uninterested in technical or historical details may freely skip whole sections. Part I, "Questions," provides the frame for the picture. Part II, "Tools," describes weapons as they exist and as they are perceived by the public. Part III, "People," studies man's involvement with weapons from a historical point of view, giving special attention to the various national cultural patterns that have emerged from diverse historical experiences of war. Part IV, "Concepts," examines seven strategic doctrines that have grown up around nuclear weapons, and tries to define a doctrine that may offer the world hope of escape from the trap into which reliance on nuclear weapons has led it. Each section of the essay is arranged like an old-fashioned sermon, with exemplary stories at the beginning and a moral at the end.

Why should a scientist, a peaceful theoretician who has never seen a shot fired in anger, write an essay about weapons and war? I write because I live in two worlds—the world of the warriors and the world of the victims—and I am possessed by an immodest hope that I may improve mankind's chances of escaping the horrors of a nuclear holocaust if I can help these two worlds to understand each other.

The world of the warriors is the world I see when I go to Washington or to California to consult with military people about their technical problems. That world is overwhelmingly male-dominated. In spite of Joan of Arc and Margaret Thatcher, soldiering is still a game that only boys are supposed to play. The world of the warriors, however, includes many people outside the professional military establishment. It includes expert negotiators at the United States Arms Control and Disarmament Agency and professors of international affairs at such universities as Princeton and Oxford. It includes doves as well as hawks, scholars as well as gen-

"This is the Sandra Hollingsworth. The 'the' is underlined."

"I ordered the businessman's breakfast. The businessman's breakfast always includes those little plastic things with different kinds of jelly."

• •

erals. It includes the loyal opposition as well as the wielders of power. But all who belong to the world of the warriors possess a common language—a common style. Their style is deliberately cool, attempting to exclude overt emotion and rhetoric from their discussions, emphasizing objectivity and technical accuracy, concentrating attention on questions of detail which can be reduced to quantitative calculation. They applaud dry humor and abhor sentimentality. The style of the warriors is congenial to professional scientists and historians, who also base their work on factual analysis rather than on moralistic judgment. The philosophical standpoint of the warriors is basically conservative, even when they consider themselves liberal or revolutionary. They accept the world, with all its imperfections, as given; their mission is to preserve it and to ameliorate its imperfections as they can, not to rebuild it from the foundations.

John von Neumann (1903-57) was a Princeton mathematician who had a particularly strong affinity with the warriors' world and became an expert on weaponry. He liked to shock his friends at Princeton with his version of the warriors' philosophy: "It is just as foolish to complain that people are selfish and treacherous as it is to complain that the magnetic field does not increase unless the electric field has a curl. Both are laws of nature." But von Neumann was an extreme case—an academic outsider trying to be more military than the military. Real soldiers do not make dogmatic statements about the laws of human nature. Real soldiers know that human nature is unpredictable.

The world of the victims is the world I see when I listen to my wife's tales of childhood in wartime Germany, when we take our children to visit the concentration-camp museum at Dachau, when we go to the theatre and see Brecht's "Mother Courage," when we read John Hersey's "Hiroshima" or Masuji Ibuse's "Black Rain" or any of the other books that truthfully record the human realities of war, when we sit with a crowd of strangers in church and hear them pray for peace, or when I have my private dreams of Armageddon. The world of the victims is not male-dominated. It is, on the contrary, dominated by women and children. It is, like the Kingdom of Heaven, difficult to enter unless you come to it with a child's imagination. It is a world of youth rather than age. It pays more attention to poets than to mathematicians. The warriors' world describes the outcome of war in the language of exchange ratios and cost-effectiveness; the victims' world describes it in the language of comedy and tragedy.

I also see the world of the victims when I attend meetings of our citizens' peace movement in Princeton—the Coalition for Nuclear Disarmament. Our meetings are generally held in rooms belonging to one or another of the local churches. Occasionally, we have public sessions, with outside speakers. The most memorable of our meetings was an all-day affair that kept the Nassau Presbyterian Church packed from 11 A.M. till 9 P.M. The star of the show was Dr. Helen Caldicott, the Australian children's doctor who has become a full-time fighter against nuclear weapons. Her medical specialty is cystic fibrosis, but she has also had some experience with victims of childhood leukemia, a disease that has a well-documented tendency to occur after children are exposed to excessive doses of radiation. She began her campaign against nuclear power as an exercise in preventive medicine. Though childhood leukemia is in many cases a curable disease, the cure is uncertain and the

TRAVEL
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CUTE CATS
S. Harris

treatment is long and debilitating. Every doctor who has to deal with such diseases knows that prevention is better than cure. In her own mind, Dr. Caldicott did not cease to be a doctor when she switched from cure to prevention.

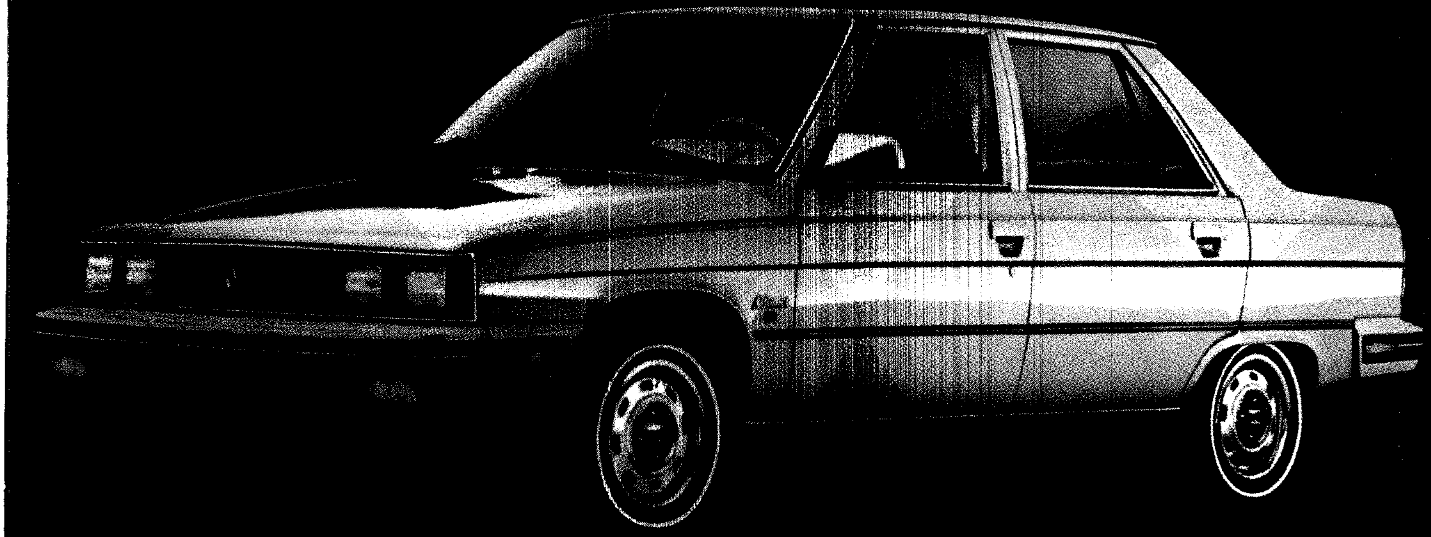
In Australia, Dr. Caldicott fought with equal vigor against the local nuclear-power industry and against French nuclear-weapon tests in the Pacific. After she came to America, she became aware that nuclear weapons and nuclear war are a graver public-health hazard than nuclear power. "I realize now," she told us in Princeton, "that nuclear power is only the pimple on the pumpkin." She is today a prime mover in an organization of doctors against nuclear war—Physicians for Social Responsibility. As we listened to her talking in the Presbyterian church, it was easy to understand how she has captured the hearts and minds of people around the world. She is spontaneous, she is articulate, she is witty, and she communicates the anguish of a doctor struggling day after day to find help and comfort for desperately sick children. After you have heard her speak and shaken her hand, you cannot brush aside her message as the emotional outpouring of a fanatic. She speaks from a solid basis of medical experience. She speaks for the victims in a language that all of us should be able to understand.

And yet the world of the warriors goes on its way as if Dr. Caldicott didn't exist. One week, I listen to Dr. Caldicott in Princeton. The next week, I listen to General So-and-So in Washington. Dr. Caldicott and the general live in separate worlds. In a few minutes of conversation, I cannot explain Dr. Caldicott's message to the general or the general's message to Dr. Caldicott. If Dr. Caldicott and the general ever tried to talk directly to each other, it would be a dialogue of the deaf. And that is why I write this essay. I know that there are not two separate worlds but only one. Dr. Caldicott and the general, whether they like it or not, live on the same planet. My task is to explain them to each other, to fit together the split halves of our world into a single picture.

Why is it so easy for the warriors to ignore Dr. Caldicott? The warriors feel disinclined to take her seriously because she does not play her game according to their rules. Both her style and the substance of her arguments violate the taboos of their profession. Her style is personal rather than objective. The substance of her argument is anecdotal rather than analytical. She is careless about technical details. She does not think naturally in quantitative terms. The qualities that make Dr. Caldicott convincing to an audience of concerned citizens in Princeton, her sincerity and seriousness and down-to-earth goodness, are outweighed in the world of the warriors by her weakness in arithmetic.

If it is difficult to translate Dr. Caldicott's message effectively into the language of the generals, it is even more difficult to translate the legitimate concerns of the generals into a language that pays some respect to ordinary human values and feelings. The deliberately impersonal style of the warriors' world gives outsiders the impression that the warriors are even colder and more insensitive than they actually are. There is prejudice and antipathy on both sides. The military establishment looks on the peace movement as a collection of ignorant people meddling in a business they do not understand, while the peace movement looks on the military establishment as a collection of misguided people protected by bureaucratic formality from all contact with human realities. Both these preconceptions create barriers to understanding. Both preconceptions are to some extent true.

When I was seven years old, I was reprimanded by my mother for an act of collective brutality in which I had been involved at school. A group of seven-year-olds had been teasing and tormenting a six-year-old. "It is always so," my mother said. "You do things together that not one of you would think of doing alone." That is a piece of my education which I have never forgotten. Wherever one looks in the world of human organization, collective responsibility brings a lowering of moral standards. The military establishment is an extreme example—



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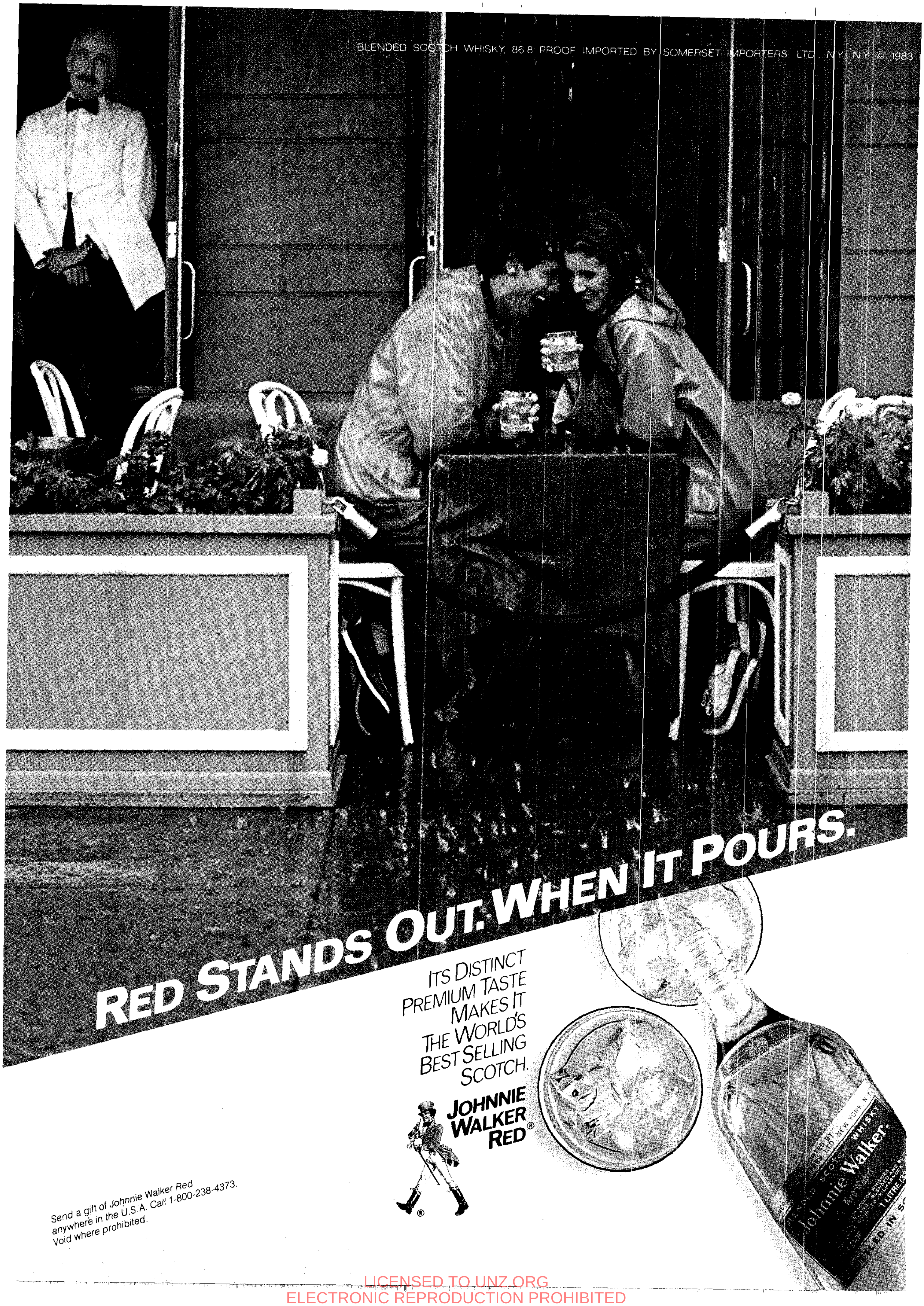

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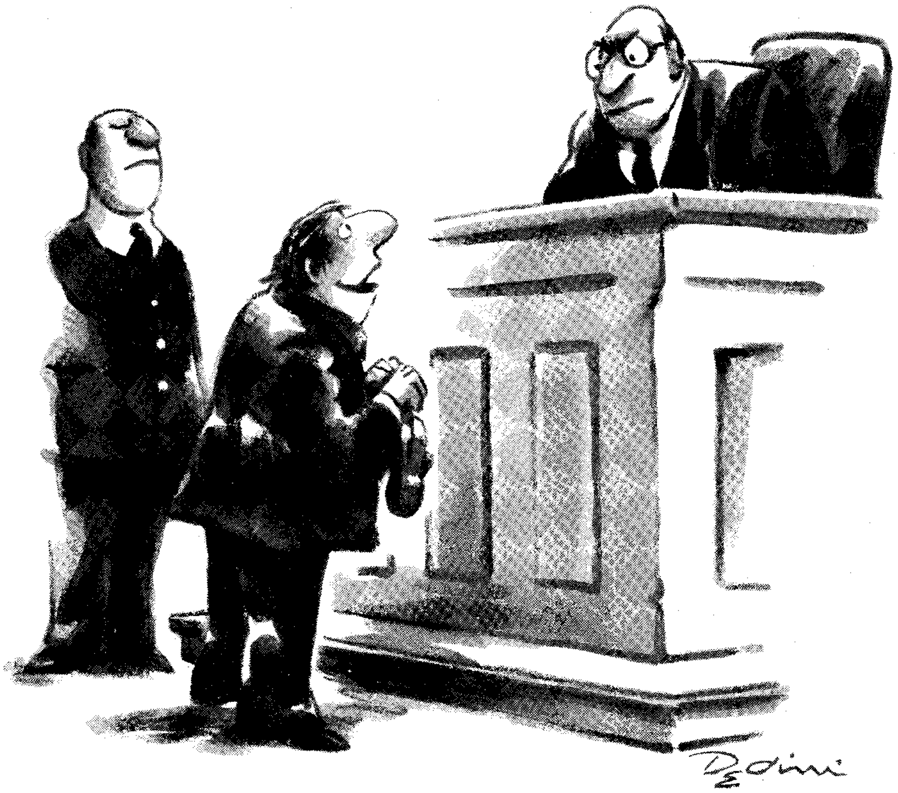
an organization that seems to have been designed expressly to make it possible for people to do things together that nobody in his right mind would do alone.

Yet military people are, underneath their uniforms, human. The first high-ranking military officer with whom I came into close contact was Air Vice-Marshal Richard Harrison, commanding No. 3 Group of the British Bomber Command in the later stages of the Second World War. I lived for some weeks at his headquarters, in a lovely old country house in the village of Exning, in Suffolk. At that time, he commanded a force of two hundred and ninety heavy bombers. His bombers took part in the constant heavy attacks on German cities and oil refineries, and suffered their full share of losses. But 3 Group never made the headlines. While other bomber groups from time to time carried out individual operations of spectacular folly and heroism, what 3 Group preferred to do was send its bombers to lay mines quietly in German coastal waters. In the pecking order of the six groups of Bomber Command, 3 Group, by common consent, came last. When I arrived at Harrison's headquarters in Exning, I understood why. I presented to him my credentials as the newly appointed scientific adviser to 3 Group. I came prepared to discuss in detail the technical problems of operating a force of bombers. But Harrison did not want to talk about bombers. He talked only about silkworms. Since I was a scientist, he thought I would appreciate the fine points of silkworms. He took me out to his greenhouses, where his silkworms were feeding on carefully tended mulberry trees. Silkworms were his passion. I could never get him to talk seriously about anything else.

At that time, when I was trying to give Air Vice-Marshal Harrison unwanted scientific advice, I found it shocking that a man who carried the responsibility for the lives and deaths of thousands should be wasting his time on silkworms. Now, thirty-nine years later, I look back and see Harrison as the wisest of the group commanders. He had probably understood earlier than the others that the area-bombing offensive against Germany was a misguided enterprise, unworthy of the heroism of his aircrews. He could not hope to challenge or change the over-all direction of the campaign. The best he could do was what he did: to drive 3 Group with a light hand and shield his crews as far as possible from deeds of superfluous bravery. The cultivation of silkworms helped to keep him sane.



"I can fully understand your being furious, Your Honor. I'm furious with myself!"

• •

In every military establishment, there are Harrisons to be found—men who obey orders without excessive efficiency and quietly ameliorate evils that they cannot undo. A few weeks ago, on one of my visits to the warriors' world in Washington, I heard an American general say that he takes for his motto the words of the French diplomat Talleyrand *"Pas trop de zèle"* ("Not too much enthusiasm"). There, I thought, walks the spirit of Air Vice-Marshal Harrison. But the Harrisons, no matter how numerous they may be and no matter how high they may rise, are bound by the rules of their profession to keep their skeptical thoughts private. The public voice of the military establishment cannot be critical of its own purposes. The military machine is designed to carry out the missions that it has established for itself, irrespective of the thoughts and feelings of individual commanders.

The responsibility for criticizing and controlling military policies belongs to the political authorities of each country. The political arena is the place where, in theory, the warriors' world and the victims' world should come together, where the claims of generals and pediatricians should be compared and weighed in the balance. Political leaders have the opportunity to hear both sides. If the claims of the generals are found wanting, political leaders have the power to make drastic changes in weapon deployments and in military doctrines. In the political arena as it actually exists, however, opportunities for a deliberate weighing of alternative philosophical viewpoints rarely arise, and the power to make drastic changes is limited. Every politician knows that drastic change is troublesome and politically costly. Even in countries with a revolutionary political tradition, bureaucratic inertia usually prevails. In the United States, political decisions concerning military policy are almost always made piecemeal, in the course of routine budgetary hearings. Seldom does one see a decision made—as the decision to negotiate and ratify the Limited Test Ban Treaty was made, in 1963—with a full public debate, allowing proponents and opponents to discuss the long-range historical consequences of the decision rather than its immediate political costs and benefits.

The time is now ripe for a new public debate, placing in question the fundamental objectives of military policy. And this debate must be worldwide. It has already begun in Western Europe and in the United States. The argument centers on the question whether nuclear weapons any longer have a rational military purpose. Dr. Caldicott and the European nuclear-disarmament movement are a part of the debate. The efforts of my military friends in the Pentagon to find a secure basing mode for their new MX missile are also a part of it. But the argument remains disjointed and sterile, because the two sides lack a common language. A debate can be politically effective—can, like the debate of 1963, give political leaders the courage and strength to make hard decisions that change the world—only if the two sides will listen to each other and understand each other's concerns. There must be an agreed-upon agenda before a fruitful discussion is possible.

The purpose of this essay is to help prepare an agenda for a fruitful nuclear debate. The debate is in progress now, and it will no doubt continue, with or without my help. But it will be of little benefit to the world if it remains politically polarized, with each side preaching only to its own true believers. For the debate to gain the serious attention of political leaders, it must be a real meeting of minds, with the two sides agreeing on the definition of the questions at issue. For the debate to result in practical steps toward a safer world, the two sides must find a middle ground where they can agree on some matters of substance. In this, as in all political endeavors, the preparation of a generally acceptable agenda is a big part of the battle.

The agenda that I am proposing is not narrowly defined. It consists of broad, general questions. The questions can be connected, according to taste, with current political issues, with historical examples, with technical analysis, or with abstract notions of right and wrong. My hope is that people coming from different backgrounds may find in these questions some points of contact through which they can communicate with one another.

Here, then, is a list of thirteen questions, with some preliminary comments.

Do nuclear weapons help to keep the world at peace?

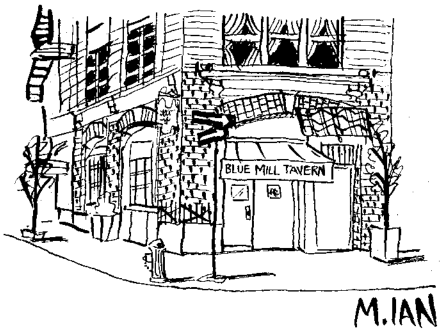
This is a loaded question. People from the warriors' world can answer it with a simple "Yes." People from the victims' world have to say "Yes, but . . . " A large part of this essay is devoted to explaining the "but."

If the world continues forever to rely on nuclear weapons, is it inevitable that the weapons will sooner or later be used?

This is another loaded question. Now the victims can answer "Yes," and the warriors must say "Yes, but . . . " Again, the "but" requires lengthy explanation. There is a widespread belief in the victims' world that the probability of nuclear war is inexorably increasing from year to year as a result of the continuing arms race. The warriors can argue that the probability of nuclear war is diminishing as a result of technical improvements in the design of weapons and their command-and-control apparatus. In reality, the probability of nuclear war depends more on political factors than on the numbers and technical characteristics of weapons.

How can one deal with the Russians?

The implication of this question is that we in the West deceive ourselves if we invent humanitarian solutions to the world's problems while ignoring the harsh realities of Soviet power. It is best to stipulate at the outset of our discussion that Soviet power is permanent and that it will continue to be harsh. There nevertheless remain many opportunities for us to influence Soviet power, to make it more dangerous or less dangerous to our survival. I do not pretend to be an expert on Soviet strategy and military doctrine. My picture of Soviet society is derived mainly from George Kennan and Richard Pipes, two experts who are supposed to represent the liberal and conservative wings of American opinion. Kennan's Russia and Pipes' Russia differ surprisingly little. They are both, after all, Russia. The feasibility of influencing Soviet nuclear policies does not depend crucially on whether Kennan's picture or Pipes' picture of Russia is the more accurate.



Is government an art or a science?

Six years ago, I spent a long evening on a mountaintop in the Caucasus discussing this question with a young Russian astronomer. The astronomer was then living on the mountain, preparing to make observations with the new Soviet six-metre telescope, the largest telescope in the world. Since the sky was cloudy, we had plenty of time to wrestle with the problems of world politics. My Russian friend maintained that government is a science—that all questions of social organization, including the questions of war and peace, are scientific questions and can be answered by logical analysis. I argued the contrary view—that government is an art—basing my case on examples from Russian and Western history. But my friend's faith was not to be shaken. He admitted that on numerous occasions his own government failed to follow correctly the conclusions of scientific reasoning. Nevertheless, the science of human relations existed, and would solve all the world's political problems if only everybody would study and apply it diligently. Now, the point of this story is not that my astronomer friend is a typical Russian. The point is just the opposite. He is, as far as I know, unique. He is perhaps the last survivor of the band of true believers in the possibility of a scientific utopia. There he sat on his mountaintop, surrounded by the glories of sky and snow, totally detached from the realities of earthbound humanity. Soviet society in the plains below his feet, like Western society, is run by people who practice the art of government, for better or for worse, without much help from scientific theory.

What is the appropriate time scale for discussion of strategic questions?

People from different backgrounds are accustomed to thinking on different time scales, and the discrepancy of time scales is a serious obstacle to mutual understanding. Roughly speaking, the time scale for American politicians working with an annual budget cycle is one year, the time scale for Soviet politicians is five years, the time scale for military and industrial planners is ten years, the time scale for mothers of young children is twenty years, the time scale for grandparents is fifty years, the time scale for historians and science-fiction writers is a hundred years. Which time scale is the most important? This question has no single answer. All time scales are important. All of us have to deal with the future on all time scales. But whenever we are discussing possible futures we should say clearly which time scale we have in mind. Many things that are absurd on a time scale of five years are reasonable, or even inevitable, on a time scale of fifty years. My personal bias as a father is toward the longer time scales. I try to correct this bias by talking with students for whom the Vietnam War is ancient history and a decade seems like a lifetime.

Is the regulation of nuclear weapons best achieved by evolution or by revolution?

This is one of the basic issues dividing warriors from victims. The warriors generally assume that the only safe road to a stable world lies through gradual change, with arms control achieved by carefully negotiated agreements while the balance of power is maintained by existing military forces. The victims generally assume that only a revolutionary shift in public attitudes can force the political authorities to undertake the drastic measures of disarmament which are needed to insure mankind's survival. The argument often degenerates into a battle of slogans: "Ban the bomb" against "Don't rock the boat." I shall argue that both sides are right—that the differences between them can be reconciled if one considers them to be looking at the same problem on two different time scales. Both evolution and revolution are needed. But revolutions are risky and should not be undertaken without careful preparation. In other words, it may be reasonable to believe in "Don't rock the boat" on a time scale of five years and in "Ban the bomb" on a time scale of fifty years.

Is political influence exerted more effectively from inside or from outside a government?

This question is similar to the previous one and has a similar answer: the answer depends on the time scale. In the short run, if you want to influence events you must work within the establishment. In the long run, if you work within the establishment you will not change anything fundamentally.

Is mankind's aim to abolish war entirely or to prohibit only certain kinds of war?

This has been a dilemma for pacifist movements all through history. If mankind wishes to abolish war totally, it must accept some kind of world government; if mankind wishes to pro-

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hibit only certain methods of waging war, it is making the world safe for war as an institution. Einstein took his stand uncompromisingly for world government. He said, in 1947, "War will be prevented only when military power in the hands of individual nations is abolished and is replaced by the military monopoly of a supranational organization." But today neither the peace movements nor the warriors look to world government as a practical solution to their problems. There is a consensus that power, including the power to make war, should remain in the hands of free and independent nations. People today differ only on the extent to which limits should be placed on the means employed by national governments to defend their interests.

Is mankind's aim to make weapons more destructive and less usable, or less destructive and more usable?

Each time a new weapon of great destructiveness is introduced, its inventors soothe their consciences with the thought that this will finally make war impossible. It is probably true that the least destructive nuclear weapons are the most dangerous, because they make it easier for a nuclear war to begin. But the ethical dilemma remains. Can we in good conscience follow the slogan "The worse the better"?

Do intellectual theories of nuclear strategy have any real meaning?

James Fallows, in his excellent book "National Defense," argues that the theory of nuclear war is the modern equivalent of medieval theology: "Wars have been fought, empires built, heretics burned on the basis of theology, and so, on the basis of the nuclear theology, are missiles developed and war plans laid today." The experts who run computer simulations of nuclear exchanges know how artificial and dubious their input numbers are. Computer experts have a saying: "Garbage in, garbage out." But the output of their calculations is fed to generals and politicians, who tend to believe the numbers, since they have no time to study the tenuous web of assumptions on which the numbers hang.

Can we survive nuclear war?

This is a question of fundamental importance, with no simple answer. It depends on what one means by "we," what one means by "survive," and what one means by "nuclear war." Following the terminology of Fallows, one may say that this is a theo-

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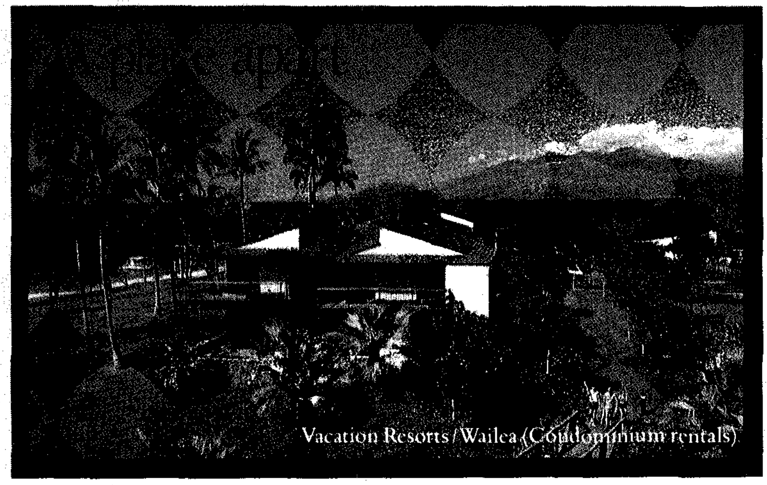
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logical question. It nonetheless deserves careful discussion. Warriors generally answer the question affirmatively, victims negatively. Even if they cannot agree, it would be useful for them to clarify the reasons for their disagreement.

What would be the effect on America's national security if public opinion came to reject nuclear weaponry as politically and morally objectionable, in the same quiet, undramatic way in which the public has rejected bomb shelters?

This is a question that the American military authorities ought to be seriously pondering. The nation may be approaching a time when further increases of offensive nuclear armament will not be politically acceptable. A longer time must elapse before public opinion can be expected to turn against nuclear weaponry altogether. But shifts of public opinion are unpredictable, and sometimes happen more quickly than anyone expects.

Is the United States, as a society, prepared to face the risks and uncertainties of living in a non-nuclear world?

In any consideration of this, the last question on my agenda, it is important to say clearly what a non-nuclear world is and what it is not. A non-nuclear world is not a world with all nuclear weapons magically annihilated and all knowledge of their construction erased from human memory by a supernatural power. A non-nuclear world is a world where, after long and arduous negotiations, supported by an aroused public opinion, a treaty has been signed and ratified by the nuclear powers prohibiting the possession and deployment of nuclear weapons; where the major nuclear-delivery systems and the known stockpiles of warheads have been publicly dismantled; where the good faith of the signatory powers is monitored by a substantial but necessarily imperfect verification system; where the existence of limited numbers of hidden nuclear weapons in unfriendly hands cannot be excluded; and where the knowledge and the technology for reassembling weapons are widely disseminated. It is not obvious that such a world would be more stable or less dangerous than the world we are living in now. Nevertheless, the non-nuclear world has important moral and political advantages, and its military hazards could be alleviated by a wise use of non-nuclear technological resources. Ultimately, there is no reason that the non-nuclear world

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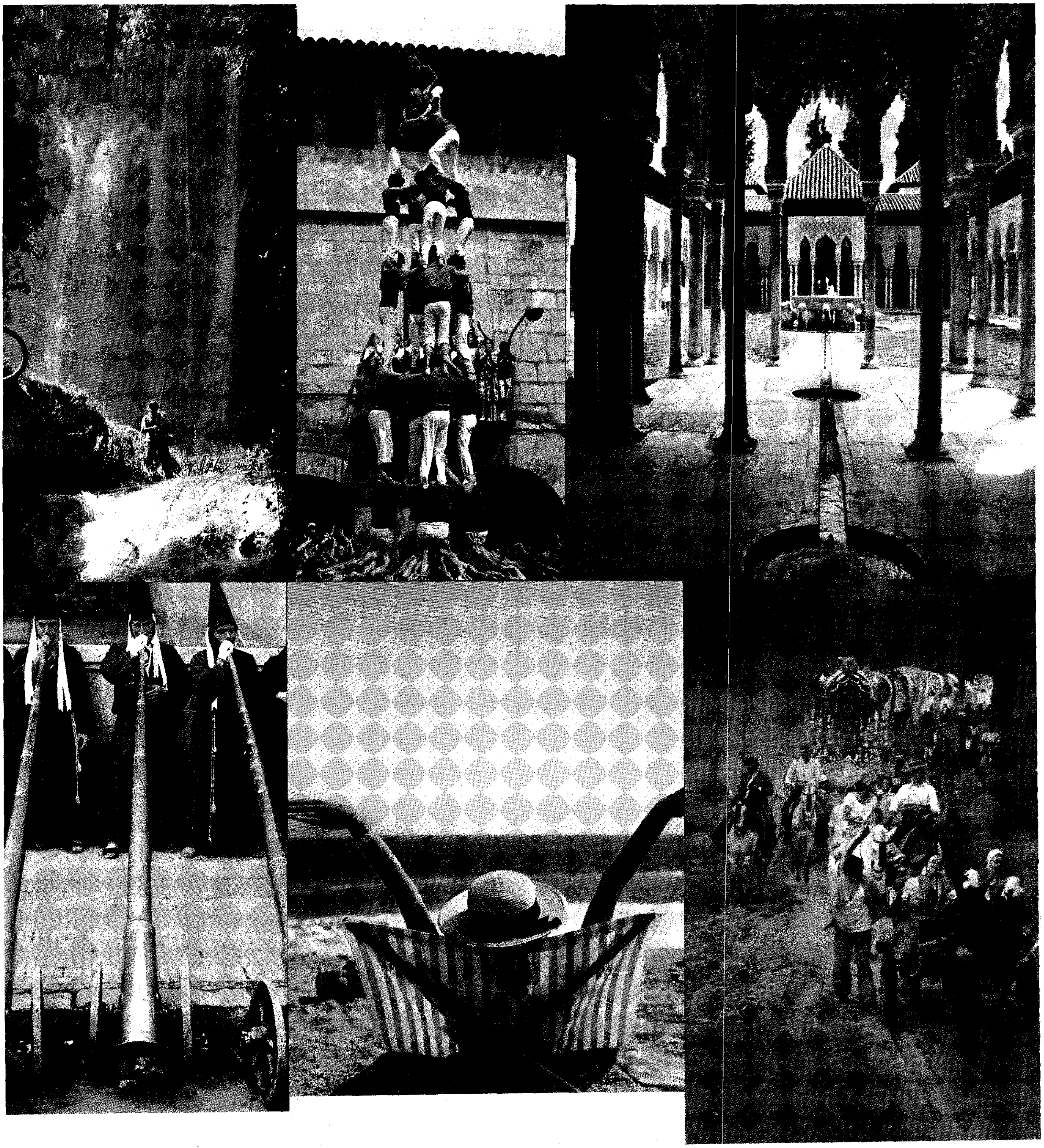

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should not be attractive to soldiers as well as to mothers and physicians. The sooner we all start thinking realistically about the challenges and difficulties of the non-nuclear world, the sooner we may have a chance to bring it into existence.

In what follows, I shall not limit myself to this agenda, nor shall I attempt to provide answers to all the questions on my list. The questions can have no definitive answers. Since the questions are concerned with politics and morality, it is not expected that everybody should agree about the answers. The purpose of the questions is to focus public debate on the broader issues of nuclear policy, in the hope that a genuine meeting of minds may become possible, with soldiers and citizens searching together for bold solutions to the problems of freedom and survival.

This essay is a record of my personal effort to understand the nature of war and weaponry. In order to avoid a nuclear war, it is not sufficient to be afraid of it. It is necessary to be afraid, but it is equally necessary to understand. And the first step in understanding is to recognize that the problem of nuclear war is basically not technical but human and historical. If the world is to avoid destruction, it must first of all understand the human and historical context from which destruction arises. Human beings must come to understand what it is in human nature that makes war so damnably attractive.

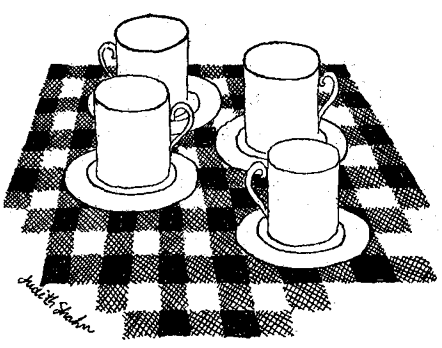
Since I look to history as a source of understanding, a large part of this essay is concerned with the past. History never repeats itself, but it offers wisdom to those who are willing to learn. It teaches its lessons in the form of parables. A parable is a story whose meaning is not obvious and which illustrates by homely example and analogy some important moral principle. Jesus taught in parables because he knew that people would remember his lessons better if they had to think out his meanings for themselves. The world still has much to learn from Jesus' style of teaching. When I look back into the past, I find in the two world wars the richest source of parables to help all of us see where we are going. This essay is therefore filled with war stories. The most important lessons come from the First World War. The First World War, taken as a whole, is a gigantic parable of the war that mankind is trying to avoid. It was a war of peculiar ugliness, fought with exceptional stupidity and brutality. It destroyed permanently a great part of European civilization. It was started for reasons that in retrospect seem almost trivial. The damage and loss suffered by all parties were utterly out of proportion to the pettiness of the initial quarrel between Serbia and Austria-Hungary. In all these respects, the history of the First World War holds up a mirror to the present, showing how small follies lead to great disasters, how ordinarily intelligent people walk open-eyed into Hell.

THE QUESTION OF SURVIVAL

On October 16, 1945, shortly after Robert Oppenheimer resigned his position as director of the Los Alamos Laboratories, there was a ceremony in which General Leslie Groves handed Oppenheimer a certificate. It said, "This Certificate is awarded to Los Alamos Laboratories for valuable services rendered to the Nation on work essential to the production of the Atomic Bomb, thereby contributing materially to the successful conclusion of World War II. [Signed] Robert P. Patterson, Under Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War."

Oppenheimer responded with the following speech:

> It is with appreciation and gratitude that I accept from you this scroll for the Los Alamos Laboratory, for the men and women whose work and whose hearts have made it. It is our hope that in years to come we may look at this scroll, and all that it signifies, with pride.
>
> Today that pride must be tempered with a profound concern. If atomic bombs are to be added as new weapons to the arsenals of a warring world, or to the arsenals of nations preparing for war, then the time will come when mankind will curse the names of Los Alamos and Hiroshima.
>
> The peoples of this world must unite, or they will perish. This war, that has ravaged so much of the earth, has written these words. The atomic bomb has spelled them out for all men to understand. Other men have spoken them, in other times, of other wars, of other weapons. They have not prevailed. There are some, misled by a false sense of human history, who hold that they will not prevail today. It is not for us to believe that. By our works we are committed, committed to a world united, before this common peril, in law, and in humanity.



On the one side, these words of Oppenheimer. On the other side, memories of England in 1939. In England in 1939, the younger generation was very sure that mankind must unite or perish. We had not the slightest confidence that anything worth preserving would survive the impending war against Hitler. The folk memory of England was dominated by the barbarities of the First World War, and none of us could believe that the Second World War would be less brutal or less demoralizing. It was frequently predicted that, as the First World War had led to the collapse of society and the triumph of Bolshevism in Russia, the Second World War would have the same effect in England.

My Uncle Oliver was a medical doctor who had spent his life building up public-health services in the Sudan. Early in 1939, he was recalled from retirement and placed in charge of the emergency ambulance organization of London. He was a good man for the job, being accustomed to tackling large medical problems under primitive conditions with improvised equipment. When he had time to spare from his ambulance work, he sometimes came to my parents' house in London and told us how the government was planning to deal with the catastrophic air attacks that were supposed to begin on the first day of the war. The first step after England declared war would be to empty the London hospitals of all non-emergency patients. Uncle Oliver's job would then be to take care of the air-raid casualties, which were officially expected to amount to a hundred thousand killed and two hundred thousand wounded within the first two weeks, besides two hundred thousand mentally incapacitated by the bombing. These numbers were not based on fantasy; they were the estimates of military experts who extrapolated to the capacity of the 1939 Luftwaffe the results achieved by smaller forces in Spain and Ethiopia. The experts did not all agree on those numbers, but they agreed on the general order of magnitude. Roughly speaking, the 1939 Luftwaffe could be expected to drop four hundred tons of bombs per day, and the experience of earlier wars indicated a civilian casualty rate of fifty physical and fifty mental casualties per ton.

Why were these casualty estimates

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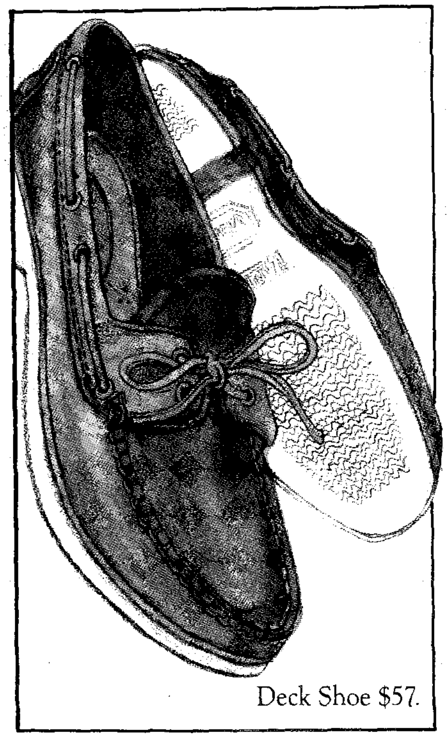

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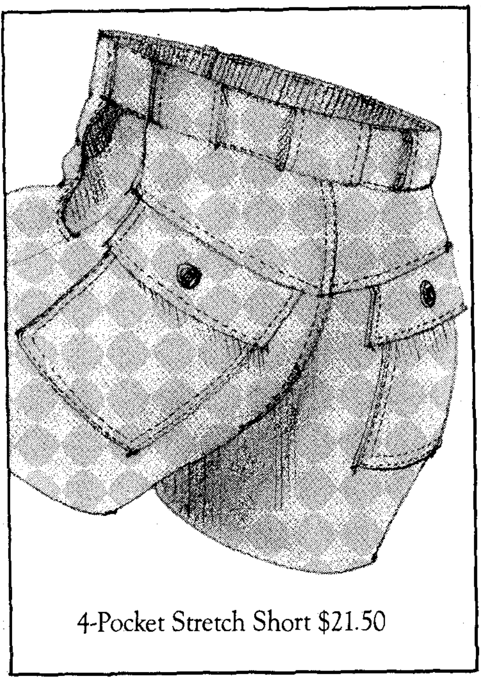

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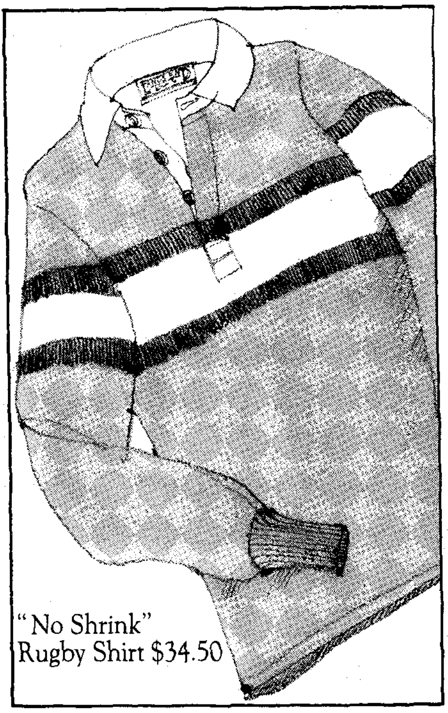

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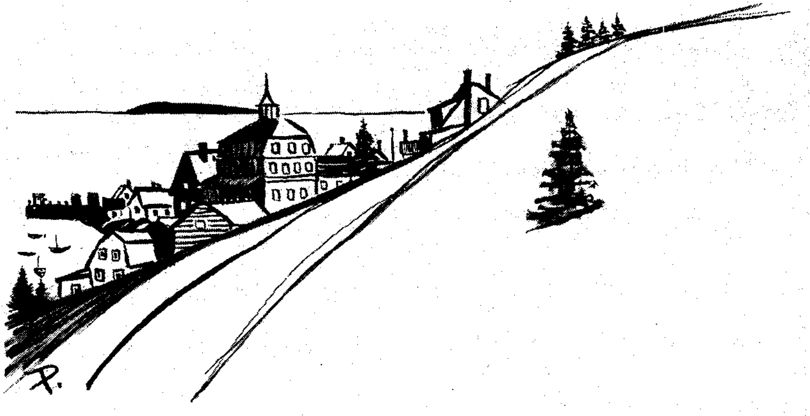
(Except Alaska and Hawaii call 608-935-2788) so wildly wrong? First of all, when the war started, on September 3rd, the Luftwaffe did not attack, and Uncle Oliver had an additional year to organize his ambulances. During that year, the British government evacuated a substantial number of children from London and established a rudimentary system of civil defense. When the bombing of London began, in September of 1940, the total daily tonnage was about as had been expected, but the casualties were less than had been expected by a factor of twenty. Perhaps a factor-of-two reduction of casualties could be attributed to the inaccuracy of the bombing: only about half the bombs fell in heavily built-up areas. The remaining factor-of-ten reduction must be attributed to a law of diminishing returns: as bombing becomes heavier, people rapidly adapt themselves to it and learn how to stay alive. The law of diminishing returns was confirmed later in Germany, where a bombardment much heavier than London's resulted in a casualty rate lower by an additional factor of three. Both in England and in Germany, the expected hordes of mental casualties failed to materialize. The survivors of the London bombing, who constituted more than ninety-nine per cent of the population, looked back with some nostalgia to the year of the blitz as a time of public friendliness and inner serenity. The ambulance drivers, usually pictured as young women nonchalantly driving their battered ambulances over rubble-choked streets, became a symbol of the city's toughness.

The experts who in 1939 so grossly overestimated the effectiveness of German bombing made many technical errors, but their major mistake was psychological. They failed to foresee that the direct involvement of civilian populations in warfare would strengthen their spirit and their social cohesion. The unexpected resilience and discipline of civilians under attack were seen not only in England but, even more strikingly, in Germany, Japan, and the Soviet Union. Would the same qualities be shown in the United States by the survivors of a nuclear attack? When one looks around today at the discordant and unheroic aspects of contemporary American society, it is easy to answer this question in the negative. Yet the English society of 1939 was just as discordant and unheroic.

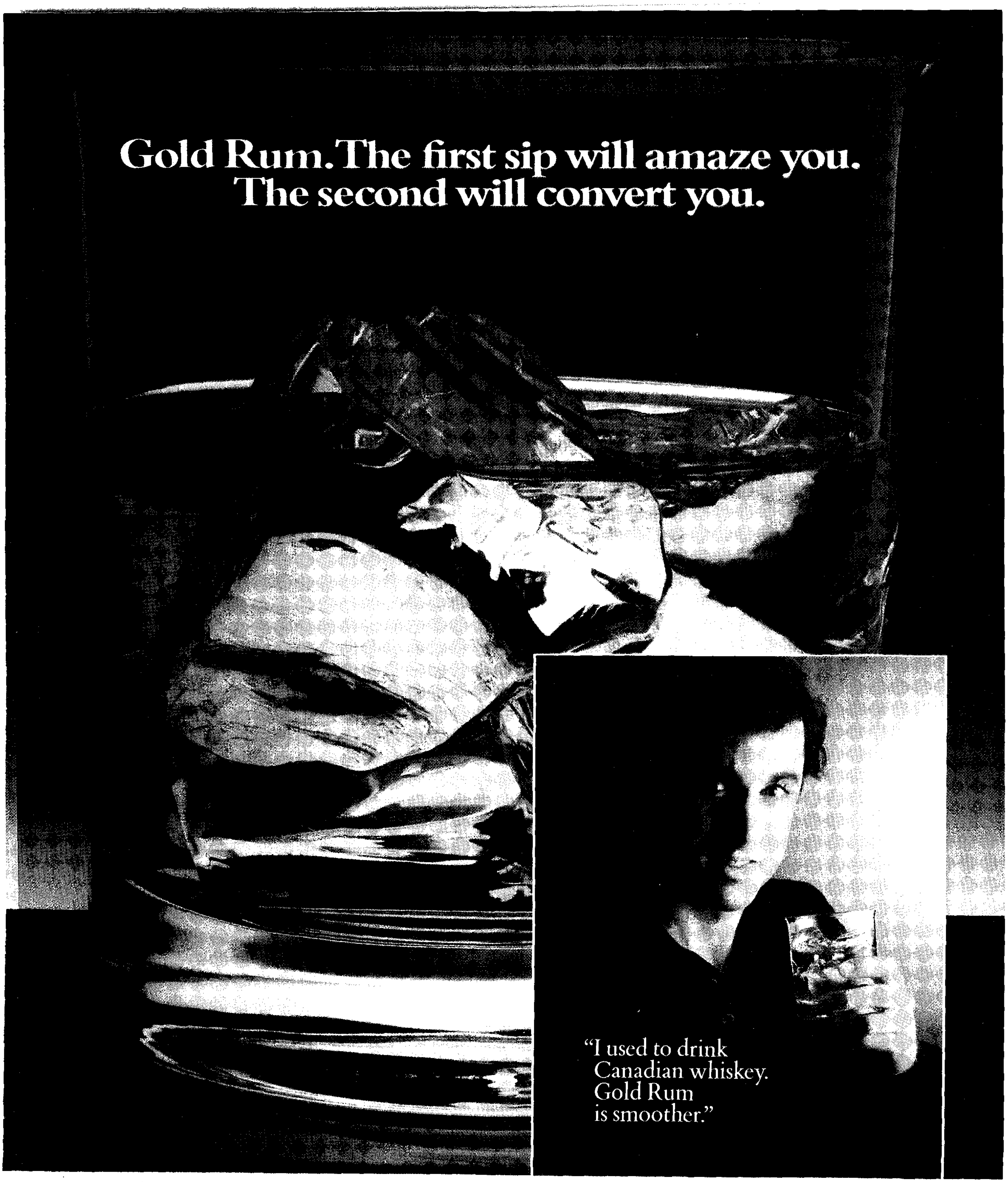
So one comes back to the simple and profound words of Oppenheimer: "The peoples of this world must unite, or they will perish." Many of us in England in 1939 believed this so strongly that we rejected altogether the morality of fighting, even for a just cause. War and surrender to Hitler were both unacceptable, and we took refuge in the doctrine of Gandhi, saying that only a nonviolent resistance to evil could defend our ideals without destroying them in the process. What we said in 1939 did not prevail. We learned in the six succeeding years that a war could still be fought and won without destroying our civilization. We learned that yielding to threats is the greater evil; and that is the lesson that most of us are still living by. When we in America in the nineteen-eighties apply this lesson to our dealings with the Soviet Union, are we misled by a false reading of human history? Is it a false reading of human history which teaches us that nationalism is still the strongest force in the world—stronger than the hydrogen bomb, and stronger than humanity? These are some of the questions that Oppenheimer's words raise but do not answer.

Oppenheimer was right in his basic perception that history changed its course in 1945. Never again can a major war be fought in the style of the Second World War. And yet, after thirty-nine years, international politics are conducted on all sides as if the lessons of the Second World War still applied. History proceeds at its old slow pace, even if its course is changed. The transition from virulent nationalism to a world united must be stretched out over centuries. Meanwhile, mankind has to live in a precarious balance, between the apocalyptic warning of Oppenheimer, on one side, and a possibly false reading of human history, on the other.



Ever since the destruction of Hiroshima, debates over nuclear strategy have continued, without producing agreement, or even mutual understanding, among the participants. One reason for the sterility of these discussions has been the dogmatic positions held on both sides concerning the question of survival. On one side are people, generally regarded as conservative, and including a large contingent of military officers and government officials, who believe that nuclear war is not fundamentally different from other kinds of war, and that the old-fashioned military virtues—preparedness, endurance, and discipline—will enable us to survive it. On the other side are people, generally regarded as liberal, and including a large contingent of scientists and academic military experts, who believe that survival is impossible, and that any preparations designed to improve our chances of survival are a dangerous delusion. The true believers on each side consider themselves to be not only right but morally superior. They consider the other side to be not only wrong but morally deficient.

Not all preachers of the opposing doctrines are narrow-minded and self-righteous. Classic statements of both arguments were published twenty years ago: Herman Kahn's "On Thermonuclear War," arguing that survival is possible, and Tom Stonier's "Nuclear Disaster," arguing that it is not. Both books are eloquent, fair-minded, and technically accurate. Each bases its argument on a deep study of human history as well as on technical assessments of damage and casualties produced by nuclear weapons. Anybody wishing to understand the problem of survival in all its complexity would be well advised to read both books. Unfortunately, few people wish to hear both sides of the case. The majority of scientists became aware of Kahn's book only through a review by James Newman published in *Scientific American.* Newman wrote a brilliant and scathing essay, first casting doubt on Herman Kahn's existence and then passionately denouncing him while ignoring the substance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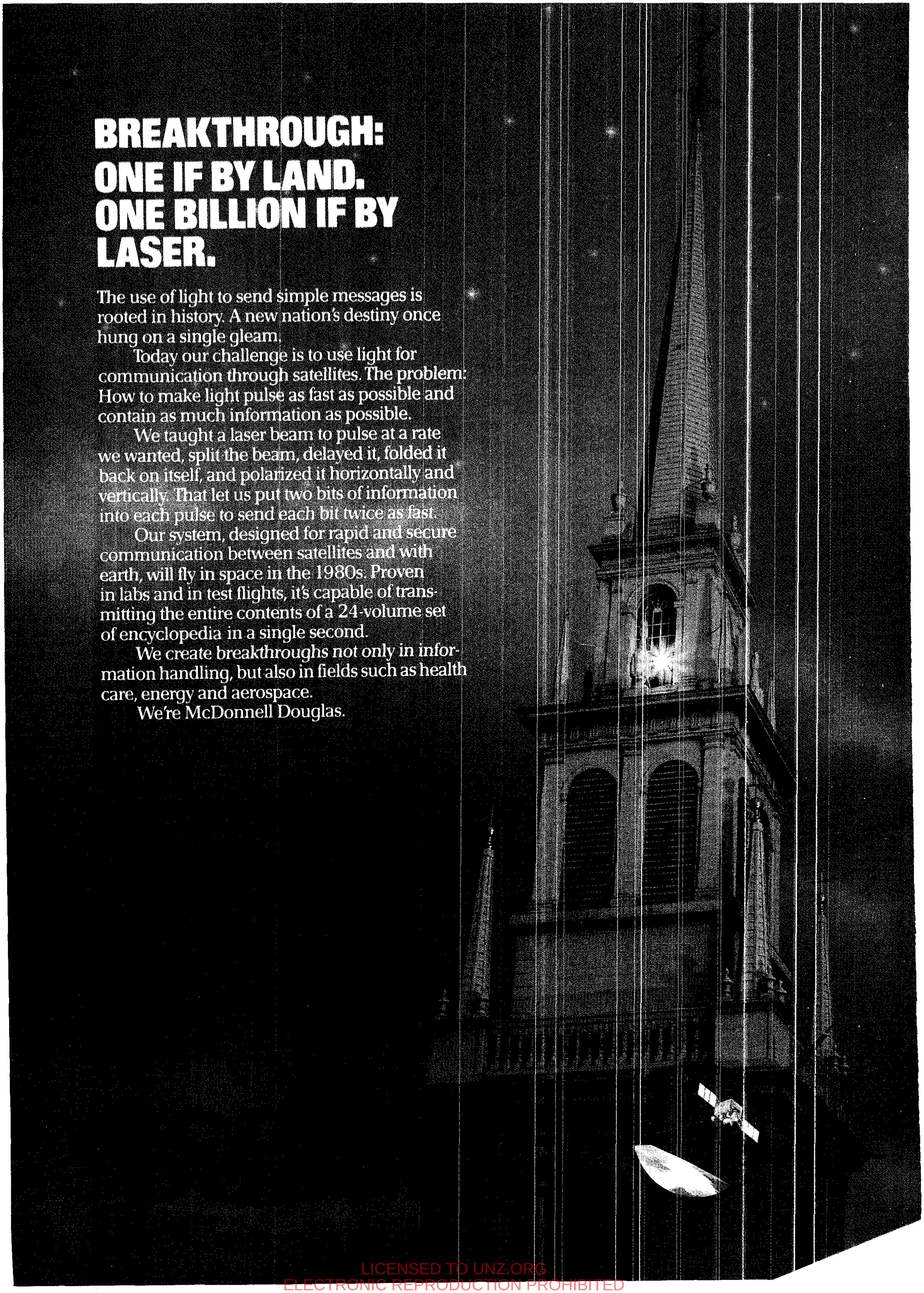

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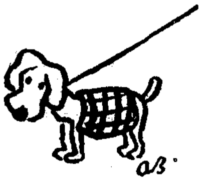
of his arguments. Stonier's book also failed to receive the attention it deserved, perhaps because the liberal establishment in the nineteen-sixties was preoccupied with Vietnam and had no time to spare for greater disasters.

How could it happen that Kahn and Stonier, two intelligent and well-informed thinkers, reached these opposite conclusions? Part of the explanation lies in their backgrounds, which differ greatly. Kahn (1922-83) was a physicist, Stonier a biologist. Kahn took his evidence from politics and diplomacy, Stonier from ecology. Kahn looked at war from the point of view of the warrior, Stonier from the point of view of the victim. But these differences would not have driven them to opposite conclusions if the question of survival had been objectively answerable. The fact of the matter is that Kahn's and Stonier's conclusions were subjective, based upon their personal judgments of human and social behavior—based, ultimately, upon intuition and faith. I have weighed their evidence, and my verdict is that while the arguments of both are emotionally convincing, the argument of neither is logically compelling. The only logical conclusion I can draw from their books is that nuclear war is incalculable. Whether or not humanity can survive depends on unknowable human responses to unimaginable tragedy. Nobody, despite the best efforts of systems analysts and social psychologists, can know in advance whether any functioning social and legal and economic fabric would emerge from a catastrophe without historical parallel. Historical and ecological analogies provide us with suggestive evidence, but they cannot provide certainty.

The debate concerning survival took a fresh turn in 1982 with the appearance of a special issue of *Ambio* entitled "Nuclear War: The Aftermath." *Ambio*, a professional journal of the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences, normally publishes analyses of environmental problems caused by peaceful economic activities. The special issue contains fourteen technical articles, all concerned with the effects of nuclear war. Many of the effects described in these articles were discussed by Tom Stonier twenty years earlier, but the *Ambio* authors raise a number of new questions. Whereas Stonier assumed that the heaviest effects of nuclear war would be confined largely to the belligerent countries and their near neighbors, the *Ambio* writers find that disturbances of the natural environment could be severe enough to destroy human societies over the entire Northern Hemisphere of the earth. Twenty years' experience with the recalcitrance of environmental problems has made the experts doubtful of the ability of the earth to heal the wounds inflicted by human folly. One of the new questions raised by *Ambio* concerns the global effect of smoke produced by burning cities and forests. The pall of smoke might be dense enough to darken the sky over much of the earth for several months, thereby bringing winter weather in midsummer and destroying a year's growth of food crops. Poor countries with subsistence economies might starve to death thousands of miles away from the nearest nuclear explosion. The editorial advisers for the special issue summarize its message by saying, "One of the conclusions that may be reached from this study is that the short-term effects for which we have relatively reliable calculations—fire, blast, and radioactive contamination—may be matched or even vastly overshadowed by longer-term, less predictable environmental effects."



The *Ambio* study has stimulated a new wave of calculations of climatic and chemical processes that could be triggered by nuclear explosions in the atmosphere. These new calculations may or may not confirm the *Ambio* estimates. In either case, the results of the new calculations will not put an end to uncertainties. The science of climate modelling has not yet progressed far enough to make it possible to predict with certainty, in the absence of a nuclear war, whether next winter will be mild or severe; it is unreasonable to expect the same science to come up with reliable descriptions of the meteorology of a nuclear holocaust. The meteorological uncertainties of nuclear war will remain at least as great as the uncertainties of peacetime weather prediction. The psychological and sociological uncertainties will remain even greater. The *Ambio* summary says, "About one-third of the urban survivors will be in a state of acute anxiety, and about 20 per cent of the other survivors will be so incapacitated by psychological and pathopsychological conditions that they will be unable to care for themselves or others." These estimates of psychological casualty rates are similar to the estimates made by the civil-defense experts in London in 1939. All such estimates are pure guesswork. The fact that the 1939 guess was wrong does not prove that the 1982 guess is wrong.

The *Ambio* study is important even if one does not believe its numerical conclusions. All its assumptions and all the detailed results of its assumptions are open to challenge. Alternative and equally plausible assumptions give widely different results. The study does not, as some of its authors claim, make the world's knowledge of the effects of nuclear war more precise. The study is important for the opposite reason. It has shown that the world's ignorance of the effects of nuclear war is even greater than anyone had realized. It has confirmed in the present era the judgment that Tolstoy expressed in "War and Peace" a century ago: that war is in its nature incalculable and unpredictable and uncontrollable.

Although it may be technically impossible for a single nuclear exchange to exterminate the human species, a succession of nuclear wars might well do so. The ultimate danger to our species comes not from the destructive effects of our existing stockpiles but from the possibility that the fighting of nuclear wars would become a habit—that we might find ourselves adapting too well to the fighting of nuclear wars. The effects of the first nuclear war might be severe enough not to exterminate mankind but to leave our species in some sense incurably insane. Hatred and suffering on an unparalleled scale might lock us into a cyclical pattern of war and rearmament and revenge which would in the end make our planet uninhabitable. As was said long ago, whom God wishes to destroy, He first makes mad. If a species becomes collectively insane, it becomes in the Darwinian sense unfit, and in the long run it is unlikely to survive. A sequence of ten nuclear wars, each one more desperate and more insane than the one before, could plausibly result in man's final disappearance from this planet. I have too much respect for the sanity of our species to believe that such an outcome is probable, but I cannot say that it is a technical impossibility.

In opposition to the *Ambio* authors stands an extensive literature written by experts in the technology of civil defense. Advocates of civil defense can demonstrate that simple protective measures would substantially reduce the lethality of almost any nuclear attack. Their calculations, like the *Ambio* calculations, are based on unproved assumptions. Whatever factual information exists about the global effects of nuclear explosions is derived mainly from analysis of the bomb tests that were carried out in the atmosphere by the United States and the Soviet Union during the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties. These bomb tests had an aggregate yield of about three hundred megatons—about one-thirtieth of the megatonnage of a full-scale nuclear war. People who believe in survival can argue that since the planet survived the bomb tests with only minor damage even the thirty-times-as-great stress of a full-scale war should not strain the planetary ecology to its breaking point. People who do not believe in survival can argue that the extrapolation of damage estimates from the hundred-megaton range of the bomb tests to the thousand-megaton range of full-scale war is illegitimate—that there is no reason to expect ecological damage to be proportional to megatonnage. So the argument goes on, with no end in sight.

Since the believers in survival and the believers in nonsurvival have failed for thirty-five years to convince each other, I propose to break the deadlock by dogmatically adopting a third position. My dogma is that the question of survival is undecidable. There is no way short of actually fighting a nuclear war to find out whether anything worth preserving would survive it. This dogma of undecidability is consistent with all available evidence. And it may help the world to escape from the doctrinal rigidities that have frustrated its efforts to negotiate nuclear disarmament. The dogma of undecidability is not just an abstract proposition. It has immediate practical consequences. It implies two fundamental rules of conduct for the nuclear age. It says that since survival may be possible it makes sense to try to save lives. It says that since survival may be impossible it makes no sense to count the lives saved.

The rule that it is meaningless to try to count the lives saved can have a direct impact upon some of the urgent political problems of the nineteen-eighties. If everyone understands this rule, the world will be able for the first time to deal rationally with the issue of counterforce. Irrational fear of counterforce has been one of the main causes of failure of arms-control negotiations. Counterforce means a policy of aiming nuclear weapons only at military targets, and not at civilian populations. The detailed implications of this policy will be examined later. Counterforce has been for many years the official policy of the Soviet strategic rocket forces. It is also, to some extent, in spite of theoretical ambiguities, the policy of the United States; the number of strategic warheads on each side far exceeds the number of significant nonmilitary targets, so the majority of the weapons must be aimed at military targets if they are aimed at anything at all. The military officers of my acquaintance who have anything to do with the targeting of weapons prefer the counterforce policy; they accept the fact that weapons aimed at military targets will incidentally kill vast numbers of civilians, but they still feel a strong moral repugnance against killing civilians deliberately. Unfortunately, their ethical preference for counterforce tends to bring the United States into a potentially unstable situation. The theorists of arms control strongly oppose the counterforce policy, on the ground that counterforce leads to strategic instability. In simple words, the arms controllers' argument is that if I aim my weapons at your weapons instead of at your population I have a greater incentive to strike first. This argument against counterforce is theoretically valid. It would be a decisive argument in a theoretical world where the effects of nuclear war could be calculated. In the real world, the world where survival of nuclear war is undecidable and unpredictable, the argument is less cogent. No matter how my weapons are aimed, I have no way of counting the lives that I might save by striking first. In the real world, the only way I can be sure of saving lives is not to strike at all.

The arms controllers' argument against counterforce has had the unfortunate effect of misleading the American people and government into a paranoid fear of the Soviet counterforce policy. It is reasonable to be afraid of Russian weapons, but it is unreasonable to regard the Soviet counterforce policy as evidence of particularly evil or murderous intentions, and it is unreasonable to suppose that the dangers of nuclear war would be much reduced in the unlikely event that the Soviet authorities could be induced to change their policy by arguments based on a theoretical view of strategic instability which they do not share. It is more likely that the dangers of nuclear war could be reduced by an explicit recognition on both sides that counterforce targeting is inevitable as long as nuclear weapons continue to exist.

If we Americans could all accept the Soviet view that counterforce targeting is a lesser evil than the direct targeting of populations, one of the serious sources of misunderstanding in disarmament negotiations would be removed. We might then find it easier to reach agreement on specific measures of arms reduction. We might, in fact, have ratified the SALT II agreement after it was signed in 1979 if some important American senators had not been convinced that the possession of accurate SS-18 missiles gave the Soviet Union a dangerous counterforce advantage. We might be able to negotiate substantial reductions of intermediate-range weapons in Europe if we did not insist that the most accurate Soviet missile, the SS-20, must be removed first. Both the SS-20 and the SS-18 arouse disproportionate anxiety in the minds of American politicians because they are effective counterforce weapons. They are valued highly by Soviet leaders for the same reason. Common sense suggests that if the arms negotiators wish to make serious progress they leave these particular weapons aside and concentrate their attention on others. There are plenty of other missiles that they might agree to dismantle. To make this possible, however, Americans must first understand that SS-18s and SS-20s are no better and no worse than other kinds of missiles—that in nuclear war the effects of accurate and inaccurate weapons are equally incalculable. In a world where one cannot count the lives saved, there is no reason to distrust the naïve human instinct that tells one it is better to aim weapons at things than at people.

The rule that it is meaningless to count the lives saved has other consequences. It applies to the enemy's lives as well as to our own. Both applications of the rule are important. Applied to the enemy's lives, the rule says that it is absurd for Americans to react with paranoid anxiety to reports that the Soviet government is building bomb shelters and planning the evacuation of cities in an attempt to protect some fraction of the Soviet population. The Soviet government is acting reasonably in doing whatever it can to save the lives of Soviet citizens, but neither the Soviet government nor ours has any reason to feel confident of the effectiveness of such efforts. Applied to our own lives, the rule says that it is absurd for Americans to oppose the building of active defenses against nuclear bombardment because of an assumed incompatibility between defense and deterrence of nuclear war. There are valid reasons for opposing active defense; one may reasonably oppose defense because it is expensive or because it is ineffective or because it is forbidden by treaty, but it is unreasonable to oppose defense on the ground that it would weaken deterrence. The theoretical antagonism between defense and deterrence disappears as soon as it is understood that all counting of the lives saved by defense is illusory. The practical and moral issues raised by active defense and by bomb shelters will also be discussed later.

I recently watched a documentary film about nuclear weapons which included a short scene showing a class of American schoolchildren being taught to take quick shelter under their desks when the teacher blew a whistle. The schoolroom scene was photographed around 1960, when civil defense was briefly popular. The 1982 audience reacted to the scene with contemptuous giggles—this in spite of the fact that the audience had seen a few minutes earlier a scene of Hiroshima schoolchildren horribly burned. If those Hiroshima children had been sitting under their desks when the bomb exploded, they would probably not have been burned. But the 1982 audience did not look at it this way. One member of the 1982 audience expressed the feelings of the majority: "Well, if the bomb comes we're all dead anyway, so why bother to save a few children?"

Who was right—the 1960 teacher or the 1982 audience? This is a deep ethical problem, with strong arguments to be made on both sides. But one thing, at least, is clear. The response "We're all dead anyway, so why bother?" is inadequate. We cannot know in advance that we are all dead. Nuclear war is incalculable. It could happen that a single nuclear weapon would explode a few miles away from the school, with no general holocaust following. In that case, the children trained to slip quickly under their desks might be saved from months of pain and lifelong disfigurement. Does the remote chance of an irrational event justify the taking of special precautions? Such questions are not easy to answer.

Americans have grown up in a cultural milieu that leads them to expect practical questions to have answers. They tend to believe numerical predictions and calculations. A conspicuous example of this tendency is the American style of strategic analysis, both in the military establishment and in the academic arms-control community. Even in congressional-committee hearings, which are supposed to be intelligible to laymen, discussions of strategic issues are generally conducted in quantitative terms, with frequent reference to calculations of kill-probabilities, cost-effectiveness ratios, and survival rates. With this background, it is difficult for American policymakers to grasp the central fact about nuclear war: that survival cannot be calculated. They want a calculable answer to every question.

Perhaps the best answer to the question of active defense and all the other ethical questions of nuclear policy is to be found not in the professional literature of twentieth-century strategists but in an Indian poem written two thousand years ago, the Bhagavad-Gita:

> You have the right to work, but for the work's sake only. You have no right to the fruits of work. Desire for the fruits of work must never be your motive in working.

This was the answer of the god Krishna to the warrior Arjuna when he asked whether it was right to engage in war. The same answer can be given to the modern warrior who asks whether it is right to try to defend a country against nuclear weapons. You have the right to defend, but you have no right to count the fruits of defense. You have the right to try to save lives, but you have no right to count the lives saved. This answer is not easy for Americans to digest. We are accustomed to making Indians think like Americans. It is more difficult to persuade Americans to think like Indians.

—FREEMAN DYSON

(This is the first part of a four-part article.)

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THE ART WORLD

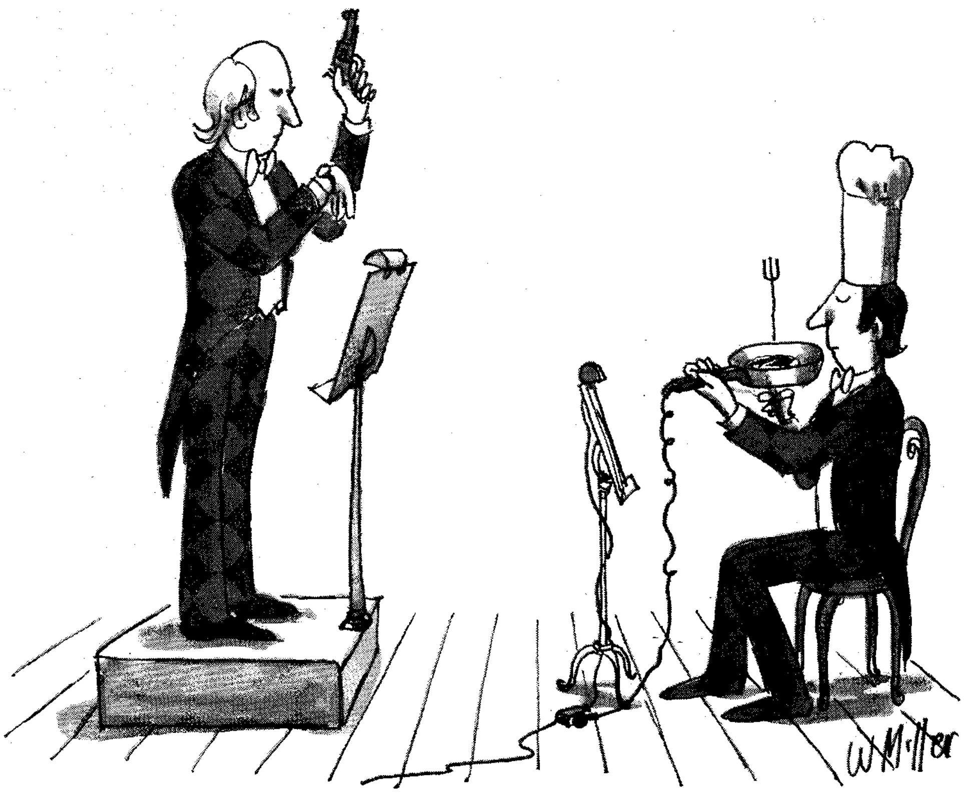
Manet and de Kooning

IF modern art began with Édouard Manet, it may very well have ended with Willem de Kooning. Of course, there is no absolute proof that modern art is finished, in spite of all the recent elegies. A great deal of contemporary painting and sculpture seems at first glance to come straight out of the modernist hopper, and so far nobody has been able to define for us exactly how it has gone on to become something else. (The term "postmodern" doesn't help a bit.) All the same, the de Kooning retrospective now at the Whitney Museum (through February 26th), following so closely on the heels of the great Manet exhibition at the Metropolitan, does look in many ways like the end of the modernist story. The road that Manet opened when he made art itself the subject of his own art—the road followed by so many of the great modernists—reaches with de Kooning a sort of heroic dead end, which subsequent artists have had to find a way out of. I can't remember seeing any two major exhibitions that commented more fluently on one another, or on the last hundred years of visual art.

Viewed in such proximity, Manet and de Kooning turned out to have more in common than we might have thought. Virtuoso painters, deeply rooted in older traditions of art and determined to do work that would hold its own against the art of the museums; charismatic personalities who stood somewhat aloof from the movements that they helped to inspire; radicals in spite of themselves, who managed to shock and alienate both the avant-garde and the conservatives with paintings of women whose brazen attributes offended taste on several levels at once—they would surely have appreciated each other's company. A world of social difference lay between them, of course. Manet was a *grand bourgeois*, impeccable in all matters of personal style, a frequenter of the Café Tortoni and all the other elegant and socially correct places to be in the Paris of the Second Empire and the Third Republic. Charming, generous, witty—"direct and exuberant about everything," according to his fellow-artist Berthe Morisot—he seems to have been a walking example of those qualities that we think of as superlatively Parisian, although it also appears that none of his many friends knew him very well. De Kooning's background was light-years away in tone—lower middle class, dour, Dutch. His father was a wine and beer distributor in Rotterdam, his mother a barmaid; when they divorced, the father got custody of Willem, but the mother took him away by force and eventually had the custody order reversed. De Kooning held on to certain working-class attitudes for years after he came to this country, in 1926, as an engine-room wiper aboard an English cargo ship. Until 1935, the year he spent on the W.P.A. Federal Art Project, he thought of himself as a workingman who painted on the side, and several of the early paintings at the Whitney are portraits of himself or his friends as workers—melancholy figures in drab, Depression clothes. To his intimates, though, it was always clear that de Kooning was an aristocrat. "He has an aristocrat's sense of irony and manners," the critic Thomas B. Hess, who knew him well, once wrote. Others have noted the wit, the generosity, the charm, and the attractiveness to women.

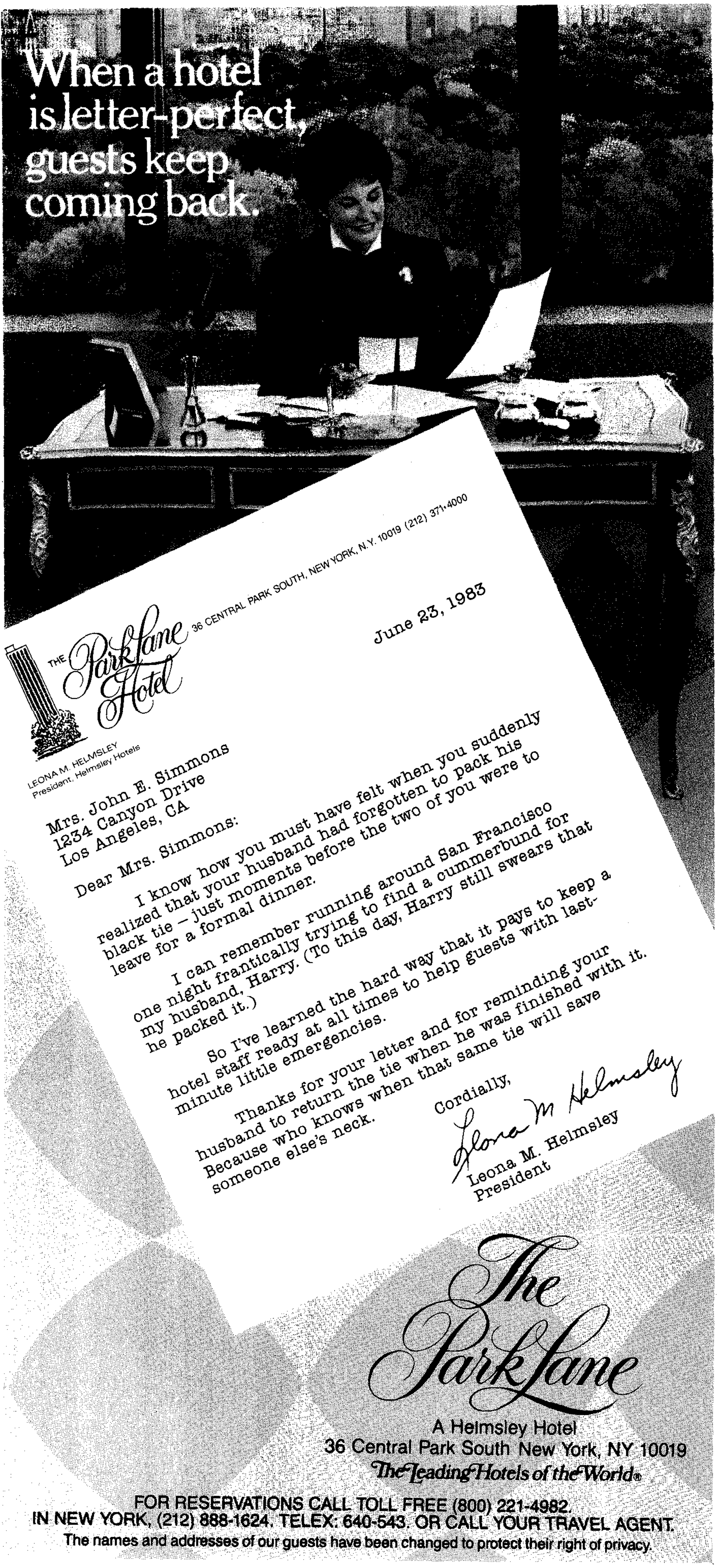
With all their social and aesthetic gifts, neither Manet nor de Kooning took the path of easy success. "I work out of doubt," de Kooning has said, putting his finger on one of the keys to understanding his work. Doubt, uncertainty, contradiction, the emphasis on becoming rather than being, on process rather than completion, on the journey rather than the arrival—this is the intellectual climate of de Kooning's Abstract Expressionism, and of one whole area of modern art as well. The indeterminate path that dissolves in the turmoil of de Kooning's raw pigment is not so easily discernible to us now in Manet's work, but it was apparent to Manet's contemporaries. "Music in the Tuileries," the picture with which Manet concluded his apprenticeship to Goya, Velázquez, and other Old Masters and declared his own radical aesthetic, was considered crude and offensive to the eye when it was shown, in 1863, in Manet's first one-man exhibition in Paris. Émile Zola, Manet's friend and defender, later recalled that "an exasperated visitor went so far as to threaten violence if 'Music in the Tuileries' were allowed to remain in the exhibition hall." What viewers disliked in 1863 was not so much the picture's jarring

THE MINUTE-STEAK WALTZ



color contrasts as its sketchiness, its lack of "finish." Manet's technique of painting in "patches" of color, which annoyed the critics of his day, has a highly finished look to our eyes. The glossy, resonant blacks of the men's top hats and their long jackets, the flashes of opulent color in the dresses of the seated women, the animation of the outdoor scene give us, if anything, a sense of how much painting lost when it ceased to mirror the physical world. Manet's contemporaries, more aware than we are of how far this picture departed from familiar compositional devices and visual conventions, found it disturbing, arbitrary, crude.

Their discomfort rose to something like fury when they were confronted, at the famous 1863 Salon des Refusés, by "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe." This modernist icon was not in the Metropolitan show, and neither was "Olympia," painted later the same year; the Louvre refuses, quite understandably, to let them travel. Their absence left a huge gap, for in these two paintings Manet made a peculiarly modern ambiguity the centerpiece of his art. The point of focus in each is a naked woman whose frank, open, and slightly mocking stare is directed unmistakably at the viewer, drawing him or her into the highly equivocal scene and demanding a response. It was evident that Manet, in his "Déjeuner," was quoting from the Old Masters—principally from Giorgione's "Concert Champêtre" (which is now attributed to Titian). But what on earth is going on in this updated version of a pastoral scene, and how are we to respond to it? Two young men, fully dressed in fashionable clothes of the eighteen-sixties, sit discoursing on the ground of an obviously fake forest while their unclothed female companion looks neither at them nor at nature but at the viewer. The same woman stares out at us from "Olympia" (literally the same one; Victorine Meurent, Manet's favorite model at the time, posed for both pictures), but here she is clearly a prostitute, poised on deliciously white sheets for her client. It is not hard to see why viewers at the 1865 Salon, where "Olympia" was first exhibited, resisted so strenuously her thin-lipped invitation. Was Manet baiting the public? Considering his lifelong desire for success at the Salon, a deliberate provocation on his part seems unlikely. Nevertheless, these two paintings delivered the coup de grâce to academic Salon painting in France, and announced the modern artist's new de-



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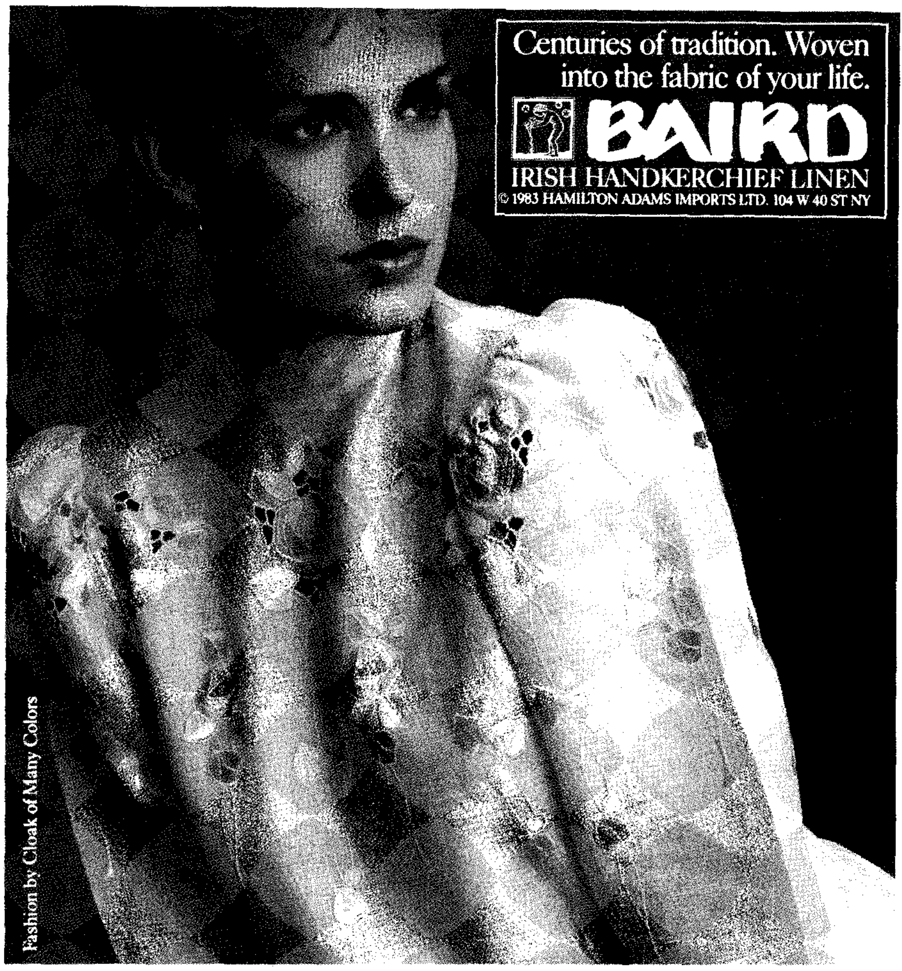
mand: the viewer must enter into the world of the painting, decide for himself, with no help from tradition, how to interpret the work, and (as Marcel Duchamp suggested some years later) complete the creative act that the artist had begun.

It is as though Manet, having accepted his friend Baudelaire's challenge to be a painter of modern, urban life in all its transitory aspects, had decided to throw the challenge right back at the onlooker. Modern life in the industrial era implied fragmentation, dislocation, uncertainty, risk; it was full of ironic and inharmonious details—like the black cat arching its back at the end of Olympia's bed. The "heroism of modern life" that Baudelaire referred to in a famous essay required the recognition that there were no longer any comfortable certainties, in life or in art. It is Manet's constant awareness of this situation that makes his paintings, to me, more profound and satisfying than those of the Impressionists, whom he never quite joined in spirit or in fact.

The human subjects in Manet's paintings after 1860 have an air of alienation with which we are only too familiar. Theodore Reff, a leading Manet scholar, has described Manet's aesthetic milieu as "a world of strangers adrift in a seemingly limitless space, who are cut off severely at its edges, reflected ambiguously in its mirrors, remote from each other even when seated together." This is the world of "A Bar at the Folies-Bergère," Manet's last great painting (finished in 1882, the year before he died, at the age of fifty-one), a painting that disturbs and confuses us as powerfully as it draws us into its shifting, smoky light and skewed perspective. Here we can be sure of nothing except the gloriously painted still-life in the foreground—the certainty of objects. The central figure of the young barmaid has a vacant expression that can be (and has been) interpreted in a dozen different ways. Whom is she looking at? Is it the top-hatted man at the extreme right, reflected in a mirror? If so, why is he placed at that impossible angle? The shimmering, blurred figures in the background coexist uneasily with the precise foreground details—the bottles of Bass ale and of liquors and the compote of mandarin oranges on the marble counter. Seeing the painting at the Metropolitan last fall, I thought it struck a chord of malaise, of corrupted beauty, but that could have been my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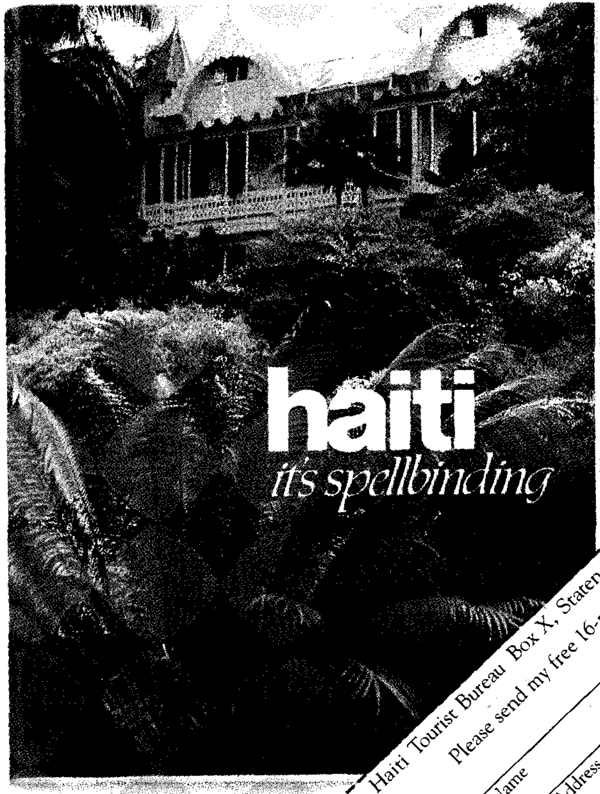

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own contribution. It is a painting that changes as we look at it.

THE painters of modern life—a category from which I exclude Mondrian and other artists whose concern was almost exclusively with the formal properties of line, shape, and color—have all had to come to grips with the issues that Manet raised. For de Kooning, the metaphor of modern life became painting itself. In a statement on "What Abstract Art Means to Me," which was read at a Museum of Modern Art seminar in 1951, de Kooning said that for him and for certain other artists he knew painting "is a way of living today, a style of living so to speak"—"that is where the form of it lies." His own life and his own way of working had by then become the model for countless New York artists, including those who struggled hard (as Rauschenberg and Johns did) to break away from his influence. De Kooning was a legendary figure in the New York art community long before he had his first one-man show, at the Egan Gallery, in 1948. His refusal to show work until he thought it was ready; the immense difficulty he had finishing a picture (dozens of canvases that looked magnificent to his friends were scraped off and re-started, over and over again); the depth of his knowledge of European art history, and his quirky brilliance in discussing it—all this was as impressive to other artists as the paintings that he did manage to finish. De Kooning's influence was and continues to be greater than Jackson Pollock's, although it was de Kooning who, with typical large-mindedness, said that the seminal achievement of Abstract Expressionism had been Pollock's: "Jackson Pollock broke the ice." Younger artists in the nineteen-fifties used to imitate de Kooning's mannerisms as well as his swooping, calligraphic line; one of them even took to wearing a black wool seaman's cap like de Kooning's, and to speaking with a Dutch accent. At that period in New York, when contemporary art was a matter of serious concern to no more than fifty non-artists, de Kooning's aristocratic poverty and his total dedication to painting as "a way of living" served as a moral lodestone; he seemed to establish for everyone else the integrity of advanced abstract art. When "Excavation," an abstract oil painting into which he put all he had learned in fifteen years of work and experiment, won the major prize at

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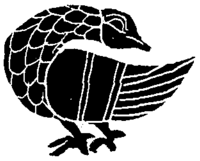
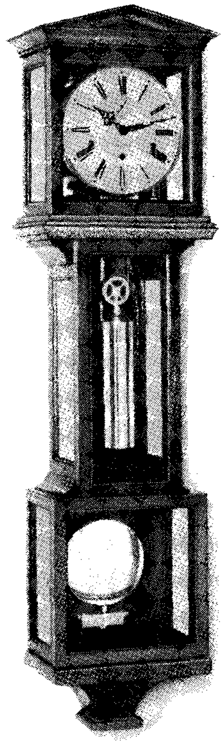
the Art Institute of Chicago's exhibition of painting and sculpture in 1951, the entire New York avant-garde felt vindicated.



By then, however, and to everyone's astonishment, de Kooning had turned away from pure abstraction and started painting his Women. Shock waves fanned out in all directions, comparable in their way to those set off by Manet's "Déjeuner" and "Olympia." Didn't he know that the human figure was something you could no longer use? Georges Mathieu, a Paris artist embedded in his own form of gestural abstraction, cabled the Artists' Club in New York to protest de Kooning's betrayal of the abstract cause. A few people saw beyond the shock waves. The Museum of Modern Art bought "Woman, I," the first of the series—a picture on which de Kooning had worked for nearly two years, scraping and repainting and scraping the image off again. For three weeks in 1950, the canvas had lain crumpled in a corner of his studio, until the art historian Meyer Schapiro came in one day and de Kooning pulled it out to show to him, and then started to work on it again. Neither "Woman, I" nor "Excavation," which is owned by the Art Institute of Chicago, could be borrowed for the Whitney retrospective, and their absence is roughly equivalent to the absence of "Déjeuner" and "Olympia" from the Manet show. More than a dozen post-1950 "Woman" paintings and a great many drawings are on view, though, each one surprisingly different from the others, and the emotional impact of these violent, scarifying images is the high point of the exhibition.

Even now, thirty years later, de Kooning's ferocious, grimacing, wildly distorted "Woman" paintings tend to make people reach for psychiatric explanations. De Kooning must hate women, they say; his mother really had it in for him. This sort of reaction probably has more to do with the viewer than with the artist. Like Manet, de Kooning was commenting on past art—going back all the way to prehistoric fertility figures and Mesopotamian idols. He also carried the image forward to nineteen-fifties cigarette ads, Fourteenth Street shopgirls, and Marilyn Monroe. "I always seem to be wrapped in the melodrama of vulgarity," he told the 1951 MOMA seminar. What really disturbs us about his "Woman" series is the same thing that disturbed Manet's contemporaries about "Olympia": there she is, looking straight at you, appearing and disappearing in those storms of dragged, seething, yet somehow perfectly controlled color, demanding that you get into the painting and come to terms with her. Is the viewer expected to recreate the experience that de Kooning had when he painted her? I don't think so. De Kooning's art is not really autobiography, after all. It is too open-ended, too deliberately unfinished for that. De Kooning himself once complained to Tom Hess that in all the verbal hoo-ha over "Woman, I" nobody had noticed that it was funny. Certainly humor is there (de Kooning is one of the few great artists who make room for humor; Manet is another), along with what the critic Irving Sandler has described as "the anxious, rootless, and violent reality of a swiftly paced urban life." You, the onlooker, are expected to thrash around in that painted reality, with your autobiography as a guide.

Reality in a de Kooning is very different, however, from reality in a Manet. Although Manet is looked upon today as the first artist to make painting itself the subject of his work—and thus as the progenitor of the modernist dictum that a painting should be a thing in its own right, and not just a representation of some other thing—he also concerned himself to a very large degree with the physical world, and his dazzling skill in representing that world is what drew the enormous crowds to the Metropolitan show. The same thing could be said, to a lesser degree, of Picasso and Matisse. It cannot be said of de Kooning. The space in de Kooning's pictures, the pictorial context, is what de Kooning calls a "no-environment." It is an ambiguous, shifting space, impossible to get your bearings in—a space that is a reflection of the artist's mind. In this sense, it is also a cul-de-sac. Why is de Kooning's art still so difficult for a public that accepts, say, Roy Lichtenstein? Much of his painting since the "Woman" series has been rooted in landscape, that most durable of popular favorites. De Kooning's mastery of color and his sheer painterly skill are certainly comparable to Manet's. It used to be said of Picasso that he had the best wrist in the business; by that token de Kooning has the best shoulder—nobody around today can match the authority of those



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broad, sweeping brushstrokes, which for thirty years have been synonymous with the "look" of Abstract Expressionism. What is it, then, that makes de Kooning's appeal a relatively narrow one?

The question leads back, I think, to that more general issue the end of modern art. De Kooning is still with us, still painting at the age of seventy-nine, still upholding the integrity of advanced modern art. Compared with the paintings, drawings, and sculptures in the Whitney retrospective (twenty-four bronzes that he did between 1969 and 1974 are also on display), nearly everything produced by younger artists in this country and in Europe during the last ten years looks trivial. There is more to be seen, more complex activity, in one square inch of a de Kooning than in an entire show by some of our current art stars. The Whitney retrospective, in fact, may turn out to have an unexpectedly adverse effect on the vogue for neo-expressionism, which depends to such a large extent on the achievements of previous generations of artists. What postmodern art lacks, it seems to me, is precisely de Kooning's sense of painting as a way of living, as something that matters absolutely—more than recognition, or career, or life itself.

Art replaced life for de Kooning, and for certain others of his generation. The process had begun before the turn of the century, when artist after artist decided that it was demeaning to imitate, or "represent," the natural world. Illusion came to be seen as fraud. Painting became its own raison d'être, and the artist—the kind of artist, at any rate, who chose to deal with "modern life"—came increasingly to identify that life with the experience of making art. For de Kooning, carrying the process to its furthest point, reality resides exclusively in the paint on the canvas. Those sun-dappled, slightly hilarious beach girls in his post-1963 paintings, those color-drenched hints of landscape in the later abstractions are all that is left of a world other than paint. They are the residue of what de Kooning has called his "slipping glimpse"—that momentary flash of something seen out of the corner of the eye, that fractional nod by an intelligence that does not wander from the canvas in the Long Island studio. Real life is somewhere else—on the other side of the impenetrable curtain that modern art had become.

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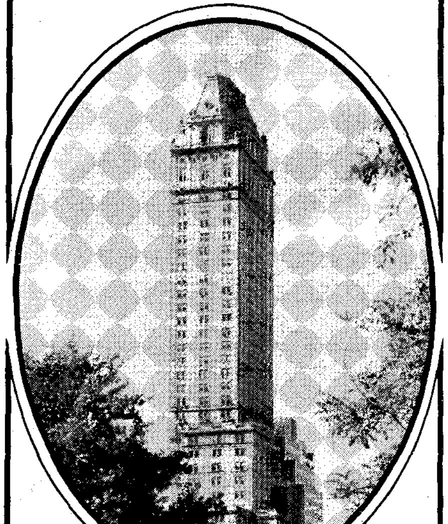

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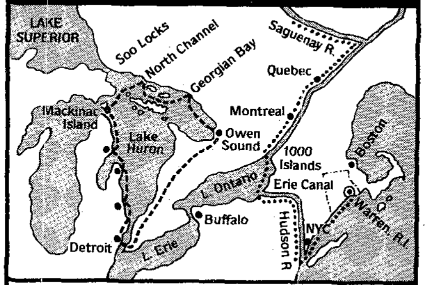

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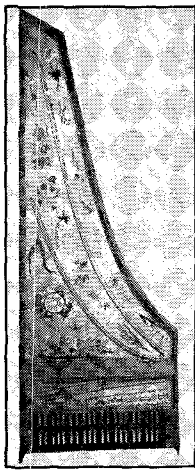

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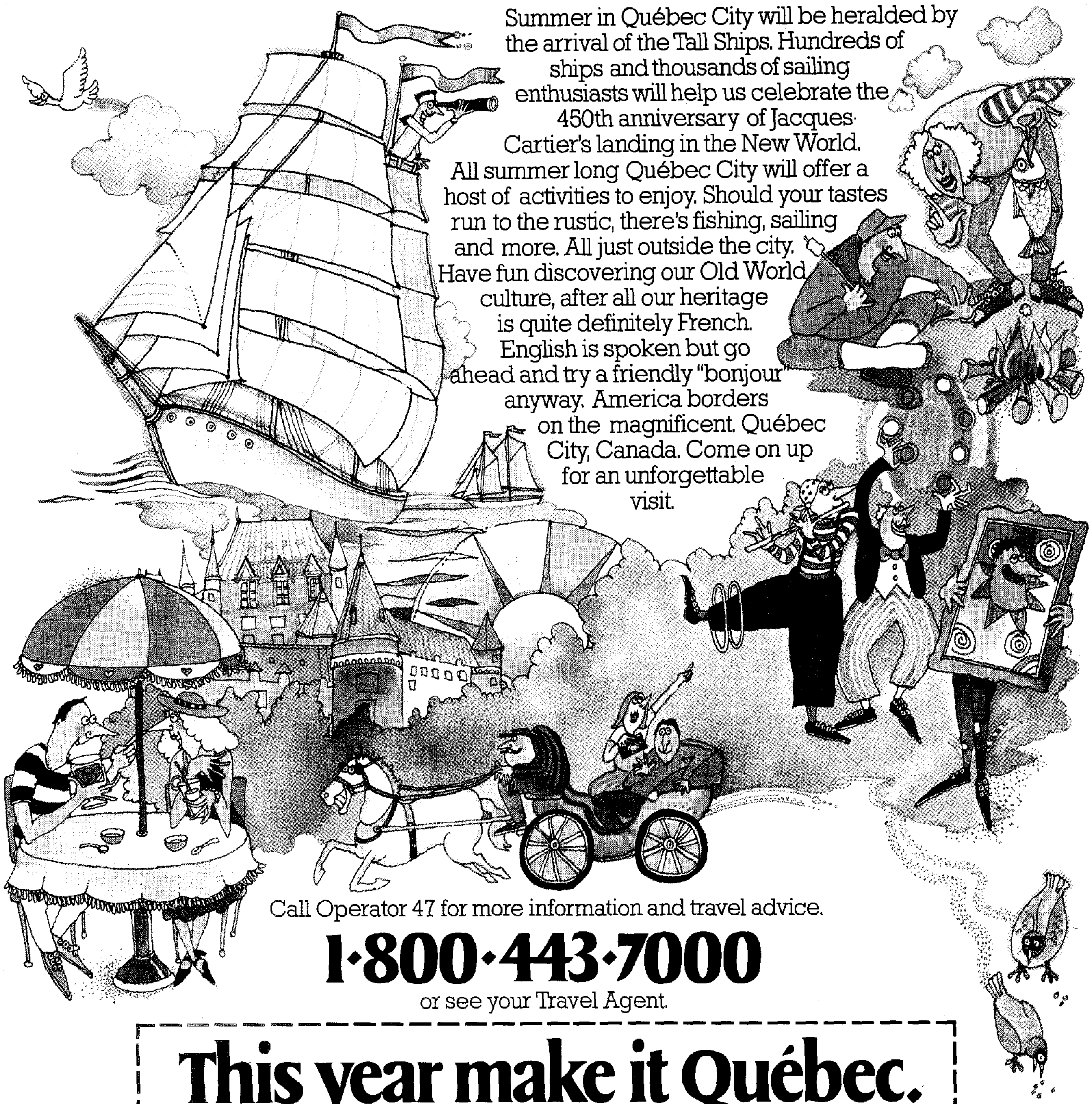

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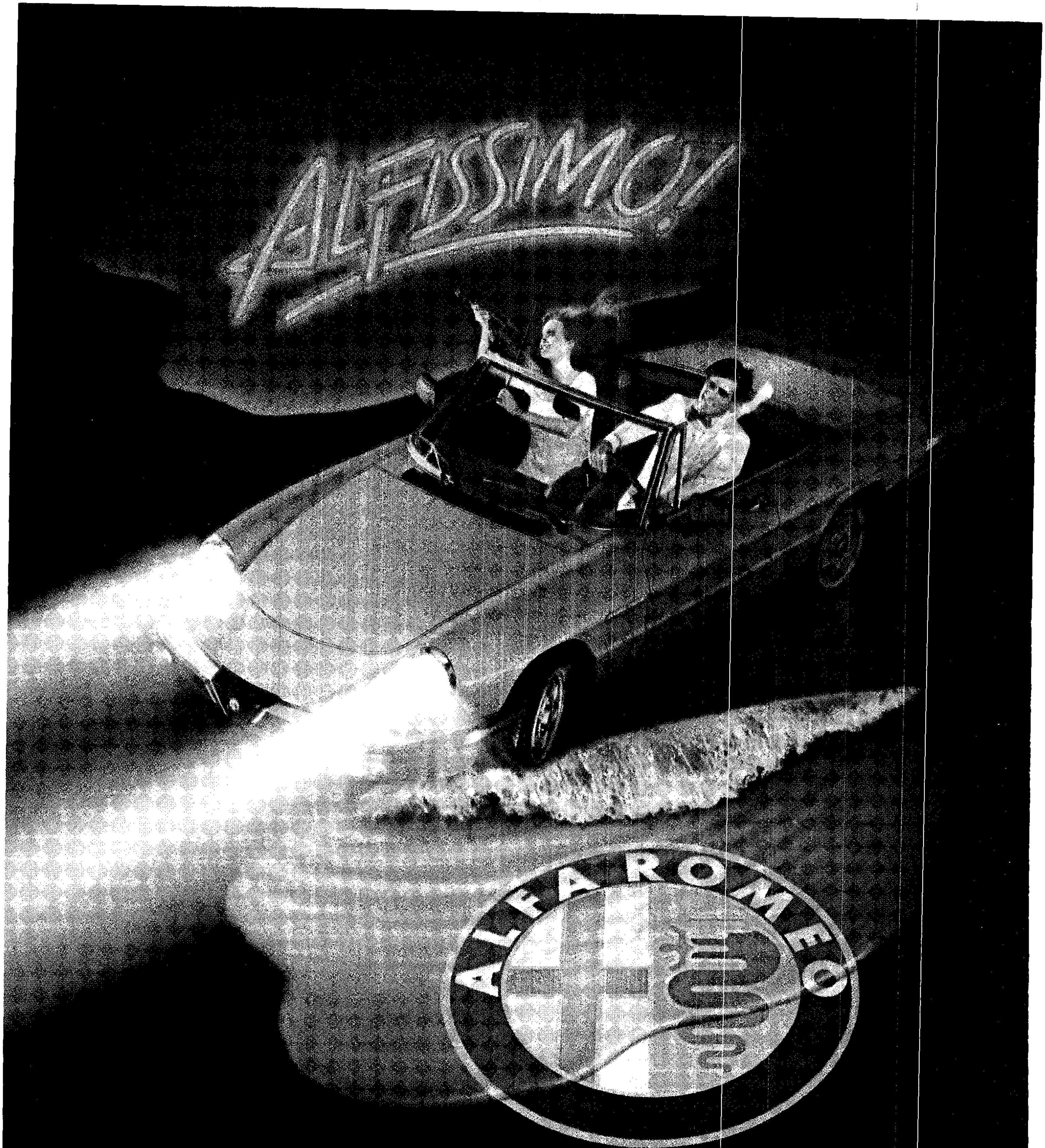

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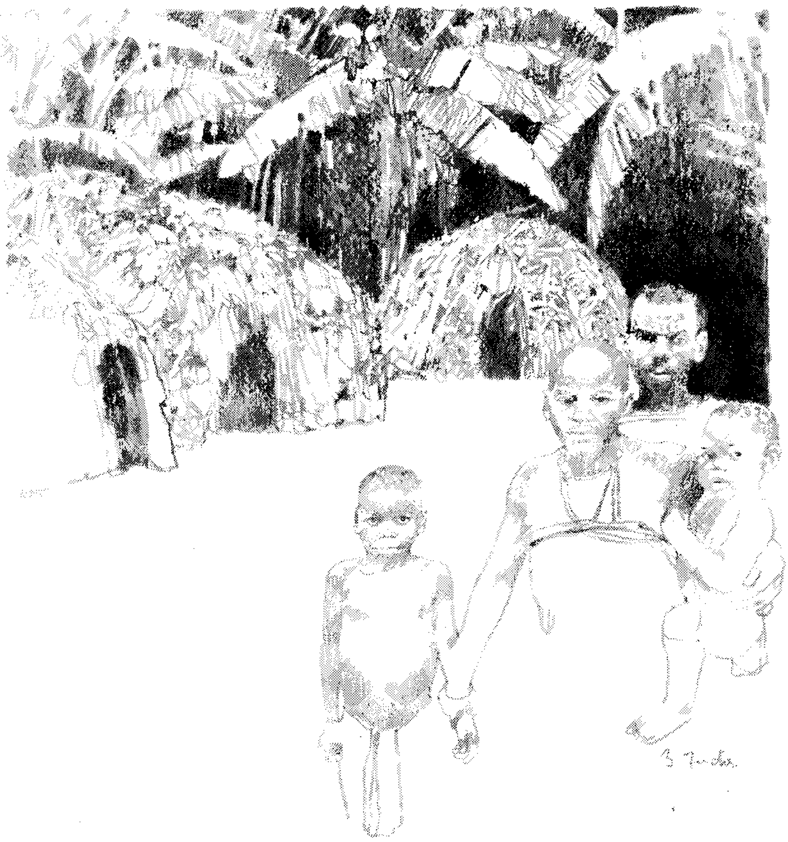
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ITURI FOREST



ZAIRE is a big, young, troubled country that takes up almost a million square miles on the western side of sub-Saharan Africa, below the bulge. Formerly called the Belgian Congo, it is eighty times the size of Belgium, whose colony it was until 1960. For the past eighteen years, it has been ruled by one man, President Mobutu Sese Seko, although many of its twenty-seven million people, scattered in the densely forested Zaire (formerly Congo) River Basin and on outlying savannas, are scarcely aware of his leadership. The village of Opoku is more or less typical of rural Zaire. (Because of the possible impact that this publicity could have, I have given the village the name of an apparently extinct community in the same geographic and linguistic region and have changed some people's names.) The road it is on, deeply rutted and rarely used by vehicles, can become impassable in the rainy season. About the only regular motor traffic is the Land Rover belonging to the Catholic sisters who drive up every few weeks, from a mission sixty miles to the south, to give the lepers their sulfa pills and to dispense other medication. Twice a year, a *commerçant*, or merchant, comes to Opoku in a truck and buys the villagers' cash crops: rice, peanuts, coffee. Only once a year, when each *citoyen* and each single *citoyenne* in Opoku who is over eighteen must pay a head tax of six zaires (the name not only of the country and the river but of the currency), does the fact that they live in a country called Zaire have any real bearing. Politically, Opoku is a *sous-localité* in the *collectivité* of Balesedese, in the *zone* of Mambasa, in the *sous-région* of Ituri, in the *région* of Haut-Zaire. Geographically, Opoku is in the Ituri Forest, in the northeastern part of the country, within two hundred miles of Uganda and the Sudan. The northern part of the Ituri Forest, an area of about forty thousand square miles, named for the river that drains it, is inhabited primarily by three tribes—the BaBudu, the BaBira, and the BaLese—totalling about two hundred and twenty-five thousand people, and by some twenty thousand pygmies. (No one knows exactly how many pygmies there are, because they are often on the move.) The BaBudu and the BaBira are the descendants of Bantu people who may have arrived in the Zaire Valley around the year 1 A.D. The BaLese are a Sudanic people who, as well as can be determined, migrated from the savannas of Uganda or the Sudan more than two hundred years ago. They are one of the poorest, least "developed" tribes in Zaire. Their more assimilated and commercially oriented neighbors, the BaBudu and the BaBira, look down on them for being dirty and uneducated and liking the forest too much. Opoku is a BaLese village.

Pygmies live near the villages of each of the three tribes; they bring the villagers meat and honey from the forest, and help them clear and plant their *shambas*, or gardens, for which they are paid daily, usually with food. The pygmies' relationship with the BaLese is closer and more amiable than their relationship with the BaBira. (Their relationship with the BaBudu has never been studied.) BaLese men often take pygmy women to wife, but BaLese women refuse to marry pygmy men. The gene flow from the pygmies to the villagers is one-way; the offspring of mixed marriages don't join the pygmy community. Often a villager's metal-tipped arrows or his dog will be on permanent loan to a pygmy, in return for a cut of each kill; and a pygmy will often work for the villager for whose father *his* father worked. It is a long-term, practical relationship, but it is not symbiosis, because the villagers don't really need the pygmies, and the pygmies could probably survive without the BaLese, but not at their present population densities, as hunter-gatherers in the forest. They let the villagers think they are dependent, but often don't show up for weeks. Nor is it parasitism, because the villagers are not harmed by it, except maybe at the end of April, when the new crops are growing and there is a shortage of food. Perhaps the best term for it is "a communication." About three thousand pygmies are in communication with the BaLese. Although their presence in the Ituri Forest predates that of the BaLese and, perhaps, even that of the Bantu, the pygmies there have lost their language, as have all pygmies, and speak the BaLese's tonal language, in which they are known as the Efe. About a hundred and forty thousand pygmies live in Africa—in Rwanda, Gabon, Cameroon, the Central African Republic, the People's Republic of the Congo, and in other parts of Zaire, as well as the Ituri Forest. Together, they are considered the largest group of hunter-gatherers left in the world, although some anthropologists object to that term, because the pygmies actually

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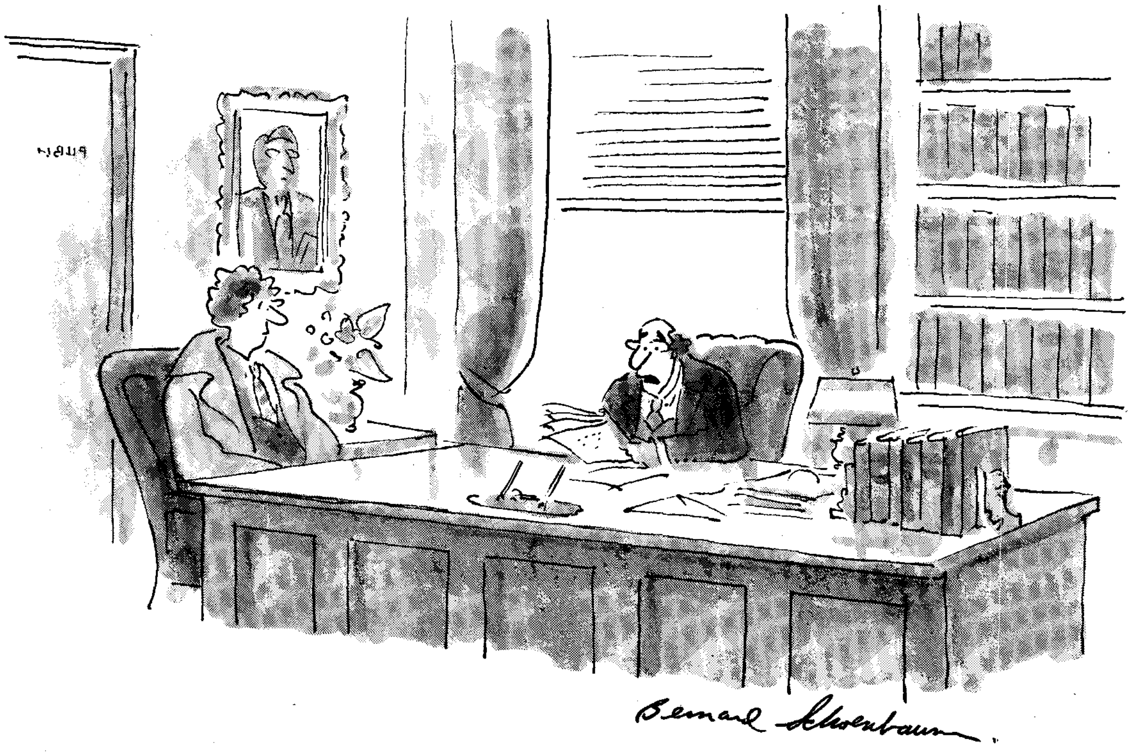

"Yes, I can see where this material could make one laugh."

get most of their calories from villagers' *shambas*. The anthropologist Richard Wrangham has suggested that "hunter-scroungers" would be a better term. While some pygmies have begun, in recent times, to grow at least some of their own food, the Efe continue to show no interest in taking part in the agricultural revolution that most of the world underwent about twelve thousand years ago, or in changing an existence that technologically, even for "primitive" people, is not highly developed. Of Africa's pygmies, they are probably the most tradition-bound and the least likely to be disturbed. Other pygmy habitats are being invaded by planters and lumber companies, but little is happening in this part of the Ituri Forest, and probably, with Zaire's economy at a virtual standstill except for extraction of minerals in the south, little is going to happen for a while.

In March, 1981, I visited four anthropologists who were studying the Efe and the BaLese near Opoku. I had spent some time in the Amazon, and I wanted to see how the world's second-largest continuous expanse of rain forest compared. One of the anthropologists, Robert Bailey, was an old school friend. In 1978, he had visited eleven pygmy populations in the Zaire River Basin, including the Efe. In February, 1980, he had returned, walking up the road to Opoku with a pack on his back. The Efe had slipped into the forest when they caught sight of him, as they had done before, and the BaLese had sprinted to Opoku in terror. When he reached the village, he found most of the villagers standing together and laughing at the ones who had been afraid. Bob told them, in Swahili, that there was nothing to be afraid of, that he had come to learn about them and the Efe and would be with them for two years.

Bob is easygoing and a good athlete—tall, bearded, blue-eyed. He laughed with the Efe and the villagers, danced with them, kept up with them in the forest. For the first time, they appreciated how they sounded and looked, as Bob played back their songs on a tape recorder and gave them snapshots he had taken with a Polaroid camera moments earlier. They began to trust him. The villagers helped him clear some land and build two huts on it for him and his friends, who he said would be coming soon. The huts were like the villagers' own—with plastered mud walls and roofs thatched with leaves, except that the rooms were bigger. They couldn't understand why Bob wanted such large rooms.

In July, Bob's colleague and friend, a handsome woman from Chicago named Nadine Peacock, came to Opoku; both were going for doctorates in anthropology at Harvard. In November, they were joined by two British scientists, Richard Wrangham and Elizabeth Ross. Richard had studied chimpanzees in Tanzania, and Elizabeth was an immunologist, and they had got married in May. The team was now complete. Bob and Nadine would study the Efe men and women, respectively; Richard and Elizabeth would do the same with the villagers. Such was the interdependence between the two societies that you could not understand either without studying both. A lot of the four anthropologists' work was sociobiological—concerning factors like nutrition, energy expenditure, time allocation, and patterns of coöperation and their effects on reproductive success in both populations. The four scientists had done anthropometry (measurement of height, weight, subcutaneous fat, and other body characteristics) and demography (data about age, residential history, kinship, birth and death rates) on twelve hundred people, and they had completed hundreds of hours of "focal samples." "We follow a person for an hour," Bob explained, "quantify what they eat, who they talk to, who they sit next to, who they fight with, who they laugh with, how much time they spend working; we observe about a hundred of their activities. It's based on primate-observation techniques." During hours of conversation—in firelight, in kerosene lamplight, at the water hole, in meditative strolls on the road, and, months later, when we had all returned to the United States, on the telephone—the four anthropologists generously shared what they had learned about the Efe and the BaLese and the natural history of the region. This article is permeated with their ideas and observations and could never have been written without them.

When he heard that I had two weeks' free time, Bob suggested that I walk southwest from Opoku through the Ituri Forest. After about a hun-

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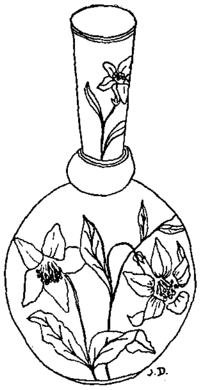
dred miles, I would emerge on the big road to Kisangani (the city that inspired Conrad's "Heart of Darkness" and V. S. Naipaul's "A Bend in the River"), at another village, called Epini. Four days into the forest—he was allowing eleven for the whole trip—there were some small BaLese villages that no white man had been to. He said that this had to be one of the wildest parts of Africa.

One evening, he and I went to Opoku to see if anyone was interested in going with me. The older men averted their eyes. They were afraid of being alone in the forest with a strange *muzungu*, my friend explained. *Muzungu* is the Swahili word for white man. I had been hearing it a lot lately—mostly from children, who would point at me and scream it excitedly when I passed. Like the word "gringo" in Latin America, it can carry a derogatory connotation. The BaLese and the Efe are convinced, along with many other rural Zairois, that *muzungus* eat people. The conviction is based partly on stories that are told around a fire in the evening—about brutal Arab slavers in the last century, Belgians during the colonial period, and white mercenaries during the risings of the sixties—and partly on a confusion about Holy Communion: people who eat the flesh and drink the blood of their god must be cannibals. Until several generations ago, the BaLese themselves sometimes ate parts of enemies they had slain, and this may have enhanced their credulity.



Two of the younger, more progressive men in Opoku, who were not as scared of *muzungus* as their neighbors were, wanted to hear more about the trip. Their names were Baudouin and Gamaembi. Baudouin spoke a little French—the official language of Zaire, which few BaLese and no Efe speak or understand—and Gamaembi knew it quite well, so we could communicate. They also spoke their own language, KiLese, as well as Swahili, the lingua franca of the region, neither of which I knew. Like many male Zairois born in 1955, Baudouin had been named for the King of the Belgians, who had toured the Congo that year. He had another, "authentic" name, Apabu, probably given by his father. President Mobutu, in his *authenticité* decree of 1972, had ordered the citizens of Zaire to stop using their European names, but Baudouin was one of many who had not got the word. He was about five feet tall, with a large head, a high, shiny forehead, and lighter skin than most of the villagers. He thought he had pygmy blood, although his father was a Lende, from near Uganda, and his mother a Lese. He had grown up with her in her village—his father had abandoned them when he was little—and his strongest connection to Opoku was a leprotic aunt, whose claw hand I shook, reaching into an enclosure where she and two other women were gaily shelling peanuts. People liked to employ him, but they did not feel obligated to him, because he was an immigrant and not in their *fungu*, or clan—the patrilineal kinship group to which every Lese's allegiance is unquestioning. In many ways, he was more like a pygmy than like a villager. His best friend, Manuele, was an Efe. So was his wife. It was a mark of his low status that he didn't have a BaLese wife. His personality—the air of mischief, the spoiling for fun, the way he dissolved into laughter at the slightest provocation—was Efe, and, like the Efe, he loved marijuana. After it was introduced to the BaLese in the last century, by Arabs, they cultivated fields of *bangi*, as the drug is called here, but the Belgians outlawed it, and the BaLese now frown on its use, although some of the older people still smoke it, and the more politically powerful villagers, who are left alone by the police, grow it to trade to the Efe.

Baudouin had the nicest manners I had encountered in a long time. Once, as he walked beside me, with his hands clasped shyly in front of him, I tripped and he said, with a look of real distress, as if it were *his* fault, "*Oh, pardon, monsieur.*"

GAMAEMBI (ex-Dieudonné—the European name, it seemed, of every third man in Zaire) was twenty-two, four inches taller than Baudouin, darker-skinned, and well built, with broad shoulders, strong arms and legs, a slim waist, and not an ounce of fat. "Gamaembi" means "the man without a chief." He was the last son of the late *capita*, or headman, of Opoku. One of his brothers was almost sixty, one of his sisters was married to a son of the chief of the *collectivité*, and some of the *capitas* of the villages in the forest were his relatives. Besides being well connected, he had walked to Epini a few years earlier and knew the way, so I couldn't have had a better guide. He was about to plant a peanut *shamba*, but when I offered to pay him five zaires a day, he decided to come. Five zaires was then officially worth about a dollar-fifty. At the "parallel" (black market) rate—the one that mattered—five zaires was worth only fifty cents, but that was still good money to Gamaembi: double what the Greek coffee planters in Digbo, twenty miles up the road, were paying. He and his half brother Kuri were raising money to open a store in Opoku. (The nearest store was in Digbo.) I made the same offer to Baudouin, and he accepted. The three of us shook hands and agreed to set out in the morning.

That night, I made a final inventory of my gear. For clothing, I had shorts (long pants are cumbersome in the jungle), jogging shoes, heavy knee socks, a couple of T-shirts, a blue cap, a poncho that doubled as a ground cloth, a sweatshirt to put on at night, flannel pajamas, and bedroom slippers. I had a bottle of alcohol to rub down my arms and legs with; cuts and insect bites infect easily in the humid tropics, and alcohol not only disinfects them but reduces the urge to scratch. My medicine chest—an empty coffee can—contained Merthiolate; a course of the broad-spectrum antibiotic ampicillin; paregoric and Lomotil for diarrhea; chloroquine and primaquine for malaria; effervescent Vitamin C tablets; and gamma globulin, which offers imperfect protection against hepatitis, and a syringe to inject it with. I had already given myself a shot that was good for thirty days. Elizabeth supplied me with a handful of aspirin for "public relations," and some little white pills to be taken twice a week against African river blindness, which is transmitted by black flies. Richard lent me a lightweight sleeping bag, and Nadine told me three good sentences to know in Swahili: *Kwenda nzuri* (Go well); *Bakie nzuri* (Stay well); *Lala nzuri* (Sleep well). I had field guides to the birds, butterflies, and large mammals of Africa, and a stack of empty notebooks. All this fit into a long brown canvas duffelbag, whose strap I put over my forehead as a tumpline, letting the bag hang behind. Once your neck muscles have

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got used to it, this system—which most of the people in South America, Africa, and Asia use to carry heavy loads—works better in the forest than a backpack, because your shoulders are not pinned down and it is easier to raise your arms to negotiate vines and branches.

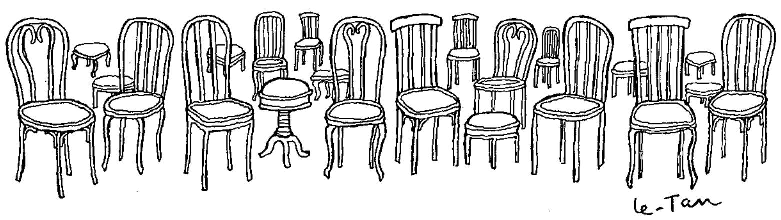
I had a small, cheap steel-stringed guitar, made in Korea, with a black vinyl case. I knew from the Amazon that a guitar is useful not only for breaking the ice with people who have never seen anybody like you before but for killing time. My valuables were in a side bag: a Nikkormat camera with a macro lens for close studies of butterflies and flowers; a small Sony tape recorder; a small pair of six-power Nikon binoculars; a money belt with my passport, traveller's checks, and return air ticket; and, wrapped in a white plastic bag, a brick of one thousand crisp, newly minted ten-zaire notes that I had bought at the parallel rate in Kinshasa, the capital. The bills were large and green, with images of earnest, bespectacled President Mobutu, a springing leopard, and a sinuous black hand holding a torch, and with a warning: "LE CONTREFACTEUR EST PUNI DE SERVITUDE PENALE." I felt nervous carrying so much money, but I would need it later on to get around the country and back to Kinshasa. I had also brought a large folding knife, such as the long-haired carpenters in my home town wear in cases on their belts. I figured I owed it to my family to have it along (although I should point out that, in nearly a year spent in various jungles, I have yet to be threatened by anything).

The provisions and trade items were in a burlap sack. I had picked up a dozen small hand mirrors in the central market of Kinshasa. If the Ituri Forest was anything like the Amazon, they would be appreciated. So would some bags of salt, soap (a dozen bars), and cigarettes, of which I had bought a carton. The local brand was called Tumbaco and was filled with strong, unprocessed black tobacco. I smoked them until somebody a few weeks later had me exhale a lungful quickly against a sheet of paper, and the paper turned brown. I had two cans of sardines and enough rice, beans, peanuts, and plantains to last three people two days. After that, we would be dependent on hunting and gathering and on trading with the people in the forest. For cooking, I had a small aluminum pot with a lid and a detachable handle; for illumination a flashlight, a dozen candles, and several hundred matches. I had also brought a dozen plastic Ziploc bags. They didn't weigh much and always came in handy for sequestering things.

AT three o'clock the next morning—it was a Thursday—I tapped at the small wicker door of one of the huts in Opoku and whispered "Baudouin," and he came out, rubbing the sleep from his eyes. The darkness quaked with frog and insect din. A troop of black-and-white colobus monkeys—a slow-moving, leaf-eating species that fills approximately the niche howler monkeys occupy in the New World—called to each other. They sounded like several motorcycles being revved. Every minute or so, a bloodcurdling scream, as if from a woman about to be murdered, would sound in a nearby treetop. Its perpetrator was the tree hyrax—a small, edible gray mammal with a white dorsal tuft, whose family is most closely related to elephants. The BaLese (except in clans that have a taboo against eating hyrax) mark the tree in which a territorial male is calling and, returning in daylight, chop it down and find the hole to which the hyrax has retired (just as Amazonian Indians do with owl monkeys). But by the time we were under way, walking through the misty *shambas* behind Opoku, it was strangely quiet: the lull before dawn, when bees would begin to hum and birds to give their position.

At daybreak, we reached Ondikomvu, a suburb of Opoku, consisting of three huts, one of which was inhabited by Gamaembi and his wife, Anna. When Henry Morton Stanley passed through the Ituri Forest, almost a century earlier, on his way to rescue Emin Pasha from the fanatic followers of the Mahdi, the villages he saw consisted of "a long low wooden building . . . 200, 300, or 400 feet long," in a clearing "quite a mile and a half in diameter, and the whole strewn with the relics, debris, and timber of the primeval forest." But early in this century, probably as soon as inter-village wars were stopped by the Belgians, the BaLese adopted the single-family huts that are standard in much of the Third World. Gamaembi came out of one of them, looking dapper in red shorts and a red T-shirt, with a red vinyl side bag that contained a toothbrush, a comb, and a change of clothes. He contributed some palm oil and some peanut butter that his wife had ground the night before. I had watched two bare-breasted women in Opoku making *mafuta*, as the viscous, orange-colored palm oil is called—rhythmically mashing nuts of the oil palm, *Elaeis guineensis*, in a large wooden mortar; as one raised her stake, the other brought hers down. The oil palm is a native of West Africa; its oil is an ingredient of Palmolive soap and an important source of fat for the BaLese. A bottle of *mafuta* is worth a day's work. Baudouin put the oil, which was in a plastic bottle, and the peanut butter, which was wrapped in leaves, into the burlap sack. He wore a white shirt and a pair of long brown pants, which he stooped to roll up over his strong thighs when, soon after leaving Ondikomvu, we entered relatively undisturbed forest.

It was a world of overpowering vegetable intensity. Huge buttresses flared at the bases of ancient trees; vines streamed down in cool green galleries; ferns and air plants encrusted branches. A large butterfly, flashing creamy turquoise, rose in front of us and, after several dozen yards of erratic flight, landed in a patch of sun and let the light pour through its half-open wings. A member of one of Africa's most spectacular genera, *Charaxes*. A large brown moth settled on the pungent, leaf-strewn floor and blended in so closely that I could see only the faint outlines of its wings, like the edges of a jigsaw puzzle. The canopy was coming to life: I could hear the huffing and groaning of hornbills flying over, and their raucous contentment as they settled in a tree. The hornbill is a large bird of the treetops which resembles the South American toucan in its behavior and appearance. During incubation, the female hornbill imprisons herself inside her hollow-tree nest by plastering the edges of the entrance hole until it is just wide



enough for the male to pass food through. Africa has forty-five species; these were probably white-thighed hornbills, the most common of the four larger kinds in the Ituri Forest.

Some of the plants looked very familiar. Many of the most abundant ones, whose leaves, on long stalks, stood like pennants in the understory, were in the arrowroot family. The roofs of Opoku and Ondikomvu were thatched with it, and Gamaembi said it was called *mangungu.* The arrowroots are also well represented in the Amazon, as are other plant families found in Africa. The floras of the two great rain forests overlap a lot at the family level, and considerably at the genus level, and they even have a few species in common. There are also cases of convergent evolution—plants in completely different families which, in filling similar niches on different continents, have come to look alike. The cacti of the New World and the succulent euphorbs of Africa are ready examples of this type of morphological convergence (to which animals—like the hornbills and the toucans—are just as prone), while the cecropia tree of Brazil and its Zairian counterpart, the umbrella tree, *Musanga cecropioides,* which both have palmately cleft foliage and flourish on disturbed sites, are an example of parallel evolution—morphological convergence between generically separate members of the same family.

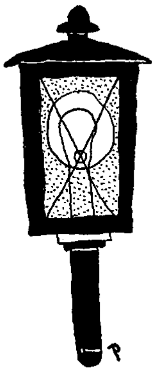
The flora of the Zaire forest is less than half as rich as that of the Amazon, however. Africa and South America began to separate soon after higher plants evolved, about a hundred and twenty million years ago. Interchange was still possible through the Oligocene epoch. About twenty-five thousand years ago, Africa suffered a widespread desiccation. The forest contracted to a few small refuge areas, and it is thought that many kinds of plants were wiped out. The whole continent has no more than twenty thousand species, while the Amazon alone has between twenty-five and fifty thousand. In the higher parts of the Zaire Valley, trees form almost pure stands. But the Amazon is so diverse that you can walk for hundreds of feet from one tree and not find another like it.

"Do you have forest like this in America?" Gamaembi asked. He was in the lead, carrying my duffelbag and holding a small bow and about a dozen arrows. Baudouin was next, carrying the burlap sack by a tumpline he had made from the inner bark of a tree. I followed close behind, with my side bag and Gamaembi's and the guitar.

"No, not exactly," I said. "It isn't as thick with shrubs and vines. There aren't so many kinds of trees, and it isn't so green."

Gamaembi's response was to turn over a leaf with a silver underside. "This is another leaf," he said.

Baudouin and Gamaembi walked with slightly bowed legs, gripping the ground with spread toes. I said I envied them that contact. "Of course, we would like to have shoes if we could afford them," Gamaembi told me, "but in the forest we prefer bare feet." He sidestepped a column of driver ants, relatives of the famous South American army ant. They were small and brown, and looked harmless enough, but they could make quick work of a nestling bird or a small injured mammal; the reputation they have for tearing down people is a Victorian exaggeration. I watched two medium-sized butterflies with long, narrow orange-and-black wings—mating acraeas—whirl up a shaft of sunlight that had pierced the canopy. Another patch of light, for some reason, reminded me of an incident in my early childhood. I could almost bring the specific place and time into focus, but at the last moment they faded into only a sensation.



After a while, we came to a smoky clearing with half a dozen domes of *mangungu* thatch in it. They were the smallest dwellings I had ever seen, like tropical igloos or the nests of some gregarious ground creature. I could not quite have stretched out in one. Two Efe women, squatting before a little fire that smoldered at the meeting point of three logs, got up and, without daring to look at me, bravely took my extended hand. A man and another woman came out of one of the huts. The four were a completely different physical type from the BaLese: they were shorter, of course; their skin was light copper-brown; their hair, except for bushy black brows, was in golden peppercorn tussocks; the pink lips of their large, wryly pursed mouths were thinner ("convex and uneverted," in anthropological jargon, as opposed to the "roll-out" lips of Gamaembi); and their noses were broad and flattened—so broad that the ends of their nostril wings were plumb with the centers of their eyes.

Pygmies used to be described as one of the four original races of Africa, along with the Negroes, the Nilo-Saharans, and the Bushmen, but by now there are so many gradients that many anthropologists question whether four geographically and biologically distinct "races" ever existed. Pygmies may have originally lived in the savannas of the Upper Nile and, according to the physical anthropologist Carleton S. Coon, may have been driven into the forest by a drought that affected both their water supply and their hunting. "Pygmy" is a Greek word. Homer mentions *ἄνδρες Πυγμαῖοι,* "men a cubit high," to whom overwintering cranes brought slaughter and death; later texts place these men in Africa. "Once they were in the forest," Coon writes in his book "The Origin of Races," "one or more mutations for dwarfing, which had already occurred among them outside the forest, now acquired a survival value, and natural selection soon spread this new trait through the forest populations." Both the size and the anatomy of pygmies are clearly adaptive for life in an equatorial forest. Smallness is advantageous not only because it is easier to move through the low-hanging branches of the shrub layer, and because less food, whose availability in the forest varies seasonally and from place to place, is needed but also because the ratio between surface area and body size increases as size decreases, and the smaller one is, the faster one passes off heat. In the Ituri Forest, not only human beings but buffaloes, elephants, antelopes, and giraffids are reduced. The ratio of the pygmies' limb length to their torsos, which is the highest of any humans, is also advantageous for shedding body heat: the larger the limbs, the greater the surface area, in proportion to body mass, from which heat can be lost. The relatively small development of their bodies—pygmies tend to be fifteen per cent smaller than other Africans—has recently been found to be caused by a lack of the somatomedins, the hormones that mediate between growth hormones and organ development. This lack seems to be programmed into every pygmy, although the exact genetic mechanism by which the trait is transmitted is not known. Whether the body develops normally until a certain age, and then its development slows down or stops altogether, is not known, either. Perhaps at some point very long ago, one or, more likely, several mutations took place in the parent race of the pygmies, whoever they were (Coon suggests that they may be descended from Rhodesian man, but this is a highly speculative theory that is based on only one skull); and because these mutations were adaptive for forest people they gradually became a "trend in evolution," and ultimately a character. The evidence that such a process did indeed occur, however, is purely circumstantial. Nothing has been proved at the molecular level.

The Efe man standing before me was very muscular, like a wrestler, and his arms and legs seemed, indeed, slightly long in relation to his torso. He stood about four feet nine and, except for a rag tucked through a vine belt, he was naked. The women, who were a few inches shorter, wore similar loincloths. They had black circles of plant juice painted on their arms and legs and black lines on their faces, much as Amazon Indian women have, and their teeth were chipped to points. Two of them were old—over thirty—with wrinkled breasts sagging over their bellies. The average life span of an Efe, with infant mortality taken into account, is forty, although some live to be eighty. Twenty-six per cent die before they reach fifteen. I passed the man and each of the women cigarettes, which they took, still not looking at me even when I lighted the cigarettes for them. I took out my guitar and played them a high-stepping rag called "The St. Louis Tickle." Their reaction was guarded, but they understood that it was music. The man went to his hut and, returning with a little five-string harp, plucked a single open minor chord over and over for about a minute. I recorded it. Then I recorded the women, who, after much giggling and several false starts, broke into a haunting three-part yodel to a cross rhythm that one of them kept by slapping her thigh. "It is a song of joy," Gamaembi explained when they had stopped, "about their child being old enough to be sent to his hut for the first time after disobeying his mother." They listened intently as I played it back to them, and when it was over they looked at each other with sly, knowing smiles, burst into laughter, and slapped each other's open palms, like basketball players who have just scored. I had always thought that "giving skin" was something American blacks had invented—part of a routine that the members of a particular oppressed minority had made up to support each other. It is equally intriguing that the BaLese use the word "bad" in the approving way, and "brother" in the loosely fraternal way that some American blacks do.

WE crossed a little river called the Afalabombi. Baudouin's tumpline had frayed and was coming apart, and while he was off peeling a new one Gamaembi picked a nearby *mangungu* leaf, folded it into a cone, dipped it in the river, and passed it to me. The Afalabombi was an acid, relatively sterile, blackwater river, steeped to the color of tea with leaf tannins and safe to drink from. (Tropical forest rivers are of three basic kinds: whitewater, blackwater, and clearwater.) There were bilharzia parasites in the rivers near some of the larger settlements, but the Afalabombi came out of the forest, and no one lived on it. It ran clear amber in the sunlight and sooty blue in the shadows, and its reflection flickered on the undersides of the branches that overhung it. Thousands of little purple butterflies swirled over the riverbed and puddled on moist sandbars in dense groups of fifty to a hundred; this sucking up of moisture and eliminating it through the anus has been interpreted as a thermoregulatory device. One group, perhaps attracted by some chemical odor, settled on my left shoe and completely covered it. I moved my foot slightly, and the insects flew up in a blizzard of metallic lavender flakes. They were lycaenids—a large, complex family with more than a thousand species in Africa, or almost half the butterfly forms found below the Sahara. Most of the ones I was looking at were the same species, but a few with copper undersides were mixed in. In the past few days, the first rains of the wet season had brought forth all kinds of insects. Not only lycaenids but skippers, an equally complex family of small, stout-bodied butterflies. And, at night, winged adult termites had been emerging in fantastic numbers. I had seen the same lycaenids in Opoku. Maybe they were the kind that Stanley wrote about:

> We saw a cloud of moths sailing up river, which reached from the water's face to the topmost height of the forest, say 180 feet, so dense, that before it overtook us we thought that it was a fog, or, as was scarcely possible, a thick fall of lavender-coloured snow. The rate of flight was about three knots an hour. In the dead calm morning air they maintained an even

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flight, but the slightest breeze from the banks whirled them confusedly about, like light snow particles on a gusty day.

The females of most butterfly species, including lycaenids, can lay more than a hundred eggs in the course of their brief adulthood. In most species, however, the majority of the eggs addle or are attacked by pathogens and parasites. In some years, more of the eggs survive than usual, resulting in a banner crop of butterflies.

Gamaembi had both metal-tipped arrows and arrows with plain, sharpened shafts which had been dipped in the sap of a vine of the biologically active genus *Strophanthus*—a sap that paralyzes monkeys and makes them release the branches they are holding. I asked if he was a good shot, and he said, without a trace of ego, "We are all good shots." I never got to see him in action, although we ran into quite a lot of game. He carried the bow in case of attack from animals or spirits, not for hunting. Baudouin returned with a long strip of bark and wrapped it around the neck of the burlap sack, leaving a loop that he slipped over his head, and we started out again.

After several hours, we reached the top of a viewless hill. "This is where we stop and rest whenever we are here," Gamaembi informed me. He spread out a few handy *mangungu* leaves for me to sit on, while Baudouin tore a square from an old, khaki-colored *mangungu* leaf, sprinkled Tumbaco and *bangi* on it, and rolled himself a joint. The leaf had the body of thin sheets of paper etched with tough little fibres. *Mangungu* seemed to have a thousand and one uses.

We were sitting in a grove of hundred-and-fifty-foot strangler figs. The species, *Ficus thonningii*, is partial to high, well-drained sites. Each tree had started as a seed dropped by a bird in the crotch of a different species of tree which had originally occupied the site. Like wax melting down the side of a candle, the roots had descended from the seed, mingled and merged, and eventually smothered the host tree out of existence. At the same time, usually about thirty feet from the ground, a trunk had ascended from the seed and shot up for a hundred feet or so before finally branching into a crown. Gamaembi cut into a huge buttress of anastomosed fig root with the edge of an iron arrowhead, and a sticky white latex bubbled out. "Along the rivers, we line traps with the milk of this tree and bait them with seeds," he said. "Birds walk in and get stuck." He said

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the tree was called *popo* and was one of those whose inner bark the Efe and some of the older BaLese pounded into loincloths.

As we sat eating peanut butter with our fingers, Gamaembi told me how the BaLese and the Efe first met each other: "One day, an Efe wandered into one of our *shambas*, smelled the sweet, small bananas, ate some, and fell asleep. A villager found him and, thinking he was a chimpanzee, was about to shoot him when he saw that he was two-legged and his eyes were different. The Efe awakened and asked the villager for some more bananas to take to his wife. A few days later, he returned with some meat and honey to give to the villager. The two men became friends. The villager and his wife did not know how to have children, so the Efe made love to her, to show him how. The woman had a boy. The Efe made love to her again, and she had a girl. Now the Efe men complain that they can't have our women; we take theirs, and it was they who taught us about sex."

WHEN we started walking again, Baudouin pointed out on the edge of the path a bent-over branch with a noose on the end of it for snaring little forest antelopes. Most of them are duikers, six species of which inhabit the Ituri Forest. The smallest and most abundant, the blue duiker, is not much bigger than a dachshund. There are also Bates's pygmy antelope and the water chevrotain, a diminutive relative of deer which has some affinities with pigs. Of these, the wildlife ecologist John Hart, who has spent five years in the forest, has told me, only the pygmy antelope, which frequents the edges of *shambas*, subsists on leaves. The rest subsist on fallen fruit, seeds, flowers, and mushrooms. There are very few deep-forest leaf-eaters in the Ituri. All the monkeys (except the colobuses), and even the forest elephants, are frugivorous. The reason for this may be that here the cost to a tree of losing its leaves is tremendous. Most of the trees are not deciduous, and because they do not flush a new set of leaves each year their foliage is heavily protected—in most cases by toxic or indigestible secondary compounds, but sometimes by thorns or prickly hairs or by sophisticated symbiotic relationships with stinging insects. A few species have evolved extra-floral nectaries, which attract fire ants; no one would want to brush against these leaves, let alone try to eat

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them. Life for a tree in such a forest is not easy. Many trees spend years, or even their whole lives, no more than a yard tall, waiting for a gap to open in the canopy, and at this stage they are most vulnerable. When an opening does present itself, they shoot up with amazing speed.

Gamaembi picked some white-gilled mushrooms with light-gray caps and foot-long taproots. He said they were called *imamburama* and were good to eat. That evening, we ate them sautéed in *mafuta* with rice and sardines, and they were good. We would sleep on *mangungu* pallets in a lean-to on the Afande River which two men from Opoku had recently built as a fishing and trapping camp. After supper, I tried one of Baudouin's joints. The *bangi* was very smooth and relaxing, but it wasn't conducive to clear thought, and when I got up to poke the fire back to life I discovered that it made tedious demands on motor coördination. Gamaembi didn't touch the stuff. "For me, life is already wonderful," he explained.

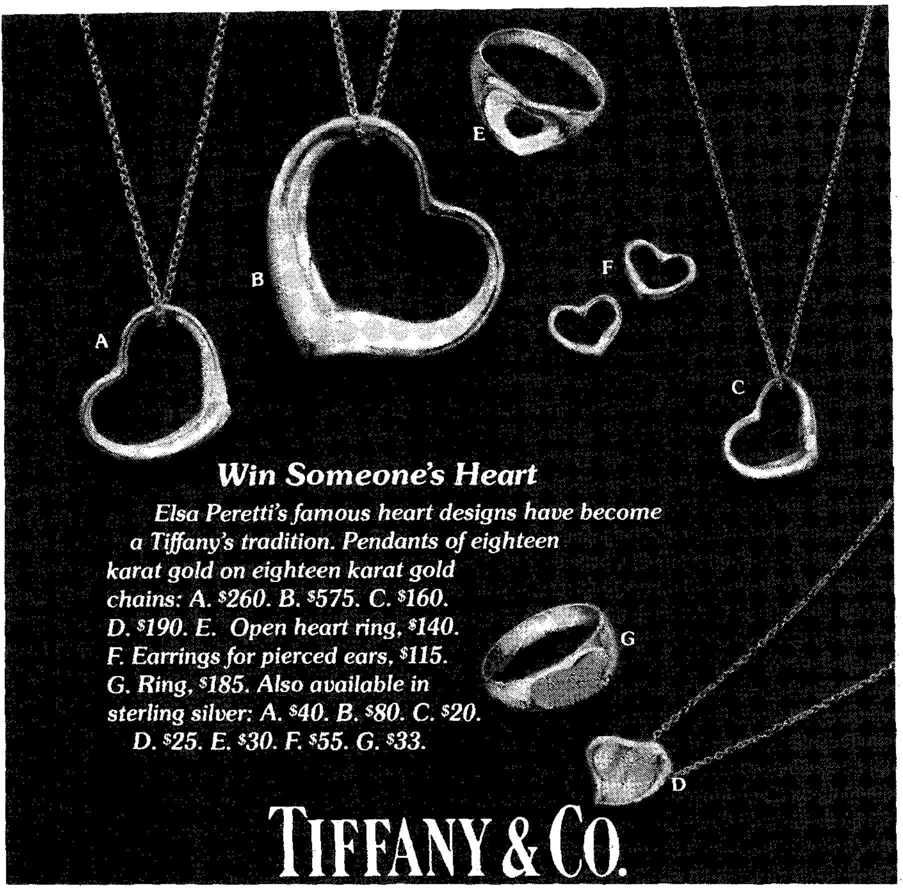
He and Baudouin were fascinated by the color plates in Jean Dorst and Pierre Dandelot's "Field Guide to the Larger Mammals of Africa," which we pored over with a flashlight. I wrote down the Swahili and KiLese names of the animals they recognized. I asked about leopards. Gamaembi said that a day in from the road they were quite common—especially along rivers. "We can hear him sing, cry, *être dans la folie pour rien*, purr happily after killing an antelope," he said. He told me that you could hit a giant forest hog with a hundred arrows before it died, but that with a spear it only took once or twice. I asked about butterflies. The BaLese have many names for bees, but for butterflies they use only the general Swahili word, *kipepéo*. "Butterflies are bad for us, because we have no use for them," Gamaembi said.

"To me, the butterfly is the insect that climbs trees and eats the leaves," Baudouin remarked.

"Butterflies are metamorphoses," Gamaembi said. "We eat the caterpillars but not the butterflies."

"I love the forest, monsieur," Gamaembi said a little later, as we lay in the darkness. "To know its situation, to find all the marvellous little things and the mountains in it."

Late in the night, it started to pour, but the roof was good and we stayed dry. In the morning, the river was muddy and swollen, way up over the



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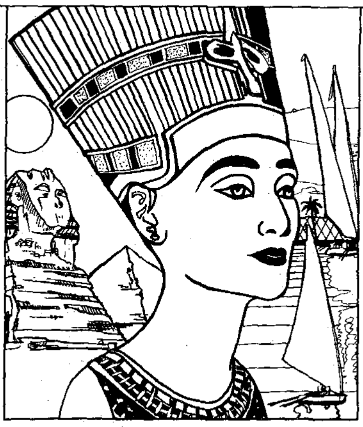

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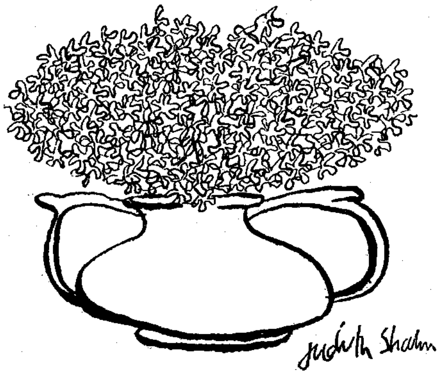
rocks and prostrate trees I had walked out on the evening before. "Friday the 27th. The quality of our drinking water has taken a turn for the worse," I entered in a journal I was keeping. "We can look forward to a day of gray dampness." The river was now as wide as the trees along its bank were tall. If one of the trees had fallen over, it would have been just long enough to cross on. I noticed several pendulous socks hanging in a tree on the other side. They were the nests of malimbe weavers and looked much like the nests of the yellow-rumped cacique of the Amazon. The malimbes were already off somewhere, perhaps flocking with greenbuls, bulbuls, and flycatchers. Africa has at least ninety kinds of weaver. A few days earlier, I had watched a noisy colony of Vieillot's black weavers—a savanna and village-dwelling species in the same family as malimbes—in an umbrella tree near Opoku. There had been dozens of nests, shaped like inverted cups, among the large, splayed leaves, and at the bottom of each nest a male weaver clung and flapped in some sort of display. The entrance hole was underneath and was indented in such a way that the eggs would not fall out. But malimbes are less gregarious, at least in their nesting habits.

I sat turtle-still on a log, listening to the lugubrious coo of doves, to the cracked-whip calls of a wattle-eye flycatcher, to the clear, liquid fluting of an ant-thrush, and to the whistles of an African golden oriole, which had the same clarion richness as a Baltimore oriole's song. Something big thrashed in a tree upstream, and then, forcing air from its chest, made a sound that was definitely mammalian. Moments later, a large, dark monkey appeared, perhaps a hundred feet above the ground, and, holding on to a branch with one hand, called again across the river. From a thicket on the other side, the call was answered. They were two male blue monkeys at the edges of their territories, each warning the other to stay away. The river was the boundary.

WE were ready to go at 6:30 A.M., but as I was zipping up the duffelbag the slide caught on my pajamas and, trying to free it, I forced it off one of its tracks. "What are we going to do now?" I asked Gamaembi. He started to work—removing the staple at the base of the tracks, rethreading the slide, putting back the staple—and in five minutes it was fixed. I was impressed, having operated hundreds of zippers but never having come to terms with one. I tended to take the mechanisms in my life for granted—even had a slight aversion to them—but Gamaembi approached them with deep respect and curiosity. If in the United States the zipper in my pants had broken, I reflected, I would probably have thrown them away and bought a new pair. But this was not a throw-it-away society. There were no spare parts, no convenient repair shops. If something broke, you had no choice but to try to fix it.

We crossed the Afande half a mile downstream, inching along a partly submerged log. Almost at the end, I lost my balance and fell into furious brown water; I expected to be swept away, but it was only knee-deep. The three of us laughed, realizing we could have just waded across. Soon afterward, we crossed another river—the Afalu—and then we reached the first village in the forest: Zalondi.

Gamaembi had been explaining as we walked that in 1942 the men of his tribe had been forced by the Belgians to come out of the forest and build the road that went past Opoku. The road was needed to bring up war matériel to the Sudan, and after it was built the men were sent out to collect wild rubber, which was also needed. It was a period of great hardship for the BaLese. The men were separated from their wives and their *shambas*. There was little to eat. If they did not bring in their quota of rubber, they were beaten. After the war, the BaLese men were forced to live near the road—where they could be kept track of—to keep the road in repair, and to grow cash crops like peanuts, rice, and cotton. Their women joined them, and the villages in the forest were abandoned. During the fifties, the road was so well maintained that it was possible to take it at fifty miles per hour. The road superintendent, a Belgian, drove along it with a glass of water on his



dashboard, and if any spilled he would make the chief in whose *localité* the accident had occurred clean his car. Maintenance of the road stopped abruptly with independence. Some of the BaLese immediately went back to their *matongo*, their *ancienne place* in the forest, and started new villages, but most of them remained on the road. It was disappearing, becoming not much more than a path that vehicles with four-wheel drive could traverse at about five miles per hour, and there was little to keep the BaLese on it. Because gonorrhea, perhaps in conjunction with other diseases, was making the women infertile, and because an epidemic of bacillary dysentery was killing the old, the weak, and the newborn, the population along the road was in decline. With each new devaluation of the currency, more BaLese were giving up on the cash economy—on the promises that life on the road had held out—were returning to the places where their people had lived before, and were reverting to subsistence. In the past few years, a dozen new villages had started in the forest. The *collectivité*, like much of the country, was in a state of active regression.

Zalondi was a recent recolonization of one of the ancestral village sites. It consisted of three huts in a clearing surrounded by immense banana trees. The *capita*, a young man who was a friend of Gamaembi's, welcomed us warmly. In broken French, he told me that he had come to Zalondi a year ago, "for a rest." He went on to say, "There is too much *dérangement*, too many thieves. I was getting tired of the police taking my chickens, and officials of the *collectivité* dropping in and expecting to be fed." Thirty Efe had a camp nearby, and a group of women and children from it were sitting in a doorway of one of the huts, all heaped together, nursing babies, combing each other's hair, enjoying each other's warmth. A sweet lanolin smell emanated from them. The oldest woman, a withered grandmother, puffed marijuana in a wooden pipe whose stem was the hollowed three-foot midrib of a banana leaf. The Efe like to smoke a lot of *bangi* before they go hunting—especially when they are going for elephant—or before they climb a honey tree, but sometimes they smoke so much it leaves them dazed and their projects are abandoned.

We traded a bar of soap for a hand of pudgy bananas that were only a few inches long, and traded some of

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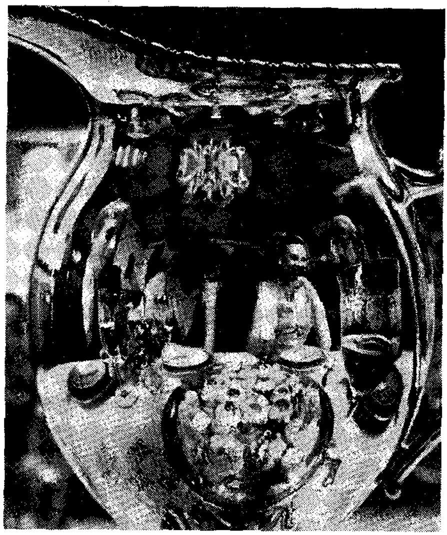

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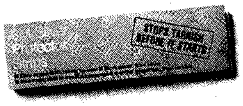

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Baudouin's *bangi* for a comb of thick, dark honey. The bananas were wonderfully sweet, and the honey was so strong I felt a surge of energy from it almost immediately. Bob, who had accompanied the Efe on honey-gathering expeditions, had told me that during July and August, the wettest months, the Efe roam the forest and eat nothing else. The start of the honey season is signalled by a long, woeful, high-pitched cry that is heard in the distance. The Efe say the sound is made by a newt who is about to lay her eggs and die, and that that is why her cry is woeful; but it is actually made by a crake. No later than five-thirty in the morning, before the bees have left their hives, the Efe men fan out in groups of five or six, approaching trees and tilting their heads. When one of them hears a tree humming with the promise of honey, he blows a flute made from a sapling, as a joyous announcement to the others, and breaks branches around the bee tree to mark the site. After a man has found three or four such trees, he goes back with his companions (not necessarily right away but within several weeks) to get the honey, a procedure that may require daring feats of engineering, since the hive is often a hundred feet up and a bridge from a smaller tree—sometimes several bridges—must be built. On the spot, the men weave from *mangungu* two baskets—one for the honey, the other to fill with burning wet leaves—and the man who found the bees' hole climbs to it, and smokes the hive; after waiting for the bees to go into a torpor, he widens the hole with an axe and chops out the honey. When he returns to the ground, more often than not he will eat several pounds of honey and get on a sugar high—becoming excited to the point of screaming about the next tree he is going to raid. (The Efe seem immune to the nausea and chills of hyperglycemia.) A good hive can yield from twenty to twenty-five pounds of honey, and what the finder does not eat he brings to his wife and relatives. At the start of the honey season, the BaLese villagers give the Efe big *chungus*—aluminum pots capable of holding forty pounds of honey—which the Efe bring back full and trade for colorful wax-print cloth. The women of Zaire make saronglike *pagnes* from this cloth to wrap around their bodies. One year, there may be a bumper crop of honey, the next almost none, whereupon the Efe become uncharacteristically sad for that season.

The village clearing was swarming with bees (one stung me on the neck when I brushed it accidentally with my hands) and with skippers that had dull brown wings and stout green bodies—a species known as the striped policeman. Several chickens and emaciated dogs were snapping up the butterflies. The dogs were small, with curly tails, and were mostly hound. The breed is called the African barkless dog, because they don't vocalize as much as other dogs; they are thought to be like the first dogs that lived with man. Dogs are very important for driving game. Before a drive starts, the Efe tie wooden clappers around the necks of the dogs, about half of which belong to the BaLese villagers. One man, the beater, sings and shouts continually to keep the dogs moving. Four hundred yards from where the drive begins, the other men wait in a semicircle, very still, for panicky duikers to streak within bowshot. The hunters do not shoot at anything over thirty feet away; it is too chancy through the trees. Once an animal is hit, the dogs keep it on the move until it drops or passes by another hunter, who is waiting motionless to finish it off with another arrow.

I took out my camera and aimed it at three teen-age Efe girls, and they ran in mock terror behind a hut, where I could hear them giggling. I tried to photograph another Efe woman and her children, but she shooed them from the man-eating *muzungu*, so I gave up on taking pictures and turned on my Sony. When the girls behind the hut heard the three women I had recorded the day before, they returned and, not to be outdone, launched into a three-part yodel, breaking their voices on throaty *aOO's* that came with the haphazard timing of frogs in chorus or katydids in late August. The girls were as shy as birds, and their music was cosmic; their yodels seemed to resonate indefinitely. The way each took a different note is called hocket singing, but their collective sound, unlike contemporary Western music, came out in a pentatonic scale; it was based almost entirely on the dominant, with the occasional addition of sevenths, and was nearly always in a descending pattern. Every few seconds, another rhythm, another melody blended in. The Belgian ethnomusicologist Benoît Quersin has described the pygmies' music as "*polyphonie en cascade.*" There is nothing quite like it elsewhere in Africa or in any other place.

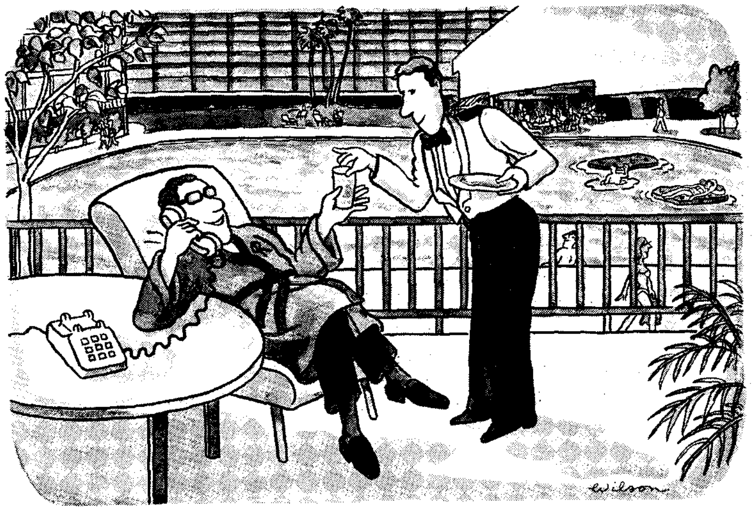
The *capita* of Zalondi told Gamaembi of a village that had been started since his last visit. It was up the Mubilinga River, and we could go to it instead of to three villages that Gamaembi was already familiar with. I said it sounded like a good idea. When we were back in the forest, I asked to go first, so I could learn to find the way. The path was well worn and about a foot wide—twice as wide as an Amazonian footpath, because the Indians put one foot directly in front of the other as they lope along. Sometimes it had lots of little offshoots. It wasn't easy to tell the ones that were shortcuts from the animal trails that petered into nothing. The elephant trails, which crossed the path from time to time and sometimes followed it for a stretch, were deep and especially confusing. Sometimes the path would split in two, which meant that up ahead a tree had fallen across the original route. You took the newer-looking detour. Snapped saplings always meant something—usually that someone had rights to a nearby honey tree. Once, we came across a message carved on a tree in Swahili. It said, according to Gamaembi:

> I came by here in December, when you had gone in search of honey. Bring me some quickly.
>
> Sekuri

In time, I learned to let my feet make the decisions, and they were usually right.

The forest was quite hilly, and its physiognomy varied with the elevation. In some high places, it was as open as the woods in my native Westchester. In seasonally flooded places, we had to fight through vines and *mangungu;* it was like *mata de cipó*, a dense vine thicket in the Amazon. But it was never evil or teeming with danger, as writers brought up on Stanley and Conrad feel they should make "the jungle" out to be. It was just intense. Maybe for me it was an adventure, but for Gamaembi and Baudouin it was home. There were few mosquitoes, and in eleven days we didn't see one snake, although the Gabon viper is said to be fairly common. Knowing how slim the odds were of running into a snake, let alone being bitten by one, I had not brought any antivenin.

We passed through a stand of shrubs with glossy leaves and small,



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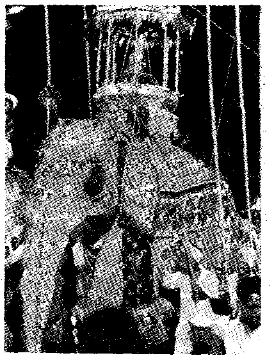

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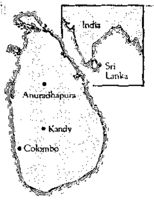

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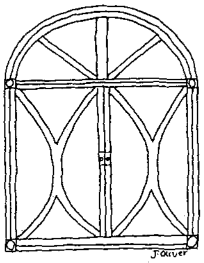
fragrant, starlike white flowers—robusta coffee, either a natural stand or escapees from an abandoned village. Gamaembi did not know. *Coffea robusta* used to be considered native to the Zaire Valley, but now there is some question about its origin. It is grown widely here and exported, mainly for instant coffee. Moments later, we stampeded a sounder—as a herd is called—of ten or so bright-red bush pigs with long white dorsal crests. Gamaembi and Baudouin dropped their baggage and took off after them. "*Restez donc que nous partons*," Baudouin told me, in solemn, antiquated French. In a little while, they came back, empty-handed. When we reached the turnoff to Mubilinga, the new village, Baudouin dropped three *mangungu* leaves in the path as a courtesy to other BaLese and pygmies in the forest who might be interested in our movements. Minutes later, we surprised an okapi, an aberrant forest giraffe so secretive and sharp of hearing that it was one of the last large mammals to become known to science; a complete skin was not obtained until 1901. Though its habits are still largely unknown, it has become the unofficial faunal symbol of Zaire, lending its name to a hotel, a filter cigarette, and the folding knife that is carried by policemen. An adult male okapi stands eight feet tall and elk proud, with a coat of mauve velvet as shiny as a curried horse's and with white slashes across the rump and forelegs—disruptive coloration, such as zebras have, perhaps to confuse leopards. It has large, nervous ears; short, furry horns pointing backward; a long tongue, for licking its eyes clean and for pulling down foliage (it is the only deep-forest terrestrial leaf-eater in the Ituri); and an elongated head and neck, which also relate to its eating habits but which are not nearly as long as those of its gregarious cousin of the savanna. The female has no horns and is larger than the male—one of the few such cases among large mammals. The okapi inhabits only the Ituri Forest and is thus a rare animal, though in the forest it is common. It tames readily. This okapi bolted before I could even determine its sex. A bit later, Gamaembi flushed a family of blue duikers by hissing into a thicket, but they, too, to my secret delight, ran off, as silently as fleeting shadows, before Gamaembi could even feather his bow. They wait for the cover of night to appear in the open. "You can't see them at all when they're still," Gamaembi told me.



We had better luck with mushrooms. The forest gave us seven more *imamburama* that morning, and Baudouin spotted a colony of edible white *ikiangi* fastened to a mossy fallen tree. Their stalks were shaggy, their caps depressed at the center and spattered with little gray squamules. I had never seen such woods for mushrooms. Racks of yellow-gilled shelf fungi hung twenty feet up. Tiny, purple-striped parasols stood on mildewed green slivers of wood, and there was a violently poisonous off-white member of the genus *Phallus* whose cap was surrounded by a mantle of delicately reticulated deliquescent tissue. I asked Gamaembi how many kinds of mushrooms were good to eat. He started to tick them off on his fingers, then gave up and said, "More than I can count." Bob Bailey knew at least sixteen.

After about half an hour on the new path, Gamaembi and Baudouin heard voices in a gully and went off to see whose they were. "There are men talking and women singing down there," Gamaembi said as he left. I couldn't hear a thing—only birds. One had a descending whistle that sounded like a bomb dropping. Others pulsed in audibility. A robin chat sang a quotable theme, which I whistled back. It answered with the theme again, then mocked it in half a dozen brilliant variations. After a while, I heard dogs howling in the gully, then Gamaembi and Baudouin shouting to identify themselves, then a great shout from the people they had startled, then silence. Soon Gamaembi and Baudouin returned with two Efe men and their wives, who had been looking for honey.

Half an hour later, we met on the path two BaLese men and two women who looked to be pygmoids—BaLese-Efe mixes. The pygmoids are raised by the villagers. A BaLese man will not permit an Efe woman to go back to the forest with their child, and the BaLese fight over the right to bring up even children who are not their own. In a society without writing, children are perhaps the most precious commodities, because the only way to achieve immortality, to have your name continue for several generations, is through them. If the child is a girl, she represents eventual bride wealth; if the child is a boy, he means another man in the clan, and the larger the clan, the greater its importance and power.

One of the men carried a long spear and wore the sleeveless brown flannel liner of a winter coat, which seemed on him like an elegant robe. His name was Joaçim, and his father was the chief of the *collectivité*. Joaçim was, at twenty-eight, in his vibrant prime. He walked very straight, conscious that he was the local royalty, and spoke in a husky voice. I asked what the spear was for. Buffalo, he said. He took us up to a weathered brown hill of basaltic rock which looked over the forest for twenty miles around—the first and only view of it we would have. We were at about three thousand feet above sea level. Here and there, a very tall tree—an emergent—spread a bluish crown above the competition. I could tell from the architecture of the emergents' crowns—the way branches had been born at different levels, the way gaps of light often appeared between the racks of foliage—that they were probably in the pea family. Another, white-flowering legume, *Cynometra alexandri*, was in bloom all over the forest. The bushy crowns looked as if they had been caught in a heavy snow. *Atô*, as Gamaembi called it, is one of three trees—all in the pea family—that form nearly pure stands in the Ituri Forest. The honey we had eaten in Zalondi was from *atô* blossoms.

I took a picture of Joaçim and his entourage lifting a boulder together. It was Joaçim's idea that they should be doing something instead of just standing there. Then, as he stood in the sunlight, his robe fluttering, he became serious. "After independence, we lost our happiness," he told me. "We are free, but we are not well." I asked how many people lived in the *collectivité*. "About four thousand BaLese men and fifteen hundred Efe men," he said. How bad a problem was venereal disease? He said that the main reason for the decrease in fertility was not gonorrhea but a plant abortifacient that women took because they were tired of having children, although occasionally jealous wives of the same man slipped some to each other. He himself had eight children by six wives and half a dozen illegitimate children whom he helped support. His senior wife was Gamaembi's sister.

As we descended into the forest, it started to rain a little. Hardly any rain

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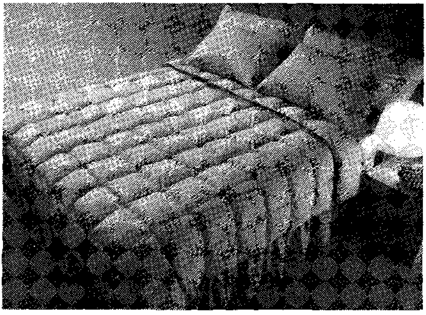

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penetrated the canopy. "We already have umbrellas," Joaçim joked. We exchanged addresses and promised to correspond, then went opposite ways. When he had gone, Gamaembi said, "Joaçim's father is getting old, and he will be the next chief, because no one else in the *collectivité* is as intelligent or as educated. Only he and his brother can afford shotguns. He hunts on this side of the road, his brother on the other. When he kills an elephant, he takes the ivory and leaves the meat for his people. He brings news and tetracycline. Some of his friends are soldiers."

I asked if it had been hard for his sister when Joaçim took other wives, and Gamaembi said, "The first wife always complains."

A little later, Joaçim came running up behind us. "My friends are probably wondering where I am," he said, with a grin. "I left without telling them. I will go to Mubilinga with you." Gamaembi told me later that it was a great honor for Joaçim to have returned. On the way, Joaçim showed me a golden vine with asperous bark, rough to the touch, like sandpaper, that would give you a nasty scrape and was to be avoided. He had the coat liner on inside out, and I could see a label at the nape; it said "Winflite." I asked where he had got the garment. From a trader, he said. Big bundles of clothing donated by American church organizations arrive in Kinshasa, and by the time they reach the Ituri Forest—having ascended the Zaire by riverboat, been transferred to trucks, and finally to green wooden chests strapped over the back wheels of bicycles, which BaBudu traders walk from village to village—they have to be paid for. In the middle of nowhere, you ran into T-shirts that read "RICH'S EAST STATE SUNOCO" or "LABORATORY OF NEURO-PHYSIOLOGY DOWNSTATE MEDICAL CENTER CREW TEAM."

After half an hour, we came to a pygmy camp, but its eight huts were empty. In the middle of the clearing was a large stone for whetting arrows and a small stool made of four crossed sticks lashed together with vines. I could find no water in the vicinity. The Efe do not camp along rivers, because malaria- and filaria-bearing insects breed there. The women have to bring the water in pots to camp. They do not bathe every day and can do with a very small trickle. I asked Joaçim why the Efe didn't grow things. He said that it was because

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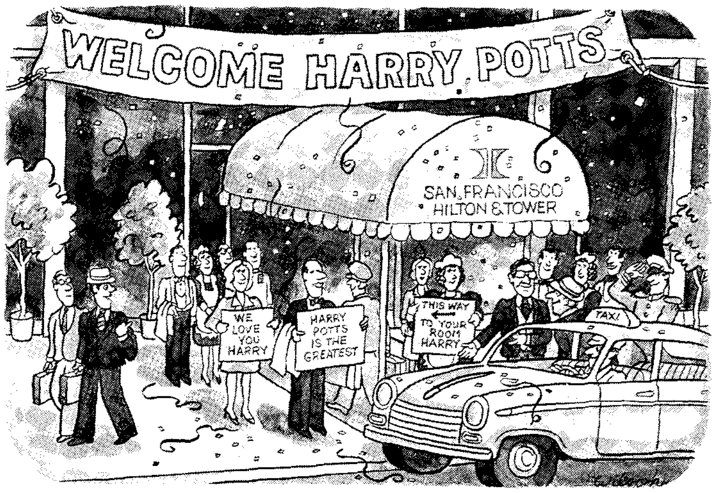
they didn't like to sit in one place for the whole year, and because they didn't like sunlight. "The Efe come to you with meat and say they have a friend who wants bananas, when it is really they themselves," he said, with a laugh. "They say they will come early and work in your *shamba*, and it is afternoon and they haven't come yet."

After another hour, we reached Mubilinga. As soon as they saw us, a man of about forty and two women quickly gathered some things and left. An old man standing before one of the huts with his knees shaking and his eyes on the treetops said that they had gone fishing. Gamaembi said the old man was cold, so I gave him some aspirin. He told us that the village had been started two years earlier, and that there were three men and two women in it, and twelve Efe who came and went. Richard Wrangham had asked me to make a census of each new village, so I took down the name, age, and clan of each resident. The ages that the old man gave me were very approximate. Few BaLese born before 1960 know how many years they have been alive. They speak of being born before the road was built or before a certain man became chief or after the Belgians went away or during the Rebellion (the Simba Rebellion of 1964, during which tens of thousands were killed and much of Haut-Zaire was devastated).

Joaçim stayed for a while and talked with me in the *baraza*. The *baraza* is like the men's hut in the Amazon. It is where the men sit and make things and discuss what is happening in the village. Usually, it is nothing more than a thatched roof on upright poles. It starts to fill up at noon. Joaçim followed world developments on a short-wave radio and had a theory about why Israel always beat Egypt. Maybe an Egyptian woman got pregnant in Israel, went back to Egypt to have the baby, sent him to the best schools, and he grew up to be a general. Then she told him that his father was an Israeli, and he became a mole.

After Joaçim left, we had the village to ourselves except for the old man, who stood where he was until it got dark, and another old man, in one of the huts. I finally realized that the people of Mubilinga were terrified of me. Gamaembi later confessed that the others had not gone fishing—they had fled. The old men who stayed would have fled, too, if they had been able to. The one with shaking knees had not been having a malaria attack. He



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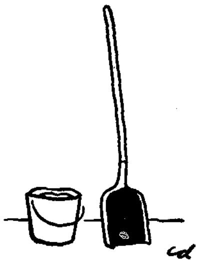
had been waiting for me to kill him.

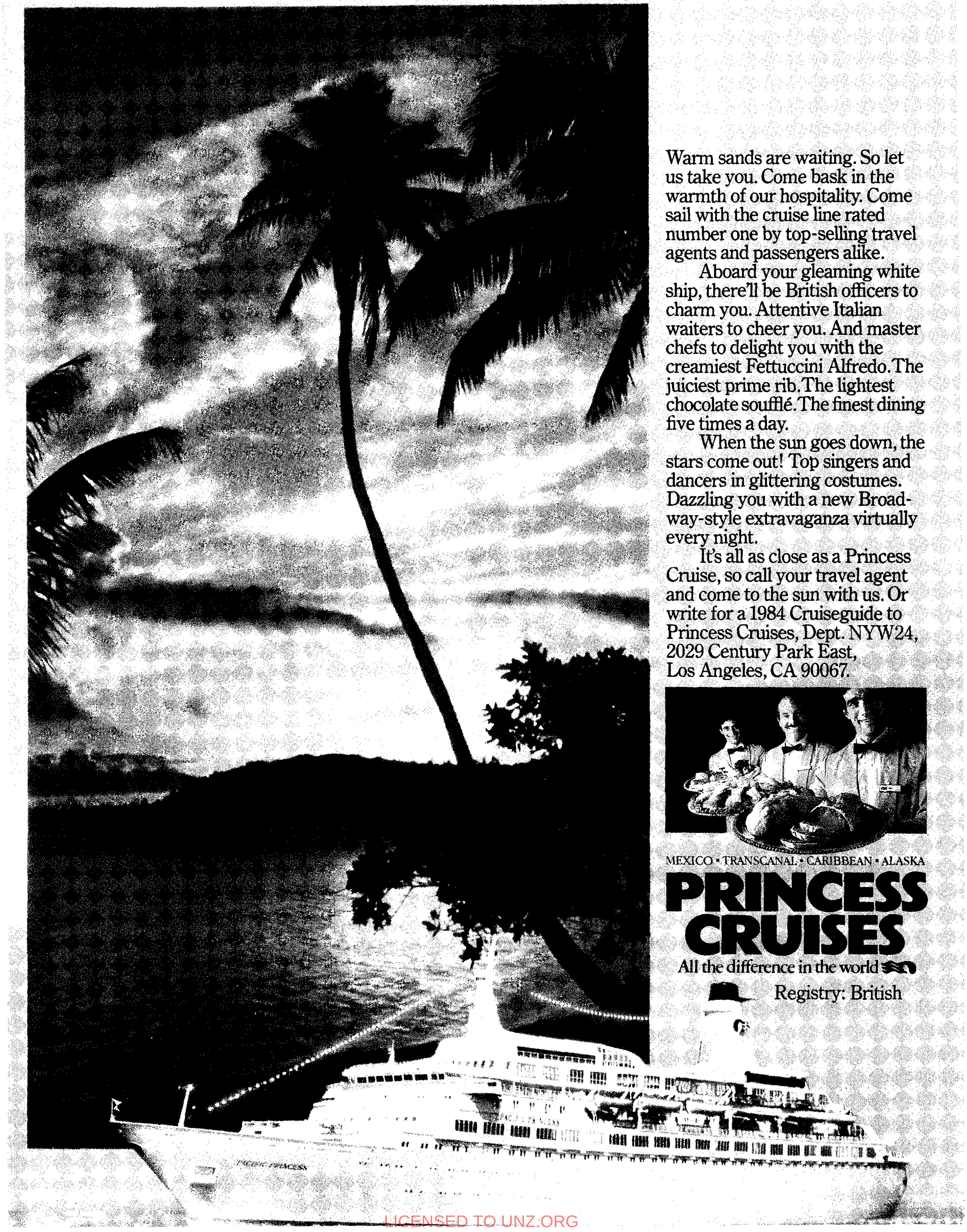
The village was immaculately swept ("*très soigné*," I remarked to Gamaembi), probably with the broom, a cluster of dry berries, that was leaning on a post of the *baraza*. Hanging from the rafters were several gourds and a calendar that looked like a clip of firecrackers, with numbered wooden slats that were brought down on a string. (The date it indicated was two days earlier.) Various things were wedged in the thatch—a few smoke-blackened ears of seed corn, a buffalo horn, a wooden spoon, a rattle of dried seeds in a ball of woven vine. A game of *mangola*, in which seeds are moved along four rows of pockets in the red earth, had been left in progress.



The next morning, Gamaembi again demonstrated his handiness, melting one of my Ziploc bags with a match and sealing with the liquid plastic a crack that had developed in the *mafuta* bottle. Soon after leaving the village, we crossed a stream full of milky quartz pebbles that puzzled him. "This stream has too many stones," he said. There was no obvious source for them nearby, and many were too large for such a small stream to have borne them any distance. He showed me some large, round depressions in the soft, miry leaves—elephant prints. We passed a place permeated with the smell of crested mangabeys, who had slept there. We picked some edible yellow gilled mushrooms called *lobolobo*. I photographed a lily with a clustered inflorescence of pale-orange flowers, each with six petals and six exserted stamens. I also photographed white, trumpet-shaped blossoms that dripped from a twining liana in the birthwort family. Flies were induced to enter the trumpets by a carrion smell; were trapped inside, by retrorse hairs; and were released within twenty-four hours, smothered with pollen, when the hairs wilted. But these were rare splashes of color in an otherwise drab green understory. It was the wrong time of year for flowers, and even at the right time the lower strata of the Ituri Forest are relatively poor in showy flowers; nor are the sunbirds, which drink their nectar, as numerous as hummingbirds are in the Amazon. Heavy taboos protect such blooms as there are from would-be pickers. There is an orchid, for instance, that the pygmies believe must never be touched, or a heavy rain will come and make branches fall on them—perhaps the greatest danger to someone walking in the forest. Conservation may have had nothing to do with the belief; there is often no functional explanation for what the Efe think and do.

We found a lime tree—all that was left of a BaBudu village—and helped ourselves to half a dozen limes. We were on the edge of BaBudu country. Gamaembi said we would visit three villages that day—Matiasi, Selemani, and Azangu. Men named Matiasi, Selemani, and Azangu were the *capitas*. As often as not, a BaLese village is known by the name of its *capita*. Opoku, for example, is also known as Abdullah; Opoku is the stream that runs by. The BaLese generally name their villages after the water they drink. But the other name of the village of Matiasi was Pumzika Un, which meant Resting Place One, and Selemani was Pumzika Deux. I was reminded of a hamlet called Rest-and-Be-Thankful, in the mountainous interior of Jamaica, which I once passed through. The village whose *capita* was Azangu was also named for a certain kind of fly.

WHEN we reached Matiasi, Gamaembi guessed it was nine-thirty-five, and it was. He had once had the use of a wristwatch, and his sense of clock time was uncanny. The *capita* Matiasi was Gamaembi's maternal uncle. Two of his little cousins ran up and hugged him. Several hundred large pierid, or White, butterflies had congregated in the middle of the village. Through their shimmering wings, I could see a young BaLese mother in a doorway looking deep into her baby's eyes and stroking its forehead as it fed at her breast. A constant humming of voices, most of them pygmy women's, filled the clearing and occasionally broke into song. "They are singing, 'Why do you come each time with a *muzungu*?' " Gamaembi told me. Two Efe boys came up and asked for a cigarette. A while later, they returned with six small fish. "The Efe are like that," Gamaembi explained. "You give them something and they give you something back." Baudouin beheaded and plucked and cut up a chicken we had bought for ten zaires, holding my pot between his feet as he threw in the pieces and added manioc greens and



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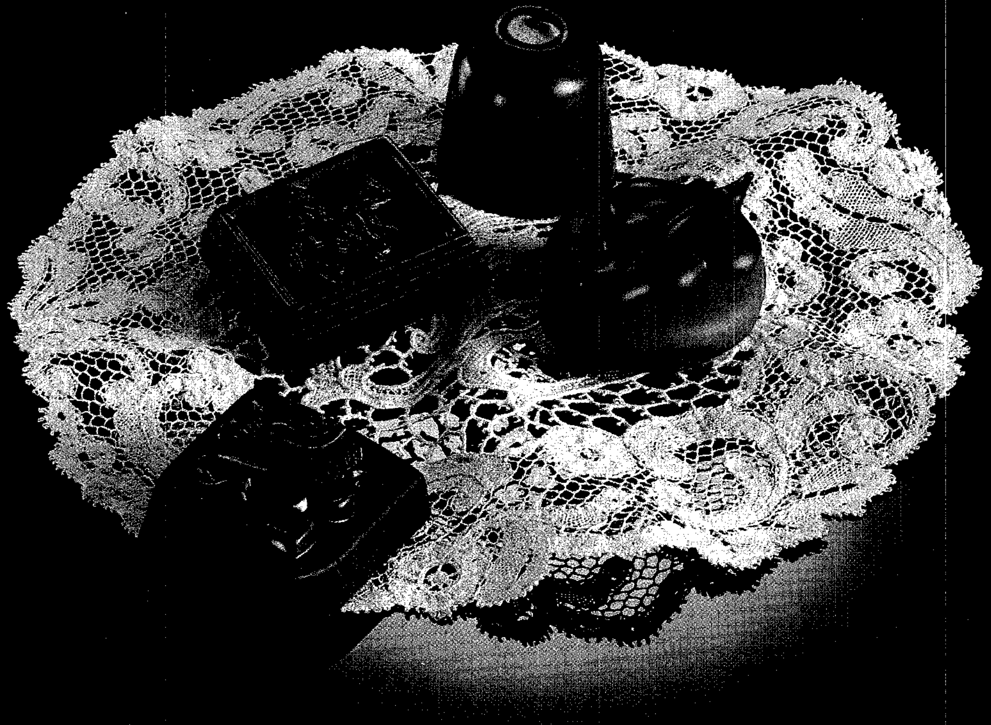

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In Selemani, an hour farther on, we met a family of BaBudu who had come from Wamba, a populous town two days to the west, to trade clothes and *mafuta* for meat. The proximity of Wamba was another good reason for the BaLese to move into the forest. I noticed a net stuffed in the rafters of the *baraza*. Hunting nets, which are made from a vine in the spurge family called *kusa*, are used by the pygmies of the BaBudu and the BaBira but rarely by the Efe, to whom this one was probably on loan. It is much more efficient to drive game into a net than to hunt it with a bow, but the Efe have not adopted the method, perhaps from pride or perhaps because it would force them to live in larger groups. Three or four families are not enough people for an effective drive.

At two o'clock, we reached Azangu. The *capita* was Gamaembi's father's "brother," or *ndugu;* he was from the *localité*, though not from the same clan. An old man with a sly, humorous face, he was wearing a purple shirt and sitting in a wicker deck chair weaving a shallow basket for winnowing rice. The chair, a far more finished piece of furniture than the BaLese produce, was made by the Mangbetu, a tribe to the north; such chairs are a popular trade item. After studying me for some time, Azangu thanked me for coming and said, "You are big, as our people used to be." (I am six feet tall and was about twenty pounds overweight.) Excess body fat, implying that you have plenty of food and have other people to do your work for you, is a status symbol in black Africa. The only men in the *collectivité* who were in my league were Joaçim's father and the judge. Azangu must have thought I was an important person. I spent the afternoon conversing with him through Gamaembi, after bathing in the river and painting with Merthiolate the cuts and open sores of several Efe, whose camp was below the village. I told my patients it would sting for a moment, and afterward they would feel better. They sucked in their breath, as if in pain, even before the applicator touched them.

I dropped a tablet of effervescent Vitamin C into a cup of water and passed it to Azangu, who screamed "Ow!" with delight before he drank. Later, when I played the guitar, he stood up and did a little shuffle, which everybody had to come and watch. When he had sat down again, he tapped some snuff from a Coca-Cola bottle, inhaled it, and dictated into my Sony a letter of introduction to Moto Moto, the most important chief in the southern part of the forest: "This is Alex. He spent the night here. I need a shirt and some pants."

"Azangu is the biggest village around here," Gamaembi explained. "Moto Moto is the capital of all the little villages *de ce côté là*."

We stayed that night in a small hut without windows. Gamaembi barred the door on the inside, and I asked why we needed so much security. He said, "It is our custom." It was not attack from another village he was worried about. Fifty years ago, the BaLese had raided each other's villages for women, as the Yanomamo of northern Amazonia still do today, but the Belgians had put a stop to the practice. Nor was it spirits, who could walk through walls, that concerned him. It was *enemies*, who could change into leopards through sorcery and kill you as you slept. Metamorphosed enemies were not afraid of fire, as real leopards are.

The BaLese and the Efe believe that *mbolozi*, or witches, are at the bottom of all sickness and death, even when there is a clear natural cause. There had been a case of witchcraft in Opoku not long before I arrived. A woman had slept with her husband's brother. The man had fallen in love with her and then had died, and his jealous widow had accused the woman of killing him with *dawa*, or "medicine," which can be either sorcery or actual potions, such as water that has been used to wash a cadaver (which might be put in food). It is a crime against the state to be a witch, and the police had come from Bangupanda, a day's walk. As they were dragging the woman away to prison she was beaten by all the women of the village, formerly her friends. One of the police-

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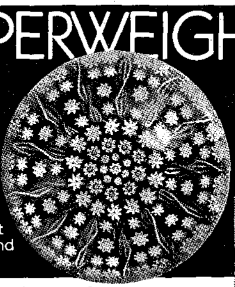

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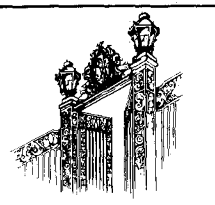

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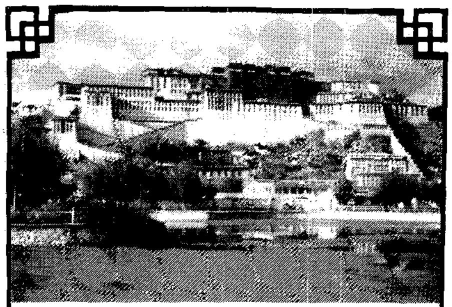
men "ate" her—bit her arm, making it septic—and she almost died. But the woman had recovered, and she now lived in a separate community of outcasts near Opoku, with her mother and four men who had also been categorized as *mbolozi*. The BaLese and the Efe live in constant fear both of being harmed by *mbolozi* and of being accused of witchcraft themselves. The local *mbolozi* tend to be old, unproductive members of the community. "They have nothing to think about except how their friends and relatives did them wrong," Gamaembi explained. But most *mbolozi* are not in one's own clan or village, or even in one's own tribe. Gamaembi told me about how his wife, Anna, had got sick, and he had had to walk for a day to the Mamvu, a tribe to the north, to get special *dawa* from their sorcerer, because the *mbolozi* was thought to be from that tribe. The *dawa* was some leaves that, after they had been ground up and brewed to make a tea, compelled Anna to name her *mbolozi*, who was, indeed, a Mamvu nobody knew. Only then could *her* witch doctor prescribe counteractive *dawa*—some different leaves—and she got well. The effect of the leaves was presumably purely psychological.

Outside, still sitting in the *baraza*, Azangu told stories about mean Belgians in a voice the whole village could hear. I slept deeply in the pitch darkness. In the morning, Azangu asked to see another Vitamin C tablet dissolve in water.

Soon after crossing the Angu River, we met an Efe man and his wife. Using an iron arrowhead, he was whittling the shaft of another arrow to a point, for hunting monkeys, and he had a round wooden plug in the pierced philtrum of his upper lip. The labret may have been a vestige of the large lip disc that used to be in vogue, which may have served to emphasize the sexual function of the mouth. This was a rare sighting, as Efe men carve lip plugs for their wives but seldom wear them themselves. This man's wife was carrying a smoldering faggot to start their next fire with and an empty bottle of Primus, the most popular beer, to put honey in.

We reached the village of Adremani by midmorning. The *capita*, Bernard, bore an amazing resemblance to the young Harry Belafonte. He was sitting in the *baraza* with a policeman in ragged, epauletted green fatigues and worn-out sneakers who had come to collect the annual head tax from the



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people in the forest. The policeman, who had an Okapi-brand folding knife for a weapon, had brought a prisoner as his porter. The man, whose hands were tied, had been arrested in Digbo for making alcohol from manioc, which is illegal—although all the Zairois, and especially policemen, drink it. Somebody must have wanted the man arrested; perhaps it was the policeman himself, knowing that he was going into the forest for several months and could use a porter, and that the man would never be able to come up with the three-hundred-zaire fine for making home brew.

In the afternoon, farther up the Angu River, we came to a village of four huts, named Angu-Kinshasa, after the capital of Zaire. The *capita*, Sadiki, was forging a curved brush hook, pumping with his foot a bellows made of the endlessly useful *mangungu*. As I was going through my duffelbag, his eyes fell on my blue cap, and he asked me for it. I asked what he would give me in return. He went into his hut and brought out a cup carved of very hard gray wood, and we made the trade—both of us thinking we had got the better of the deal. In the clearing, his fifteen-year-old daughter, already a sultry young woman and pregnant by a BaBudu trader, was pounding the hulls off some rice in a mortar. A boy led me to a stream. As I washed in a pool, a huge velvet-brown swallowtail butterfly with luminous lemon-green wing bands—it flew so strongly I thought at first it was a bird—patrolled the streambed possessively, disappearing upstream and returning every few minutes. It was the largest of several brown-and-yellow species in the genus *Graphium*. Downstream, the boy was checking traps for catfish. He came back with two freshwater crabs that had walked into them. Suddenly, I was in a whirl of smaller butterflies—hairstreaks—which changed from dull purple to brilliant blowtorch blue whenever sunlight hit their wings. I watched one land on a leaf and rub its long, slender tails together, perhaps to make them seem even more like its antennae. On its folded hind wings, black spots, ringed with orange and shot with a zigzag of opalescent green, furthered the illusion that the insect was resting face down. The purpose of the illusion was probably to fool predators into striking at a part of its body which it could better afford to lose than its head.

When I returned to the village,

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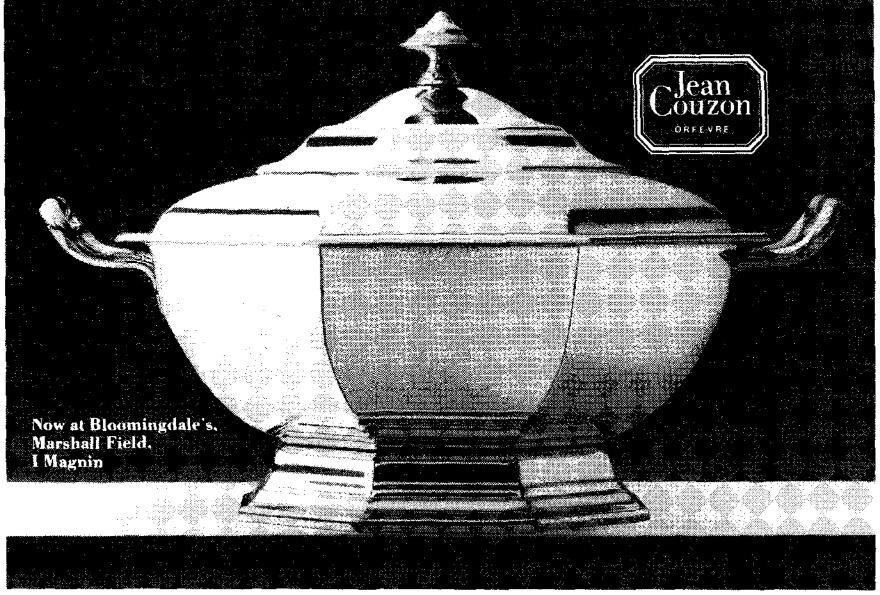

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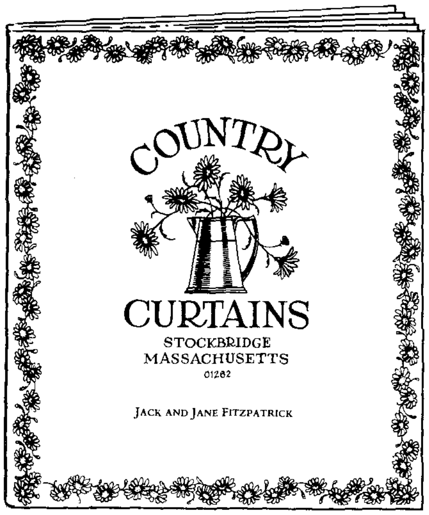

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Sadiki was drunk on banana wine—*le whisky zaïrois,* Gamaembi called it. After dark, the whole village, roused by Sadiki, had a dance in our honor. An Efe man tapped a brisk, contagious rhythm on a drum, three Efe women yodelled, and all the others joined in a BaBudu chant they knew. Tramping in a circle with our hands on the next person's shoulders, we hopped to either side with both feet together, like downhill skiers, or stood and watched as two people on opposite edges of the circle jumped in, acted spooky for a few seconds, then dropped back to their places. I spotted two new uses of *mangungu,* of which I had begun a list: one of the Efe women wore an upright leaf, like a feather, on a headband; another had a bracelet pouch, rather like a disco bag, on her wrist.

In the morning, all the villagers put on their best clothes for an official photograph. Some of them went with us for a little way into the forest.

Soon after they had turned back, we could hear the Mambo River rushing through a gorge to our right. After following it for four and a half hours, we reached Salumu, the last village that any *muzungu* had ever been to. Sadiki had told me that he talked regularly to Salumu with drums, although all he could say was "Come here." In other parts of Africa, drummers can communicate full paragraphs.

In Salumu, several magnificent roosters paced the clearing, and a young man with a T-shirt that said "Houston 38" was strumming a homemade stringed instrument carved in the shape of an electric guitar. We were offered, as a special treat, some smoked elephant meat. I put a chunk in my mouth but could not bring myself to swallow it. It was as tough as rubber and it smelled and tasted weeks old. Gamaembi, talking with the villagers about where to go from here, learned of a new village called Pereni, which some of their people had started. A pygmy named Sabani offered to take us there, but his wife wouldn't let him go, so we went on by ourselves.

We crossed the Ngawe River almost immediately. It flowed south; the other rivers we had crossed flowed north. After three and a half hours, we came to Pereni, which was not really a village but a still. It owed its existence to a grove of raffia palm trees, whose juice becomes alcoholic within a few hours of being tapped. Two young men named Mosalia and Shafiku and their women ran the still, which was not legal. Mosalia was wearing a Wonderknit shirt with a label that said, "Washing instructions: only machine wash—warm tumble dry—no bleach." Shafiku was an Efe-BaLese mestizo. That night, passing around halved calabashes full of palm wine, we made up a song that consisted of one line in Swahili, "It is just us here," and shouted it again and again in the darkness, like dogs howling at the moon.

In the morning, we were given a tour of the works. Since their arrival, Mosalia and Shafiku had cut down seven trees, and they were all still exuding juice, or wine, which the two men collected every twenty-four hours from homemade clay pots they had left beneath the dripping ends of the fallen trunks. "It flows day and night," Mosalia told me. The wine was slightly hard, like cider or birch beer, and very drinkable. It is a beverage of great antiquity, mentioned by Herodotus. We tasted wine from a tree that had been cut down a month earlier and was still dripping, and wine from one felled only the day before. The fresher stuff was more acid and carbonated, the other calmer and smoother, rather like Beaujolais. As we drank, we sat and watched two white lines way above the clouds trace themselves across the sky. Gamaembi, who had never been near an airplane, said, "That one holds four hundred and fifty people."

After collecting the wine from the trees, Mosalia and Shafiku poured it into an oil drum, heated it while it evaporated up a length of hollowed bamboo, and bottled the distillate as it condensed and ran down another bamboo tube. The final product, known as *kaikbo* (it is also distilled from corn, bananas, or manioc), was as strong as gasoline, Mosalia claimed, and exploded when you threw it on a fire. They were making thirty bottles a day and selling them to BaBudu traders. He offered to sell us some, but Gamaembi, looking anxiously at Baudouin, shook his head. Baudouin was already drunk, and it was only eight o'clock. With great difficulty, we got him to his feet and on the path. He didn't want to leave at all. "*Pereni c'est matata,*" he said. *Matata* means "trouble," in a positive sense. He managed to stagger along for about half a mile; then, overcome by a mixture of wine and pot, he vomited and passed out. As he slept, half a dozen huge cicadas, each blending with the mossy bark of a different tree, droned around us.

We waited for Baudouin to come to, and Gamaembi talked about the store he was going to start with his half brother Kuri. He would bring the goods by bicycle from Digbo: simple things at first—cooking pots, flashlights, drinking glasses, soap, needles, cigarettes—slowly building up to more expensive items, like radios and wax-printed cloth. Then he would put a tin roof on the store. Then he would buy a truck. He already had a bicycle. Bicycles were not cheap in Haut-Zaire. Even a beaten-up wreck cost six hundred zaires. But he and Kuri owned a coffee *shamba* together. With three hundred zaires they had made from selling the beans, they had paid some Efe—in soap, shirts, and pants—to kill an elephant with spears. A local *fraudeur*, or smuggler, had bought the tusks and the teeth for two thousand zaires. He would sell them to the next level of *fraudeur*, and from then on they would be the focus of numerous illegal dealings. Perhaps the subregional administrator in Isiro, the nearest large city, would acquire them (a few weeks earlier in Isiro I had watched as dozens of tusks wrapped in burlap were hurriedly loaded onto the plane on which I had just arrived). They would probably end up in Hong Kong, to be carved into coffee-table objects and jewelry for consumers in the West. Gamaembi figured he had enough to start with—nine hundred zaires for the merchandise, two hundred for incidental expenses like keeping the police off his back. I thought how unfortunate it was that the only way a young man in Gamaembi's position could get ahead was to kill an elephant.

By eleven, Baudouin was ready to continue. We crossed the Ngawe again—on a fallen tree, with a vine railing along which a column of small red ants was moving. They jumped on my hand instantly and covered it with bites. We saw fireflies with dazzling blue wings, and an elongated black-and-white butterfly that was hardly distinguishable from the dappled shadows among which it was lazily flapping. We arrived at Dulungu by mid-afternoon, stayed long enough to take a census—Dulungu was seven-

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teen years old, one of the oldest of the new villages in the forest, with a population of eight—and pushed on to make Sandiki by nightfall.

From Sandiki, it was eight hours to the next village, Mangiese, by a path that went along a shrubby ridge most of the way. Mangiese was on the Isolo River, and four families lived there. Eight prospectors from Mambasa, a relatively large town on the Kisangani road, which was the capital of the *zone*, were lodging there, too. Gold had been found in a stream near Moto Moto, about fifteen miles away, and the discovery had sparked a small gold rush in the southern Ituri Forest. I photographed the prospectors, with their picks and shovels. "They want to get rich without working in *shambas*," Gamaembi said, perhaps a little enviously. If gold was found near Mangiese, it would no longer be a quiet village in the forest. Already, the doors of its huts were padlocked.

Andalita, the *capita* of Mangiese, was the son of Gamaembi's aunt, and he received us as family. He mended Baudouin's torn pants on his sewing machine and fixed a broken buckle on my side bag. He was not one for lounging in the *baraza*. It had taken him only a week to clear a large *shamba* we had passed on the way to the village. As the bees died down and daylight faded and a flock of green forest ibises, hurrying to their roosts, flew over and filled the sky with trumpeting, he chipped weeds in the clearing with a hoe. "This has to be done every two weeks," he said. His two-year-old daughter, Molai, followed him with a little hoe, stabbing at weeds, and in a vine-grown *shamba* behind them his wife, Ubolubu, of a delicate and sensitive beauty, picked leaves for a flyswatter. They seemed a happy family.

After dark, Ubolubu came to the *baraza* with boiled bananas and chicken and *sombe* on a real silver platter. (Andalita must have been panning a little gold himself, I thought.) Molai, with coils of thread in her pierced ears, sat on my lap and looked up at me with wonder. She had never seen a *muzungu*. I couldn't get a smile out of her. I played a little to her on my guitar, but one of the strings broke. The villagers and the prospectors sang the Zairian national anthem, which was in French, for me; then they fell into their own language. On the edge of the sky, flickering flashes of lightning momentarily eclipsed the stars and the fire's glow, and illumined clouds, looming trees, tattered banana leaves, a battered pot in the middle of the gray clay clearing, and Molai, who had moved to a little chair against a post but was still staring at me with her mouth open. I thought of how Gamaembi had promised that afternoon to give me his bracelet, woven from the black hair of an elephant's tail, to commemorate our friendship. But he still did not quite believe that if a well-cooked plate of human flesh were put before me I would be able to pass it up. "A few years ago, my cousin bought what he thought was a can of sardines at a store in Kisangani," he had told me. "He opened it, and there was a hand inside. The owner of the store, a *muzungu*, begged him to keep it a secret." The basis of this story probably went back to the First World War, when the natives of the Congo were first forced to collect rubber, and the Belgians sometimes cut off the hands of those who had not collected enough. To the BaLese, the most logical motive for the amputations was that *muzungus* were cannibals, as the BaLese's other enemies were.

I started to fade, listening to wonderful-sounding stories I couldn't make head or tail of, but suddenly there was a great shout and everyone in the *baraza* jumped up. Andalita grabbed a burning log from the fire and clubbed something on the ground. It looked like a scorpion, but was another arthropod—a long-tailed thirty-legged centipede. Gamaembi said that it had been attracted to the fire, and that its bite could paralyze you for days, or even kill a child.

When we hit the trail for Moto Moto the next day, Gamaembi, who was in the lead, and was breathing faint, evanescent plumes of steam into the morning coolness and parting wet cobwebs with his forehead, turned around and said, "There will be a story in Mangiese about the *muzungu* who came and played the guitar and one of his strings broke." I had given Andalita a roll of nylon cord, although Bob Bailey had advised me to go easy with presents, saying, "Your presence will be enough of a gift."

I was bushed. I had not recovered from the long day before. Gamaembi said it was only four hours to Moto

Moto, but every step was an effort. I kept asking when we were going to get there, and Baudouin would say gently, "*À peu près, monsieur. Un peu plus près.*" To aggravate matters, I was stung by nettles on the back of my right thumb. Too late, Gamaembi showed me the vine, whose innocent-looking, heart-shaped leaves were covered with minute, prickly hairs. The thumb quickly swelled, and for the next few days it itched incessantly. But my malaise was more than physical. I wondered if it had anything to do with the "mental strain" described in a pamphlet, "Preservation of Personal Health in Warm Climates," which I'd read in preparation for the trip. It was published in Great Britain, for people planning extended stays in the tropics, and stated:

> The condition at present responsible for many cases of Europeans having to be invalided from the tropics is mental health, which commonly takes the form of lack of self-confidence and anxiety. Some of this ill health is associated with physical illness but most of it arises from a temperamental incompetence—an inability to adjust outlook and habits to the strange people, customs, social life and climate of a tropical environment. Inflexible people and those with definite racial or cultural prejudices find this adjustment most difficult, and those to whom the glamour of tropical life seems an escape from competition "at home" are sure to be disillusioned. Persons of a highly nervous disposition or with a family history of mental disturbance react badly to the life in the tropics where the heat and the humidity tend to magnify the petty irritations that would pass unnoticed in more temperate regions.

The pamphlet went on to say that many people had found a glass of gin in the evening an antidote.

At eleven, we met some pygmies on the path, and they told us, "You will get to Moto Moto before we get to Mangiese." One of the women, whose face was scored with black lines, had an enormous bottom. This condition, known as steatopygia, is common among pygmies. Since pygmy women with bulbous bottoms are the most attractive to pygmies and to BaLese, whose women also have the trait (though nowhere nearly so conspicuously), sexual selection may be at work. (An equally interesting question is why *muzungus* have comparatively flat, compact bottoms.) An hour later, we walked into Moto Moto. In contrast to Mangiese and the butterflies that haunted it, it was a filthy place. It hadn't been swept in days, and all kinds of putrid scraps and leftovers were lying around, attracting flies by the thousands. I went to the river as

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quickly as I could; that was always the best part of the day. Three Efe girls, waist-deep in the water, were pounding it with cupped hands, making a staccato clopping sound, like horses trotting on pavement. Baudouin called to them teasingly, "I am your husband," and they screamed with frightened delight. A little later, one of them came over shyly to borrow my soap.

When we returned to the village, Gamaembi told me there were some Efe who needed medicine. One was an old man who complained of pain in his chest. I asked if he smoked a lot, and he said he did. I gave him some aspirin and told him to stop smoking until the pain went away. That was all I could do for him. Then we went to a woman sitting in front of a hut. She called her son, who was lying in the darkness inside, and he came out, so weak he could barely stand. He was about six years old. His face and back were covered with purulent warts the size of nickels and quarters. They looked like little cauliflowers. She pulled away his loincloth, and what I saw made tears rush to my eyes. On the inside of both thighs the flesh was inflated and white, like whale blubber, and the infection was eating into his scrotum. Whatever he had, it was advanced. Something I had read rang a bell, and when I got home I found the following passage in a book by Sebastian Snow, who reached the source of the Marañon River, in Peru, early in the nineteen-fifties:

> Inside the shelter, with his head against a large earthenware cauldron, lay an Indian boy, his legs covered with *verrugas*, or warts. They were hardly distinguishable because they were so covered with blood and flies, with hundreds of mosquitoes circling above. . . . His legs were like matchsticks, his cheeks hollow and his eyes large and brilliant. He seemed remarkably philosophical about his condition and accepted his fate with a stoicism which I greatly admired and envied. He had no fear of death; he certainly had little will to live.

This was not *verruga peruana*, however, but another tropical disease, called yaws, or frambesia. I did not know the French word for it, and neither did Gamaembi. "Young children get it, and it comes again in adolescence," he said. "He needs penicillin." The antibiotic I had with me had almost the same spectrum. It might raise the boy's chances to fifty-fifty, but if I gave it to him I would be unprotected. And if I *didn't* give it to him his chances were probably zero. Emotionally, almost shouting, I explained to the woman through Gamaembi that I was giving her this medicine, but it would not save the boy, and if she did not take him to the dispensary in Wamba, which was three days' walk, he would probably die. And if she did not follow the full course, and give him one pill three times a day for nine days, the medicine would do no good. She nodded, but I doubt whether she understood any of it.

As we walked into the village, Gamaembi stopped a woman he knew, and she said she would go with the mother and her son to Wamba. In one of the most interesting of the *mba*, the plant and animal taboos that protect the capacity of the forest to provide for them, the pygmies believe that if they kill and eat a baby blue duiker their own child will get sick and die unless they find a certain plant in the arrowroot family, pound its root, boil it with salt, and feed it to the child. To their way of thinking, something awful could have happened to one of my sons if I had allowed the boy to die by not giving him the medicine. What you did mattered in the Ituri Forest, as it did anywhere. All sorts of taboos and fetishes held you responsible for your actions.

I sat for the rest of the day in the *baraza*. Moto Moto, the degenerate old *capita*, was there, in a chair that was slightly higher and fancier than the others. A wire in the Sony had come loose, and the complex circuitry was beyond Gamaembi or me, so I could not play Moto Moto his message from Azangu. Moto Moto was a member of the same clan as Gamaembi's wife. His mother was an Efe. He wore sandals, and also owned a pair of yellow rubber boots, which were drying in the yard. Lighting a marijuana pipe, he asked me through Gamaembi, who sat at his feet, if it was possible for him to marry a woman of my race. I said yes. "Well, bring me one the next time you come," he said. "And what about the bride price?" he asked a bit later. I said there was none. "What? You mean I can get a woman for nothing?" he asked with astonishment. Not only that, I said, but her father would probably pay for the wedding.

FOR the better part of the afternoon, I sat across from a tall policeman with a goatee, who had come from Mambasa to collect the annual head tax. He was reading a pamphlet, in French, about pregnancy. His two young associates were reading a paperback called "How to Realize Your Life" and an excruciatingly theological biography of Mary of Nazareth, both of which were also in French. Each of the two had a radio to his ear, and the radios were tuned to different rumba stations. I found it hard to hear myself think, but everybody else was oblivious of the problem. "French is the national language, but not many people in Haut-Zaïre know it," the policeman told me. "Only five per cent really speak it. Maybe fifteen or twenty per cent get along, and thirty per cent understand it." He said he was resting that day, but, beginning the next day, he and his associates were going to spend about five days hunting down prospectors and getting six zaires from each of them. He reckoned there were about thirty prospectors in the area—BaNdaka from Mambasa, and WaNande from the highlands.

Like the policeman in Adremani, he had an Okapi-brand folding knife for a weapon. His symbol of authority, instead of a badge, was a set of keys. He told me that two of the keys opened desks at the police station, one was to his house, the fourth was a skeleton. I had the impression he could have been bought with little trouble. In the course of the afternoon, he bummed a dozen cigarettes, two candles, and a box of matches from me, and asked for but did not get my felt-tip pen, my guitar, my running shoes, and my knife. I felt I got off lightly.

Toward evening, a low, sullen, but beautiful raft of steel-gray clouds moved in from the north. Gamaembi said we should get an early start tomorrow, or we might not be able to cross the river. I changed the string on my guitar and played a few licks for Moto Moto and the policeman, who eyed me wordlessly, trying to decide what to ask for next. An old man from the village who was sitting next to him also studied me intently. I thought he was interested in the music, but he finally saw his moment and asked, "Soap, monsieur?" When we turned in, the policeman had a last request: my address. I asked what for. "So we can correspond."

It rained all night, but in the morning we waded the Ngawe without trouble. It was only up to our waists. We passed a buffalo pit trap and then some small, capped termitaries that resembled two-foot gray toadstools. We surprised a large troop of gray-

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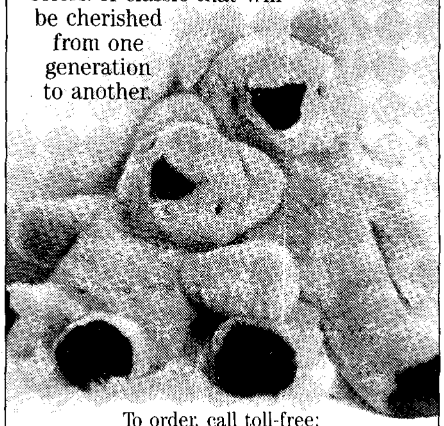
cheeked mangabeys feeding on the ground. Compared with blue monkeys, which stay in a small, fixed home range, mangabeys are seminomadic; they move for several weeks into an area where a particular forest fruit is abundant, then go somewhere else. As the troop scampered along, with clucks of alarm which turned into panicky shrieks as they climbed up leafy lianas, I spotted several males. (The females of most of the monkey species in the Ituri Forest are usually accompanied by only a single male.) A bit later, some monkeys that were more arboreal—probably Angolan colobus—brayed at us from the crown of an emergent, sucking in air with excited *hoos*. One of them threw down a dead branch, which just missed me. I was exhilarated. Farther on, I stopped to pick burrs from my socks, and Baudouin plucked a vine stretched taut between two buttresses; it resonated deeply, like a bass. We came to two empty Efe camps. The Efe were always somewhere else, it seemed. The second camp had eighteen huts, and several healthy *bangi* plants and a creeping cherry-tomato vine were growing in the clearing. "So they do grow things," I said to Gamaembi, and he said that these had probably not been planted but had started spontaneously from fallen seeds.

That night, after ten hours of walking, we slept in a streamside lean-to. When day came, Gamaembi noticed a tree even he did not know, with long, linear leaves in the crown, almost like pine needles. I asked if he could climb it. He said "*Mais oui*" and proceeded to swarm up it, grabbing the straight branchless trunk, as big around as a telephone pole, in his hands, and bringing up his feet—measuring it like an inchworm. The sprig he threw down, which I described a few days later to the botanist Terese Hart, who was doing an ecological study in the forest, was probably from a species of dracaena called the dragon tree.

Soon after starting on the path, we began to hear the sonorous low gears of trucks. They had never sounded so welcome. After three hours, we came out on the Kisangani road. We bathed in the Epini River, washed our clothes, laid them out on gray slabs beside the water, and rested. In the course of our trek, I had lost about fifteen pounds.

THE next evening, after a series of truck rides, I parted company with Baudouin and Gamaembi in the



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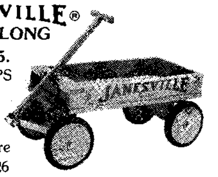

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main square of Mambasa. They started to walk north; they would be back in Opoku in four days. I continued east, to the savannas of Kivu and the western arm of the Great Rift Valley, which is filled with lakes and with great herds of ungulates.

When I got home, months later, there was a letter full of news from Gamaembi. After we parted, they had spent the next night with his *grand frère* Apimo, Gamaembi wrote, and Apimo had asked them all about the trip, and whether they had not been afraid to be with a *muzungu* for twelve days. Gamaembi had told him everything—where we had slept each night, what we had eaten, how I had written everything down and had taken pictures of everybody. "*Eh.* I still remember the American song you taught us," the letter continued (a sassy ragtime version of "Five Foot Two, Eyes of Blue"). "And you'll never guess what happened three weeks after I got home. I took another wife. The girl is from the *groupement* of Andape, forty-three kilometres from Opoku, and she belongs to the little *fungu* of Anduchu. It was a great wedding, I understand. I wasn't there myself." The groom's presence is not required at a BaLese wedding, and Gamaembi was, I have since learned, prospecting for gold along the Nepoko River, north of Opoku. "My brothers carried in a substitute for me on their shoulders. The bride-price negotiations went on for two days. In the end, I had to give her family eight hundred zaires and a goat. So there went the money for my store." The letter ended with a request for a digital wristwatch and a pair of Adidas running shoes, size 8. "Please send them. It will bring me glory when my brothers see that I really have a friend in America." —ALEX SHOUMATOFF

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DEPARTMENT OF DELICACY

[*From the Cochin (India) Indian Express*]

The Tibetan Youth Congress has urged the Dalai Lama not to go ahead with his proposed 1985 visit to Tibet "as long as the present uncertain and insecure conditions continue to prevail" in the region.

In a petition drafted at its fifth general body conference, the TYC said it was making this request because of the "sheer undependability of the Chinese authorities and because of the potential risk that every Tibetan sees to your person under the present circumstances."

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Vulgarians and Ascetics

IN the nineteen-seventies, Woody Allen, the first post-Freudian movie comedian, channelled his own anxieties and obsessions into his clowning. He was the first to use his awareness of his own sexual insecurities as the basis for his humor, and when he turned psychodrama into comedy he seemed to speak—to joke—for all of us. Moviegoers felt themselves on insiders' terms with the neurotic Woody Allen hero, who reflected their defenses, their feelings of insignificance, their embarrassing aspirations. But the culture has changed: Woody Allen no longer tells us what we think of ourselves. A wall has come down between him and us: in "Broadway Danny Rose," which he wrote, directed, and stars in, he's on the other side, with the rest of the comedy specialists, beating against it, trying to make us laugh. It's as if he'd been blessed with perfect pitch for reaching audiences and had then become tone-deaf. No one has yet replaced him in the national consciousness, although after "My Dinner with André" came out, there was talk around the colleges that Wally Shawn would be the Woody Allen of the eighties, and there have been flurries of audience identification with John Belushi, Richard Pryor, Bill Murray, Steve Martin, Eddie Murphy, and even, after "Risky Business," Tom Cruise.

Woody Allen is the spirit of the seventies incarnate, but he's also a determined guy, and he has developed something that may make him successful in the eighties: a fair amount of commercial know-how. The star of "Broadway Danny Rose" is not the Woody Allen we all felt ourselves to be (or, at least, to have a close connection with). As Danny Rose, Woody Allen isn't hip and he isn't dizzy with angst; the picture doesn't have any specifically modern themes. Danny is a small-time booking agent, a mild, patient fellow who nurtures his more promising clients until they're on the brink of stardom, at which point they invariably leave him and sign up with a big-time agent. The movie has close ties to the pictures that used to be made from Damon Runyon's Broadway stories or, sometimes, were simply based on his characters—"Little Miss Marker," "Pocketful of Miracles," "Guys and Dolls," "Bloodhounds of Broadway," "A Slight Case of Murder," and perhaps two dozen others. They were about racketeers and entertainers with hearts of gold who had unlikely nicknames and spoke in a stylized tough-guy vernacular—Damon Runyonese. These lowlifes seemed to know nothing of the world beyond Broadway; they were a bit stunted, but were regarded with great affection, rather like the way Coach is regarded on the TV series "Cheers." Woody Allen himself isn't full of affection, though; he's spinning a tale without having any particular involvement in it, except, perhaps, in its "King of Comedy" underlayer—its condemnation of what it views as the scurviness of our time. "Broadway Danny Rose" seems "worked up," and though it's moderately entertaining and has some good fast talk and some push (it isn't as attenuated as Allen's 1982 "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy"), nothing in it feels easy or natural.

Danny Rose is Mr. Goodness-and-Poignancy. He lacks the deviousness and the blow-your-own-horn brashness to prosper; he's an agent without a conniving bone in his body. Woody Allen's Zelig was nobody in history; Danny Rose is nobody in show business. He's a little schmo in loud plaids, but he's also a virtuous man. The new Judas in his life is Lou Canova (Nick Apollo Forte), a barrel-chested singer in his forties with a dimply, piggy, Vegas smile and a voice to make musicians shudder. A has-been trying for a comeback, he suggests the least talented aspects of Buddy Hackett and Tony Bennett. In his first movie appearance, Forte is completely convincing as a ruffled-shirt vulgarian sweating with sentimentality. As the story is told to us, by Sandy Baron sitting at a table in the Carnegie Delicatessen with an assortment of fellow-comics (Corbett Monica, Morty Gunty, Jackie Gayle, Will Jordan, and others), Lou Canova is having a hard time balancing the demands of his career,

"Of course I'm not hungry. Nobody's hungry. But I could use a drink."

his wife, and the woman he's hooked on—Tina, the brassy blond widow of a mafioso. Lou feels he can't live without seeing her. So when Danny has him booked to appear at a benefit at the Waldorf he insists that Danny go to New Jersey to pick her up and bring her to the benefit as if she were Danny's date. Danny's ordeal as he chases after the infuriated, balky Tina, trying to persuade her to accompany him—while hit men chase after the two of them—is the centerpiece of the film.

The audience's first sight of Tina is something of a shock, and her every subsequent appearance produces a faint ripple of disbelief, because this ruthless tough dame who chews gum with a vengeance, talks with a nasal Brooklyn accent, and has a teased-stiff mop of curls that come down to her big dark glasses is played by a padded-out Mia Farrow. It's like seeing a Harpo wig and a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit on a statue by Donatello; she's a work of art in disguise, her face hidden. There's just one shot of Tina—looking in a bathroom mirror, with a towel around her head—that reveals the finely modelled Mia Farrow. The rest of the time, Tina is in motion, talking incessantly, and she sounds so much like Louise Lasser (who was married to Woody Allen and appeared in a couple of his early films) that the performance throws a curve into the material. Mia Farrow is certainly different here, but you can hardly see her, and her playing against type doesn't do anything special for the movie; it just makes you stare at Tina's mouth and chin—you look for signs that Mia Farrow is really lurking under the fright wig and shades.

Although the manner of this movie is deliberately raucous, and the decision to film it in flat, grainy black-and-white suggests that Allen may have wanted to give it a strangeness (as if it weren't happening now) and the feel of a takeoff, the material is rather unformed. It's larval, like Danny. The story's satirical underpinnings are never brought up top, and there's an element of something like cowardice—although it may be just nice-guyism—in the way that Allen shies off whenever there's a chance for something sharp. If you plotted a graph of the show-biz character traits that were the diametric opposites of Woody Allen's traits, you'd probably find that Lou Canova had them all, and the comedians at the Carnegie Deli, with their grating voices and gargoyle

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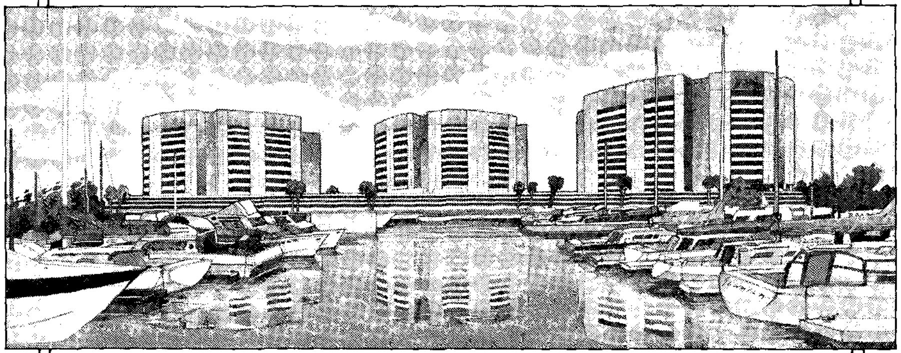

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grins, had plenty of them. But though Woody Allen knows how repulsive Lou Canova's act is, Danny Rose doesn't. He isn't permitted to have either taste or consciousness. "God bless ya, darling," he may say nervously to an old lady who's detaining him when he's in a hurry. When he uses the phrases that are the stock-in-trade of cheesy entertainers, he wobbles somewhere between weaseling and spreading joy. The picture has a curdled, Diane Arbus bleakness.

Danny, with his *chai* (a Jewish life-and-luck charm) on a chain around his neck, is going to be sweet and dull forever—a kind, considerate person. The story is set, retrospectively, in an indefinite period; it's told as if Sandy Baron, the narrator, were in 1983 talking about a legendary figure of the past, but from the visual and verbal clues that we pick up, Sandy Baron seems to be in 1983 talking about 1982. "Broadway Danny Rose" may be meant to be a timeless fable; it comes across as a toothless fable. I wanted to hear Lou Canova's wife say something that would clue us in on what living with this singing oaf must be like. I wanted to know why the oaf was so madly in love with the squawk-box Tina. I wanted Danny's novelty-act clients (the woman who plays tunes on water glasses, the stuttering ventriloquist, the blind xylophonist) to say something so weird and redemptive that it would dispel the suspicion that we were supposed to laugh at them, lovingly, for being hopeless, elfin losers—while dear Danny Rose was adding to his goodness quotient by serving them Thanksgiving dinner. (It's a scene out of Dickens.) Allen leaves us in the uncomfortable position of waiting for laugh lines and character developments that aren't there. But he plugs up the holes with gags that still get laughs; he remembers to pull the old Frank Capra strings, and he keeps things moving along.

This is the only time a Woody Allen picture has made me feel that he was writing down—trying for a crowd pleaser. The 1959 English musical satire "Expresso Bongo," with Laurence Harvey as a scrounging Soho booking agent, covered some of the same ground, but it had zest. The agent that Harvey played wasn't Mr. Virtue; he didn't turn the other cheek. In "Broadway Danny Rose," the dimness of the images begins to merge with Danny's dimness. Woody Allen isn't all there in Danny. He has left out the hostility that made him famous, and the imagination and freak lyricism, too. As Danny, he's a Chaplinesque moral presence in a world of Catskills comics and Mafia hoods. Danny is a little cloying, and so is the movie. Agents can have a good cry.

THE Italian film "Basileus Quartet," written and directed by Fabio Carpi, is about the monastic life of a celebrated group of classical musicians. ("Basileus" is the Greek for king.) The story begins with the heart attack, during a concert, of the elderly first violinist, Oscar, played by François Simon—whose performance, cut short though it is, is the wittiest stretch of the movie. He does a ripe parody of the sniffs and tics of a hypersensitive fiddler. Oscar is really into the music—his eyelids are fluttering, his mouth is sucked in with prissy passion. He isn't just making music, he's responding to the music, and this is, of course, all tied up with the fact that a violinist absorbs the vibrations of his instrument in his cheek and neck. One part of him is listening to the music he's playing to make sure he's doing it right, and another part is responding in a way that the audience can't. The result—a violinist's seeming to swoon with ecstasy—gives him a special romantic appeal. (If you question this ecstasy, ask yourself why Isaac Stern's face always reflects a private bliss.) The story that Carpi tells is dependent on the romance inherent in classical fiddling.

Oscar's quartet has been together for thirty years, and at first the survivors, who are in their fifties—Michel Vitold as a repressed homosexual, and Omero Antonutti and Hector Alterio as repressed heterosexuals—think that Oscar's death means the end of the group and the beginning of new lives. They have no money worries; they can do as they like. But these men, who have been touring for decades and have no family except the quartet itself, feel lost on their own. And when Edo (Pierre Malet), a twenty-year-old virtuoso with long ringlets, flaring nostrils, and the animal sensuality of a young Nureyev, presents himself as the only man who can replace Oscar, they audition him and their problems are solved. They don't even have to make the decision to go on as a group; Edo's turning up makes it for them. "Basileus Quartet" is, in a way, like "Death in Venice" with three Gustav von Aschenbachs, or, perhaps, three

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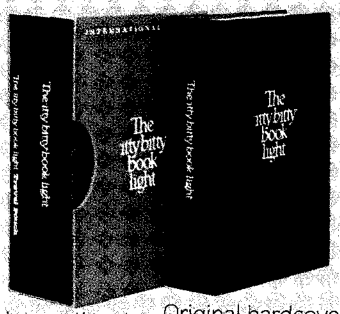
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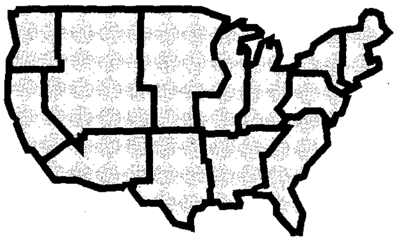

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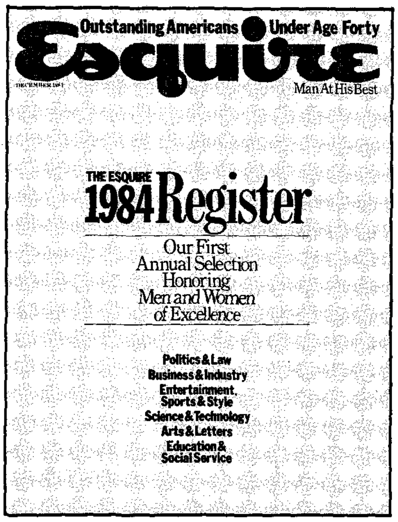

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HONORING OUTSTANDING AMERICANS UNDER FORTY men who represent different aspects of Aschenbach.

The writer-director very carefully builds the irony that the three aging men grasp: they have led emotionally impoverished lives—they have given up everything for their musical careers—but Edo denies himself nothing, and his music does not suffer. The others observe, and see what they've missed. Edo breathes heavily when he fiddles; women can't take their eyes off him. He meets their eyes, and the trysts are settled. As the quartet travels through Italy, France, Switzerland, and Austria, Edo—the darling, the pet of the three proud papas—has his pick of the beautiful women of Europe. He drinks, gambles, smokes pot, has an affair with a woman terrorist whom the police are tracking; he loves excitement. The life in him is, of course, too much of a shock to the other men, and, with no ill will on his part, he brings them to grief. One goes mad, another is destroyed, and the third is broken in spirit.

Fabio Carpi is by no means a great or original filmmaker, but the movie is pleasing. Though it was an inexpensive production (under five hundred thousand dollars), "Basileus Quartet" is calm, distanced, deep-toned; the men live well wherever they are, and the interiors seem as richly varnished as their instruments. They frequently perform at private musicales in palazzos and villas. (Alain Cuny—surely one of the most absurdly magnetic of all bad actors—is the host at a couple of their concerts, and his big, square head fills the frame.) But at heart this is a story about three aging monks regretting their wasted lives. (That's what I found disappointing about it: we may never get to see another movie about a string quartet, and this one turns out to be less interested in music and musicians than in demonstrating the perils of asceticism.) A fourth moper turns up when Hector Alterio bumps into a friend from his youth—Gabriele Ferzetti (he was the sell-out architect hero of "L'Avventura"), who's weary and bitter. There's even a fifth: when Omero Antonutti goes to visit the woman he once loved, she's all gall and wormwood, and scathingly angry about her supposedly ruined face (though she looks fine-boned and elegant). With all these handsome, prosperous people complaining about being older than they used to be, the movie really should be a comedy. I don't mean to suggest that Carpi has no humor, but he's somewhat too measured and solemn in his approach. One Aschenbach may be tragic, but three? In "The Sea Gull," when Masha says, "I'm in mourning for my life," it's funny. Here three men are saying it in unison, like a vaudeville team; the other characters who are introduced are also saying it. But Carpi doesn't see the joke.

The picture sags when the yearning old homosexual played by Vitold deludes himself that Edo is his lover, and chides the young musical and sexual prodigy about his naughty bad habits or breaks in on Edo when he's with a woman. Vitold's role is a literary cliché, with no surprises. What gives the film its sustaining interest is the faces of the actors—two of them in particular. Seeing Antonutti as the brutal father in "Padre Padrone" and as the peasant leader in "The Night of the Shooting Stars," I never imagined that he could be at his ease in dapper evening clothes. And Hector Alterio, the Argentine who has starred in Spanish films such as "The Nest" and "Cría!," is even more resplendent. These two—both with trim, lordly beards—bring the film force and dignity; the rounded domes of their high foreheads and partly bald heads loom in the wood-panelled rooms. If you're going to give a movie Old Master lighting, these are certainly the actors to soak up the light.

But the movie is essentially thin; the situation isn't rooted in anything. These aging musicians seem to have no contact with other musicians, no shoptalk, no insane anxieties about their instruments. They don't argue about the merits of other musicians or listen to the latest recordings. They don't even bitch about the acoustics of the halls they play in. All is gloom and empty lives. What's left out is what the men's music has meant to them. Anyone who has ever played chamber music knows how deeply refreshing and convivial it can be. If Carpi wants to demonstrate the damage caused by denial of sensual gratification, he has certainly picked the wrong vocational group. Playing in a quartet is like being part of a socially approved orgy. That's why some musicians consider it the greatest form of music-making: it's all feelings.

—PAULINE KAEL

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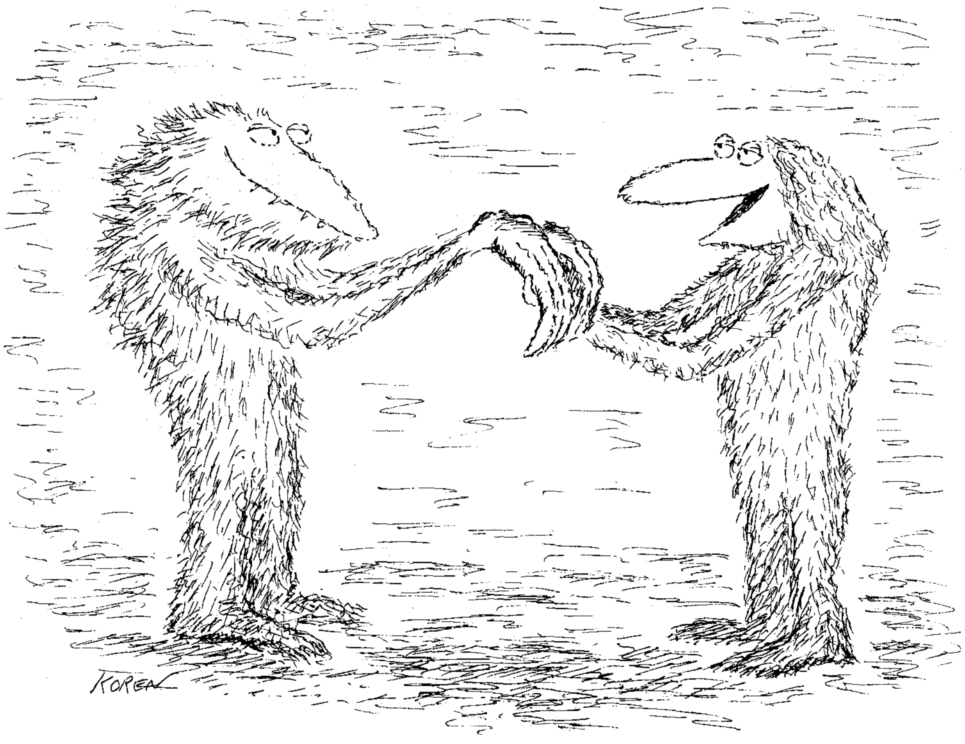
RICHARD PERRY's second novel, "Montgomery's Children" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12.95), is concerned with evil and redemption. It has many voices, all of them original and patient and unflinching: it is a comic novel, a realistic novel, a light-handed fantasy, a vivid testament to what black people, kept low for so long, still suffer. Perry is well equipped. He has a good ear and a nice oral prose sense. His humor and irony are cool and just. He mixes his voices with consummate ease.

Montgomery is a New York State town two hours north of the city, and Perry probably built it largely out of Monticello, where he grew up. The book opens in 1948, when there were only a hundred and fifty blacks in the town. They had begun moving there from the South around the time of the First World War, and new groups had arrived during the Depression and the Second World War. These settlers discovered that "northern white people didn't know how to name places," Perry tells us. "Woodridge, Fallsburgh, Poughkeepsie. What kind of names were they that you couldn't roll them on the tongue, bite down hard and spit, sing them? Call a place Slidell, Zachary, Bolatusha, Natchez, or Valdasee. Then, when you said a name, you'd be saying something." Several crucial events take place at the beginning of the book. Construction starts on a race track a mile and a half outside town, and a first-growth forest is levelled to make way for it. The black community, seemingly immortal, has its first death and, out of practice at mourning, has to relearn the old lamentations and carryings on. Hosea (pronounced Hose-ee) Malone deserts his wife, Meredith, and seven children, the youngest blind and deformed. And Norman Fillis, a thirty-nine-year-old janitor, begins to go mad. Norman and Hosea are the poles of the book. Hosea takes up with an enormously fat white woman and drug dealer named Alice Simineski, and in due course he and Alice return to Montgomery and deal drugs, paying off the authorities. Meredith Malone, distraught over Hosea's departure, suffocates her deformed child and buries him in the back yard, convinced that the child drove Hosea away. Norman is a kind of St. Francis of Assisi, who communes with animals and birds and believes that trees are proof of God's existence. On his way to work one morning, he suddenly feels a great weight on his head; when he goes to get a haircut soon afterward, he has his head shaved and the weight lifts. Here is Perry, deft and dancing, reporting the scene in the Clean Cut Freedom Barbershop. The owner is a midget:



"You have beautiful paws."

"Where's Egypt?"

"Asia," Lee said.

"Ain't not," the midget snorted. "It's someplace near Africa."

"It *is* Africa."

"Go way from here."

"Egypt," the Professor insisted, "is in Africa."

"Then how come they ain't colored?" the midget demanded.

"They are. Different shades is all, just like us."

"They swing on trees there, too?"

The Professor shook his head, less in denial than in exasperation. "Quiet as it's kept, Lee, folks in Africa don't swing on trees. They been too busy building empires."

"Empires?"

"If I'm lying, I'm flying," the Professor said. "Believe it or no."

On the same day that the weight begins pressing on his head, Norman discovers that watching fire—from a gas burner, a candle, a coal furnace—lets him "see." It also fills his heart with peace and his mouth with the taste of pomegranates. But Norman's madness starts taking uncontrollable turns, and after he appears naked in a woman's kitchen he is sent to an asylum for the first of many restorative visits. He has also become a soothsayer. The building of the race track and the first deaths in the black community fill him with foreboding, and he is right. The black children of Montgomery begin enduring terrible afflictions. Twelve-year-old Jonah Washington drowns in a pond. Gerald Fletcher is beaten again and again by his father. Gerald's great friend Iceman is electrocuted trying to save a treed cat. His girl, Josephine Moore, is repeatedly raped by a man she thinks is her father—with her silent mother's knowledge. A boy nicknamed Soapsuds is killed by rednecks in Mississippi, and Jesus Mclain, the pastor's son, is shot down by the Cincinnati police. One of Hosea's daughters, attempting to shoot her father, kills Alice. (Perry somehow makes this catalogue of horrors shocking and endurable; it teaches rather than repels.) The book ends in 1980, and there aren't many survivors among the children. Gerald has become selfish and weak, and he is disloyal to Josephine and to the memory of Iceman. Josephine, now an ex-convict, is even more damaged. Each makes redemptive

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moves. Gerald attempts to rescue his rocky New York City marriage. Josephine attempts to find out from her mother why she didn't speak out, and, treated with brutal rudeness by her, sets out to find her father in Georgia. And Norman, confirming that madness is just the other side of reality, takes one more flight and crashes on the courthouse steps, killing himself.

The civil-rights movement makes distant music in the background of the book. The N.A.A.C.P. opens a Montgomery chapter, blacks appear on the police force, the school board is integrated. But none of this matters much. Richard Perry's novel is concerned less with the way the white world weighs on the black world than with the way black people, in their painful upward trek, weigh on each other. There is no self-consciousness in what Perry so memorably surrounds us with.

THE best sentence in Nicholas Proffitt's "Gardens of Stone" (Carroll & Graf; $14.95), which is set in Fort Myer, Virginia, during the Vietnam War, has to do with a Kentucky coal town: "The buildings of the business district looked heartbroken, and a century's worth of coal dust seemed ineradicably ingrained in their sagging faces." Most of the rest of the book is what often happens when a literate, intelligent journalist—Proffitt was a *Newsweek* correspondent for a long time—decides to write a novel. "Gardens of Stone" is an imitation novel, a three-hundred-and-seventy-three-page James Jones novel, full of Army profanity, leaky characters, sexual calisthenics, and out-of-tune dialogue. It is also a tract novel. Proffitt's obsession is the madness and stupidity of the American involvement in Vietnam, and he manages, through the two-ton polemics he puts in his characters' mouths, to make us share his revulsion. He also sinks his book.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE HILLS: MORE TALES FROM THE BLUE STACKS, by Robert Bernen (Scribners; $12.95). In the ninth, and last, of these tales, the narrator, lying in bed in New England, where he is visiting briefly after an absence of eleven years, thinks about an old neighbor named Peadar Nohar More, in the Blue Stacks—the hills of Donegal, in northwest Ireland. Peadar Nohar More is fea-

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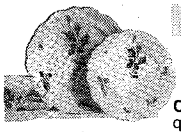

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tured in the first tale, about crows, a sheepdog, a fox, and a deaf woman, but his wisdom is present in at least three others, in which the narrator has not yet weaned himself from his "machine-oriented attitude of movement and haste." (There is a nice pun implicit in his frantic battle against the rushes overrunning his land.) Other stories, featuring other shepherds, are equally compelling: "Sacrament of the Sick," for instance, in which a Blue Stacks parish priest muses on one household's week-old newspaper and year-old calendar; and "Brock," a sort of ghost story about a dog. Mr. Bernen, who formerly taught Greek and Latin at Harvard, has been for more than ten years a resident of the Blue Stacks. He writes English laced with an easy Irish lilt, and he often gives his characters good lines. Peadar Nohar More, at the end, comments on a midwinter night sky: "The stars going wild with the frost."

THE TWO OF US, by Nora Johnson (Simon & Schuster; $15.95). When the two narrators, female twins, stopped wearing identical outfits, at the age of six, they began to grow apart. One girl primped, and pleased everyone; the other girl grumbled and slouched. One moved from high school in Connecticut to California; the other graduated from prep school to college and from college to Manhattan. At the age of forty-three, they return to their parents' house to cope with their parents' divorce. In alternating chapters, they tell the story of their reunion and of their separate but equally unhappy lots: a spoiled and sleazy family for one, a divorce and a frustrating affair for the other. The story ends up—after a few inevitable pranks involving identical outfits—proving very little: that the women share identical allergies, unlucky parents, and an excessively cynical author.

GENERAL

THE IDEA OF POVERTY: ENGLAND IN THE EARLY INDUSTRIAL AGE, by Gertrude Himmelfarb (Knopf; $25). This original and searching work traces the concepts of poverty and the poor from, roughly, the middle of the eighteenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. The author succeeds in recapturing "a past that was as complicated and varied as we know the present to

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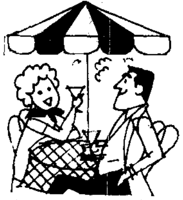

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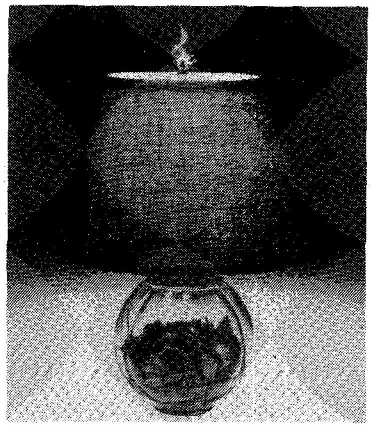

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be," and her retrospect shows an astonishing continuity from the Elizabethan poor laws to the present. One perennial problem is distinguishing among the poor who cannot work because of age or youth or infirmity, those who cannot find work, and those who refuse work. The eighteenth century also considered the needs of those who worked but could not earn enough to subsist without help. In an era that runs from Adam Smith to Karl Marx, and that saw the appearance of factories and railroads and the growth of cities, a number of other issues were raised which are still familiar—for one, the relation between poverty and overpopulation and crime and education. Miss Himmelfarb investigates the often lurid popular fiction about the poor. Dickens was one of the few writers of the period to portray poor working people who were self-respecting, clean, good, and happy. (He has displeased modern ideologists who equate low income with absolute misery or with revolutionary consciousness.) Miss Himmelfarb makes us aware of the variety of work and the diversity of working-class standards of living throughout the period, and alerts us to a common habit of thought—regarding the poor as a problem rather than as human beings.

THE TRUE ADVENTURES OF JOHN STEINBECK, WRITER, by Jackson J. Benson (Viking; $35). Although John Steinbeck (1902-68) was awarded a Nobel Prize in Literature, in 1962, his place in American letters has been consistently devalued. This life, which runs to more than a thousand pages, shows us who Steinbeck was as a way of explaining why he wrote as he did. Steinbeck seems to have acquired very early, in his native California, an emotional attachment to land and landscape as well as a determination to become a writer. In his intermittent attendance at Stanford, his studies included zoology, which became a source of his view of man as part of a vast natural continuum. Years of struggle before he was able to sell his work gave him firsthand acquaintance with all kinds of labor in California. Literary success—notably the publication of "The Grapes of Wrath," in 1939—changed his life, and Mr. Benson's details of the pressure on a writer who has been ignored and then finds

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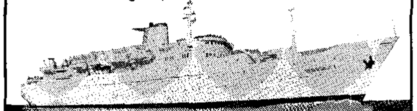

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himself unable to gain a moment's privacy are persuasive. He shows us a man who combined good will, a capacity for absolute absorption in the project of the moment, and considerable shyness—a mixture that made Steinbeck appear a more difficult person than he was.

REAL PEACE, by Richard Nixon (Little, Brown; $12.95). The ex-President's latest advice to his countrymen is phrased in unbuttoned prose more characteristic of the private man we came to know through his self-taping in the White House than of the stiff, ill-at-ease man we had been presented with in his public appearances. (It is as though he had taken the opportunity of the unintended self-revelation of the tapes to merge elements of the private man with the public persona.) The current proposal for a nuclear freeze "is a fraud." If he had asked Brezhnev to give up the Soviet anti-ballistic-missile system without having one of his own to give up in return, Brezhnev would have "just laughed in my face." The men and women of the news media are often "suckers for style." However, the argument framed by Mr. Nixon in this intemperate language is a call for restraint: the Soviet Union is a menace that must be resolutely opposed, but war with the Soviets would be "suicide;" therefore we must work out a "new relationship" with them, and seek an "arms control breakthrough." This will be possible, our labyrinthine thirty-seventh President concludes, only when "the bilateral relationship with us becomes more important to them than their adventurism."

GÜNTER GRASS: DRAWINGS AND WORDS, 1954-1977, edited by Anselm Dreher (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $150). This oversized book (it measures twelve and three-quarters inches by sixteen) reproduces eighty-seven drawings in chalk, charcoal, and ink by the German writer. Texts accompanying the drawings are taken from Grass's published poems and from novels like "The Tin Drum" and "The Flounder." Grass is a linear artist with a penchant for elongated forms, distortion, and violence. Although he is artistically his own man, there are echoes here of Grünewald and Cranach and Grosz. Occasionally, there is a whiff of

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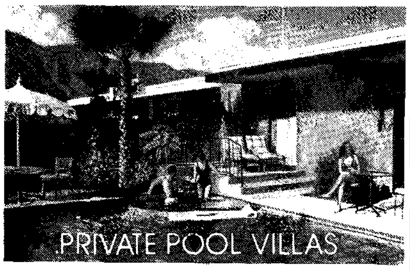

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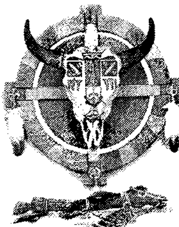

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Picasso, too. Certain subjects seem almost to be obsessions: the mushroom, dolls and scarecrows, the snail. Grass's aesthetic philosophy—which seeks to effect a marriage of graphic and literary creation—is explicated in an essay at the end of the book by Sigrid Mayer.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE BLACK SERAPHIM, by Michael Gilbert (Harper & Row; $13.95). Mr. Gilbert's new entertainment is peculiarly English, even somewhat Trollopean. It is set in a provincial town, a cathedral town, and much of the action turns on the fact that a cathedral close stands traditionally inviolate, subject only to canon law. The characters include the dean, his archdeacon, several canons, the dean's lovely daughter, a young sojourning London pathologist, and a slippery consortium of real-estate developers. The archdeacon's role is that of victim: he is murdered early. The pathologist is the hero: his profession gives him a clue to the crime. The daughter is the heroine: she is headstrong and mercurial, and is obviously made for the pathologist. The consortium is all that a gang of scoundrels should be, and the dean is a majestic man of God. A most pleasant diversion.

BERLIN GAME, by Len Deighton (Knopf; $15.95). We've been there many times before: sweating it out at the top of British Intelligence over the leak of vital information to Russia, planning the rescue from East Germany of the special agent in place there for twenty years or more, slipping into East Berlin knowing that our presence has been betrayed. But Mr. Deighton, as always, makes the familiar twists and turns of spy errantry new again, partly by his grip of narrative, partly by his grasp of character, and partly by his easy, sardonic tone: "Dicky Cruyer ran a finger along the waist of his white denim jeans until he felt the designer's leather label on his back pocket. Thus reassured, he said . . ."

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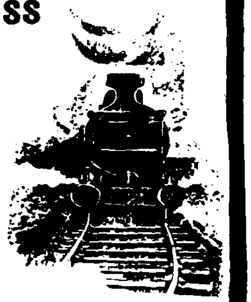

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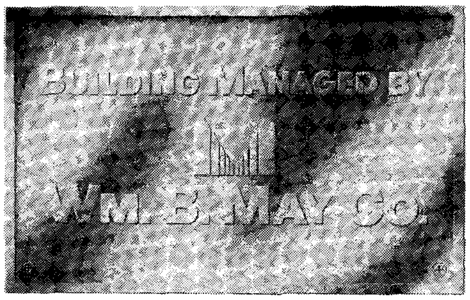

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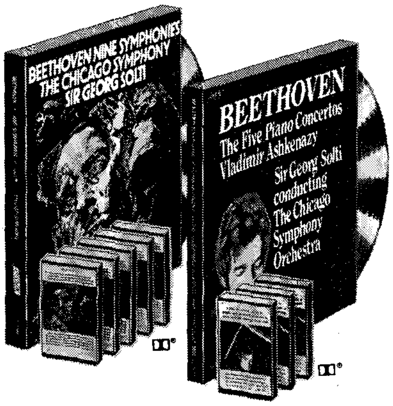
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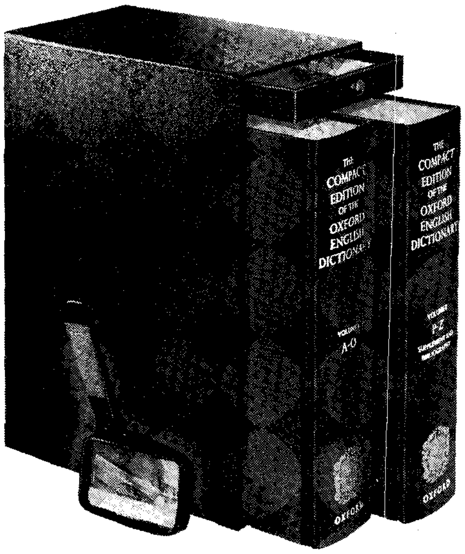
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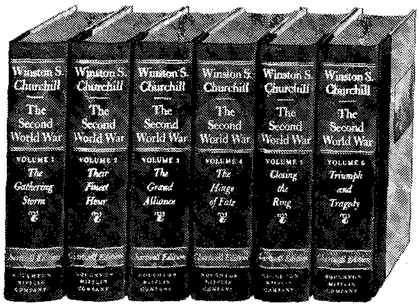
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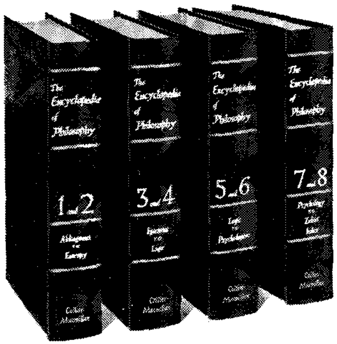
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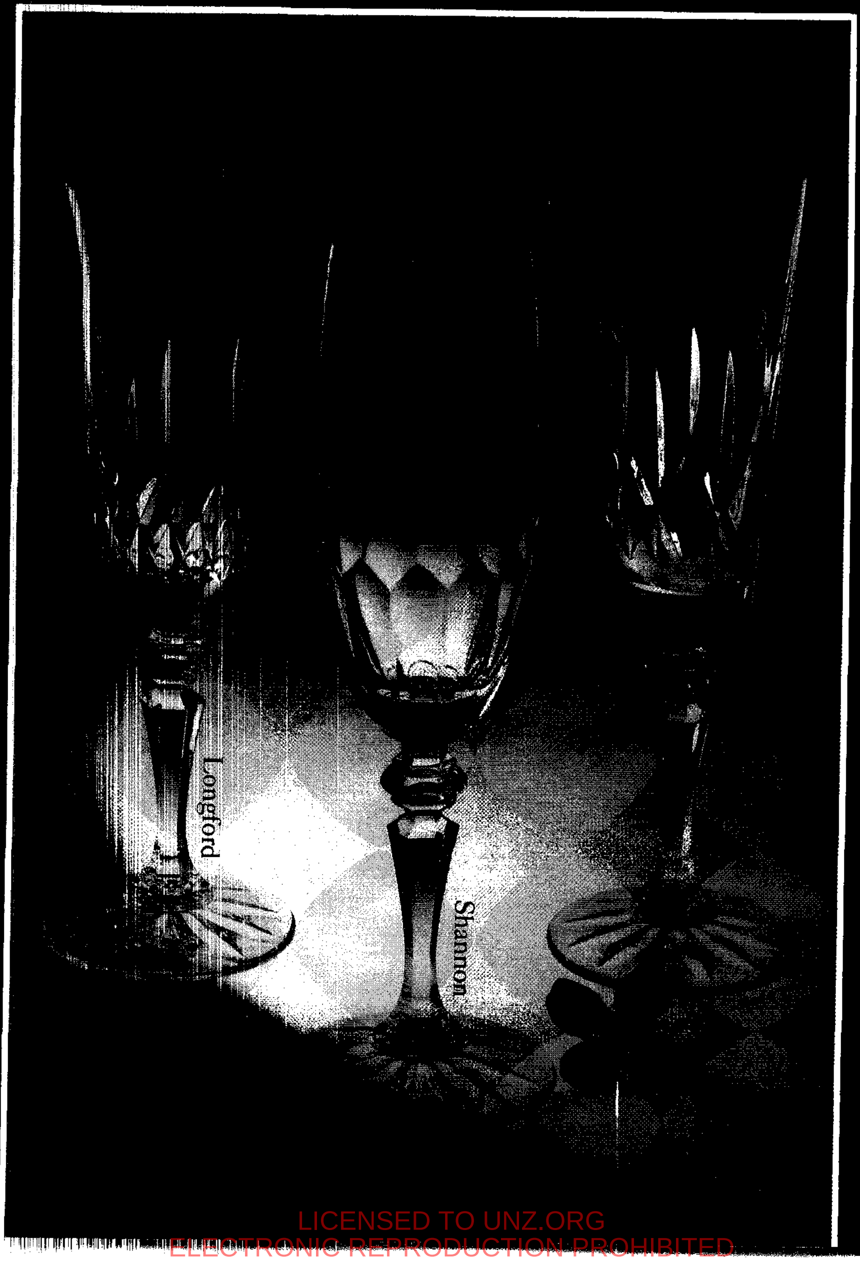
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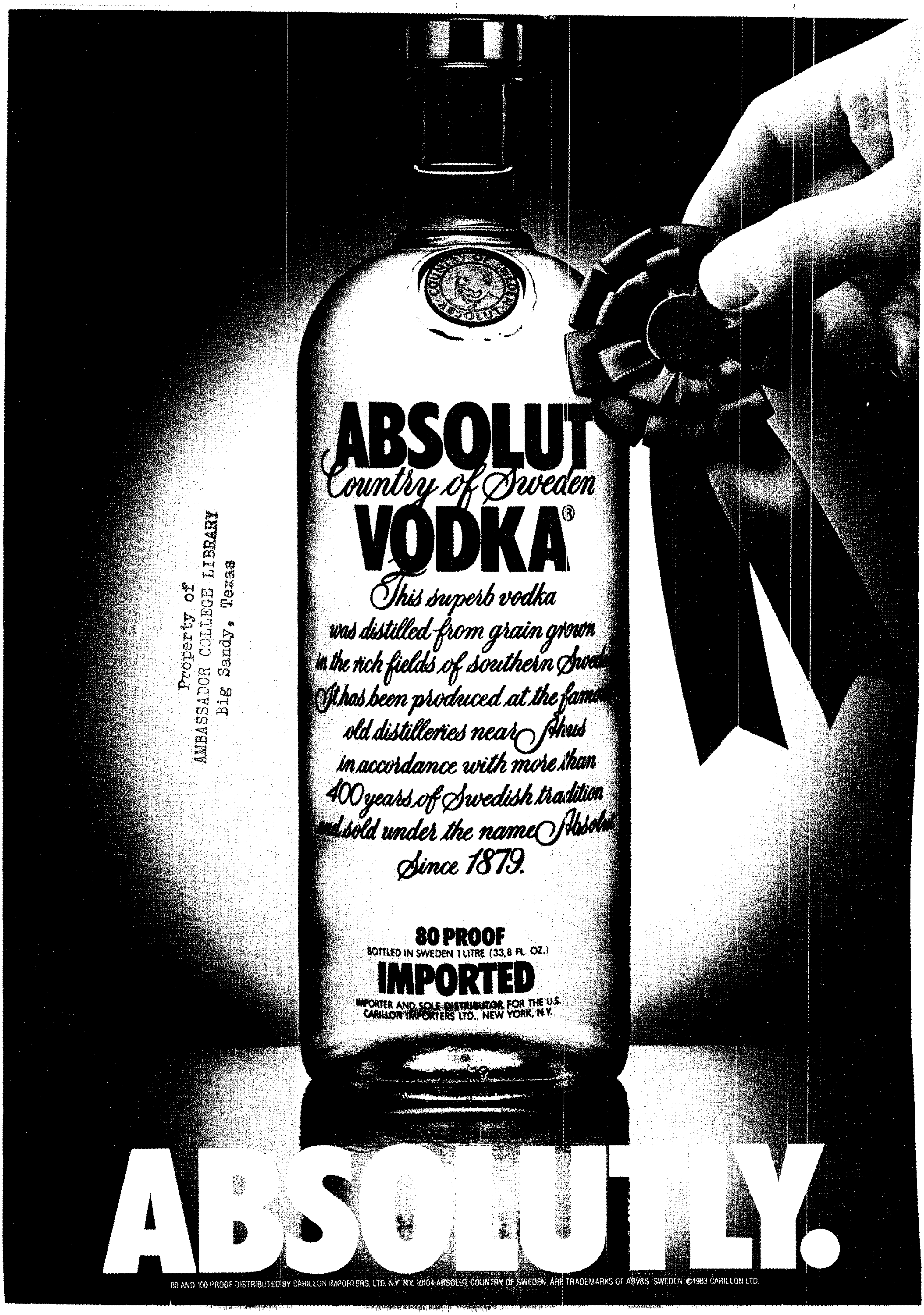
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